

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01226 8956

GENEALOGY

929.2

W41973W

✓

FROM BULL CREEK TO BARRINGTON

Being the Personal Memoirs
of
HARRY E. WEESE

1952



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019

<https://archive.org/details/frombullcreektob00wees>

Dedicated to MARJORIE MOHR WEESE, wife and mother, whose record of accomplishment, distinguished over the years for energy and kindness, entitles her to a place of the highest rank.

Foreword

TO ANYONE INTERESTED enough to read this casual volume it will probably be known that the author has had an interest in playing with the language, so to speak, from time to time and which interest has expressed itself usually in the form of doggerel, written either by request or for some special occasion. To those other than "Hoosiers" there may be a strong feeling that the writing virus has inoculated too many from that state already. In view of the extensive list of Hoosier authors, so called, some good and some bad, it is only natural that one who enjoys the experience of writing, even in quite a limited way, should wonder if he might not have been among the famed if he had elected to write seriously. Since he did not he can only take satisfaction in the thought of what "might have been," and that he may have been one of the many gems "who dwell in the dark unfathomed caves," and "was born to blush unseen." It is a bit late for this writer to enter the field to any serious extent, nor is there any intention of doing so. However, it has occurred to him, from time to time, that his own family, present and future, might find enough of interest in the recounting of some of the experiences and observations from early youth up to the present to make the attempt worth while. "The good old times" is a trite expression and probably appropriate in any era, since nature has been kind enough to help us remember more vividly the pleasant things of the past and, fortunately, to weed out from memory the more unhappy episodes. This comparison is further aided by the near presence of unhappy experiences, political, social, and economic conditions of recent years, which, in a changing world, carry threat of conclusions not to our liking. The "good old days" are seasoned. We have experienced, have known and probably have forgotten some of the evil that they contained.

In spite of the seemingly radical trends of the times in which we live, it is possible that we are more concerned than necessary. We can always hope so. Certain it is that the last seventy years

have been full of change and growth. We have seen unbelievable and unpredictable progress in the fields of science, medicine, and mechanical development. Some of the citizens of the present era look back with scorn upon the so called "horse and buggy days." It is a fairly safe assumption that the satisfied citizens, with their thinking of the current era, will look just as archaic to the next generation as the horse and buggy days do to some of us now. Our early forefathers were busy clearing and tilling to satisfy the most urgent instinct, namely, to keep alive. Succeeding those necessary initial efforts manufacturing and other activities followed to help provide greater comforts. From each of these layers of society sprang the stock to make the next progressive step. From the stock of the horse and buggy days emerged the talents which provide the progress and development of which many are inclined to boast today. The dissatisfied and destructive few will always be with us.

A recording of the experiences and observations of a layman who grew up in this period will reveal that life, in some respects, was crude in comparison with the comfortable existence that luxuries, so called, now provide. It would also reveal that the changing world of which we hear so much just now, and which many seem to think has just been discovered, was at work right along: that the new devices and modern pleasures add nothing to the store of human happiness except to the extent that greater physical comfort is provided. No matter in what era we happen to live the "changing world" must be expected.

Certainly those earlier days were filled with hard work. Folks were happy and satisfied with the thought that the way to comfort and success came through individual effort and rewards were in direct proportion to that effort. This is quite in contrast to much thinking of today when men of unequal ability and talents are paid the same wage through union protection; when large groups are persuaded by political charletans that they should get increasingly large compensation for less work; and, in many directions, encouraged to expect to get "something for nothing." We cannot see the conclusion of the threats current thinking in these directions

seems to offer. Only time will tell how this will all work out for the individual and what the effect will be on our economy.

In recounting the various subjects contained herein there has been no attempt to maintain any perfectly planned chronology or sequence. It is, rather, a very informal treatment of those episodes, characters, and experiences that impressed the author at the time or place where they were observed. In a way it may seem presumptuous to others, as it does to him, to go to the extent of recording these commonplace subjects where the pronoun "I" appears a bit too often for literary comfort. Please accept it for what it is, a product of just a common Hoosier who hopes that the glimpses of its simple subjects may add something to the record of a way of life in one era of progress in a sufficiently interesting way to justify its printing.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS

THE EARLIEST RECOLLECTION of my existence is the experience of traveling by horse and wagon between the farm home of my uncle, George Favorite, and the farm purchased by my father and mother about a year after they were married. I do not know at what age these first impressions were gained but no doubt they came partly from hearsay and partly from experience. My birth place was in the log and frame home of my uncle, George Favorite, my mother's eldest brother, and with whom she had lived before marriage.

The old original Favorite homestead where my mother and her brothers and sisters were born was at the west end of Huntington on the south side of Little River, sometimes called the Little Wabash. The frame and log house stood at a spot just east of where a small stream, Rabbit Run, emptied into the river. The road that passed the home was later called William Street. When my grandfather Favorite bought the land farther west he moved to the location and built the log and frame house later occupied by my uncle George, the eldest son, with whom my mother and her brothers and sisters lived at the old family seat until they were married.

My father grew up on his father's farm, less than a mile from the old Favorite place. My mother and father continued to live with my Uncle George for about a year after their marriage which occurred February 15, 1875. As stated before, the home of Uncle George was the second homestead of his father and my grandfather, George Washington Favorite. It was situated about four and one-half miles west of Huntington and stood on an elevation less than a mile south of the Wabash River. From this home there was a pleasant view up and down the Wabash valley and to the higher wooded hills beyond the river to the north. In this vicinity and to the east of it and east of the junction of the Wabash and Little Rivers, my grandfather Favorite, by homesteading and purchase had acquired in 1833 and prior thereto a substantial tract of land, something in excess of four hundred and fifty acres. Here extensive operations of farming a large acreage were carried on for many

years. Deceased members of the family were buried in the family burying ground as was then quite the custom. This family graveyard was situated not far from the home in a grove on a slight hill. Tombstones and evergreen trees marked the place until all bodies, as well as tombstones, were moved in later years to Mt. Hope cemetery in Huntington. When grandfather Favorite's estate was divided some of the sons took land which they continued to farm. Other land was sold and the proceeds went to heirs who did not wish to continue active use of the soil. With a portion of my mother's modest inheritance she and my father bought a small farm, 52 acres, in Jackson township five miles east of Huntington on the road from Huntington to Roanoke. To travel from my Uncle George's to our farm home the road led north about one-half mile, crossed the Wabash Railroad, turned abruptly right for a short distance, then to the left and north again for a little over one-half mile to the Wabash River. Here the crossing was made over a red, covered, wooden bridge, one of several in use at that time in the Huntington area. The interior with its accumulation of dust and cobwebs made a distinct impression and this accumulation was as well protected as was the bridge from rain and weather for which its cover was designed. After crossing the bridge there appeared immediately the old Wabash and Erie Canal which paralleled the river on its north bank. The road then turned east on a graveled toll highway that led to Huntington. No doubt my father and mother traveled between Uncle George's place and their home many times. My earliest impression seems to have been leaving Uncle George's and traveling by open "spring wagon" along this stretch of road. There was a sort of climax of interest to an observing young mind in this short piece of road after crossing the river and the canal. Just east of the bridge, and in the bottom of the canal bed, were the ribs and disintegrating remains of one of its old barges. It lay rotting there for a good many years but finally disappeared as links between the old and the new are inclined to do. Across the river upstream from the bridge, and extending perhaps three-fourths of the way across the stream, were stones, timbers, and fill, remnants of an old feeder dam



As a young man



Duck hunting



Beard grown in cooperation
with Traverse City, Michigan
Centennial—1947

used in earlier days to keep the canal filled with water. Along the river at this point was a favorite spot for fishing parties, some of which I attended as a very small boy. Seines were used by the men. The fish, which were then plentiful, were divided into piles. One member of the party was blindfolded, numbers were drawn and the members of the party received their respective piles or shares by lot. From this point the road ran directly east to Huntington past the fairground and through a toll gate where all vehicles made a modest payment to help finance the gravel road, taxes in those days not being adequate.

My father's farm was about five miles east of Huntington in slightly rolling country. It was here that we lived until the spring of 1884 at which time I had passed my eighth birthday. My sister Lucy, and brother Joe, were born on this farm. As farms go this was a small place one-half mile long and about half as wide. Nevertheless, I am sure that it kept my father and mother quite busy as there were the usual animals and poultry to be raised and cared for and the labor of handling of the crops, which sustained the livestock and the young family. The work was heavier, of course, than now since many facilities now employed on the farm were lacking. Although there was a cistern which provided the luxury of rain water, there was no well. Drinking water was obtained from a spring. The spring was across a lane which began at the public road, proceeded west to about the center of the farm tract, then turned north at the west side of the residence and yard, passed these buildings to the barn several hundred feet beyond, then on to the woods at the extreme north end of the farm. The path to the spring went through the "wood house," which also housed the laundry, wash tubs, wringer and various items, and across the lane, then between a pair of large beech trees. Extending along the south end of the farm was the orchard, even then quite old and in not very good shape. About one hundred feet beyond the beech trees, and at the foot of the rising slope upon which the orchard stood, was the spring. Above the spring were the remains of the original house, now only a hole where the basement had been, filled with

brush and a few decaying timbers to discourage stock from wandering into the hole. Early homes were always located near a spring. Since one of my earliest duties was to carry the drinking water supply from this spring, frequent trips made my recollection of it quite vivid. The spring was lined with field stones, "nigger heads" in neighborhood parlance, on the upside towards the hill. These stones made a wall about four feet above the water at the hillside and followed the slope of the bank to the level of the path by which the spring was approached. At the end of the path, and possibly a foot above the water level, were several flat stones which provided good footing for the water carrier. The spring itself was about four feet in diameter and two or three feet deep, sufficient to fill a bucket with no danger of roiling the water. A friendly frog usually took off from one of the adjacent moss covered rocks as a sort of ceremony preceding the dipping of the water. His presence in the spring, which seemed to be his home, made no difference to the users or in the quality of the water, which was always clear and cold. There was a distinctive damp and refreshing odor from the spring which all this succeeding time has not erased. I can still smell that spring and recall the thrill of filling the bucket with cold water and taking it to the house where it was received with much appreciation and profuse thanks to the water boy. I have no recollection of carrying water in the winter time, but I do remember the snow-covered rocks and the dark water which never froze. I assume that my father handled the water job in winter when farm duties were much reduced.

BULL CREEK

A CREEK ADDS MUCH of interest to a boy on the farm. Bull Creek ran across the farm from the northwest and about two hundred feet north of the barn cut through the lane leading to the woods. Other creeks in the neighborhood were Cow and Calf Creeks, indicating no great imagination and the bucolic influence on the namers of these small streams. In those days a creek served a very useful purpose as it provided water for stock at advantageous points. The natural course of the creek was quite irregular, and its high water

at times had cut away considerable ground in spots with resulting high, raw banks. To prevent flooding the lower ground the creek had been straightened in places to help speed the water when high on its way to Little River, sometimes called the Little Wabash, which was reached after several miles of irregular travel through hollows of wooded and rather rough country. This action upon the part of many farmers has contributed to the floods along our large streams such as the Ohio and Mississippi, by releasing quickly water that would take months to reach the large rivers if left to its natural flowage.

There are several episodes of this creek which stand out in my mind. One of the earliest was when it was high from flood. Crossing the creek on foot was possible by means of a log from which was suspended a flood-gate (one that rises and falls with the water) at the west side of the lane. This log, forty or fifty feet in length and about one foot or less in diameter, was anchored at one end against a large beech tree that stood on the south side of the creek bank. A forked tree set in the ground, and properly braced, held the other end of the foot bridge. My father had crossed this log to drive back some stock from the other side, as there had been a heavy rain and the creek was rising rapidly. By the time that he had driven the swimming cattle and hogs across the creek to the barnyard, the creek had covered the footbridge and he could not use it. Swimming hogs are reported to cut themselves around the throat with their front hoofs. Here I learned that the position of a hog in swimming is almost perpendicular. However, I never saw any cuts on these hogs from the swimming operation. Here I was told and impressed by my mother's statement that all domestic animals and many others can swim naturally but that only human beings must be taught. I wondered why then, and still do.

In a short time the footbridge was covered, the water was quite extensive, running a swift, yellow stream three or four hundred feet wide and extending over fields in the foreground. I can recall my mother shading her eyes with her hand from a safe spot to see if she could see my father and what his next move would be to get

home. Her anxiety transferred itself to me, no doubt, but she assured me that he could get home by going some distance down the stream to a certain bridge. I do not recall just how he accomplished his return but know that he made it.

This stream had one spot that was used by the United Brethren Church, the one nearest our home, and other denominations for baptismal purposes. The place seemed to be well designed for this ceremony. A large walnut tree, with plenty of luscious, green grass beneath, stood on the bank at a point where the creek widened. Beneath the walnut tree the spectators and subjects for baptism would conveniently gather. A path led to the water's edge and from there a sandy incline went down to a level where the water was a proper depth for the ceremony of immersion. The preacher in appropriate black, ministerial garb (I suspect an older suit) took his place after feeling out the depth to see that his job was not to be overdone. Waist deep seemed to be about right. The candidates for the ceremony were then led to his presence and there received the baptism and his blessing with the usual appropriate words as the subjects were immersed in the not too clean waters of Bull Creek. I don't know how other spectators were impressed, but I confess that, even at the early age, I was more entertained by the bedraggled and dripping appearance of the baptismal subjects than by any religious significance, this not necessarily to my credit. The ceremony over, the group departed to dry garments and, we hope, sufficiently bolstered in their religious experience to make this somewhat more uncomfortable method of baptism well worth while. On the bank a little farther south was a thorn tree, closely covered trunk and branch, with thorns three to six inches long. Farmers were accustomed when clearing to leave an occasional tree, usually nut or fruit bearing. This thorn tree was probably saved because it would be almost impossible to handle even if cut down. It caused me much pain once when I ran one of its products into my bare heel when walking barefoot in its vicinity. Infection followed and the remedy was removal of the skin from the bottom of my heel with a razor in my father's hands. It was heroic and effective treat-

ment in a day when disinfectants were not known or used by us. A piece of fat pork bound over the wound to "draw out" the poison was the common treatment and it seemed to produce results.

The presence of the beautiful walnut tree and the terrible thorn tree in the vicinity of the baptismal spot seemed symbolic, in a way, of the ultimate destination, depending on their earthly behavior, of the candidates for the baptismal ceremony.

Bull Creek offered other entertainment for youth. It yielded plenty of fish of the less gamey type: bullheads, sunfish, shiners, and largest of all, suckers. My father was an enthusiastic fisherman even then, and often outfitted my sister, Lucy, one and one-half years younger than I, and me with the necessary poles and bait. One occasion I recall that might have had tragic consequences. Father took a little time off after lunch and headed with us for the creek to give us a start at fishing. We took our positions where the water had cut into the bank and where there seemed to be a likely hole of good depth. My sister, in trying to get a good position, walked out on what proved to be grass and weeds washed on shore by high water. This frail footing gave away and she slid down the bank into the water. I can see her distinctly yet—an unforgettable impression—in a little blue sun bonnet, as she went sliding down, feet first, eyes wide open and disappearing in water well over her head. My father jumped in promptly and pulled her out and started us both for home, voluntarily hand in hand, and both in tears. If my father had not been present, no telling what the outcome might have been. The nearness of tragedy to children and their narrow escapes are numerous, and this is a good example. We were probably impressed by the serious possibilities as we went crying toward home.

Another creek experience or two may be worth recounting. We owned at one time a large, black Newfoundland dog which was my constant companion. According to the story he and I were doing a grand job of giving our flock of geese a workout in the creek bed. He was tearing up and down faithfully at my command, as related to me, to "shoot 'em in the froat, 'Maje'." This sport, not good for geese, was brought to conclusion by the appearance of the "hired

girl," who, having heard the commotion, came, called off Maje and me and led us off to the house. This much loved animal got into bad company and was accused of sheep killing. The fate of all such dogs was prompt death by shooting as the habit was supposed to be unbreakable after one offense. I remember the sadness that fell over our family when two neighbors came to take Maje away for execution of the verdict.

My mother has told this following story as one of the more frightening experiences of her young married life. The woods on our farm, as before stated, were about one-half mile from the house. A good part of the timber remaining was hard maple. My father had tapped these trees and set up a kettle in the yard near the house to boil the sugar water down and make maple syrup. The water was collected in a large barrel or hogshead, so called. This barrel was hauled on a mudboat, a sort of sled, homemade, with wide runners set about a foot below a platform. The theory of the mudboat was that it would slide over mud easily although any good team of horses could pull it without much difficulty over dry ground. It seems that on one of his trips for sugar water my mother, as is often the practice of young brides, wanted to go along. She did and carried me, then about six weeks old. While a mudboat does not sound like a very romantic means of travel, willingness to use it indicates the propensity of young people, then, as now, to travel together no matter what the vehicle may be. All went well until the return trip. The parents were at the front of the mudboat on an improvised seat. As the boat came down the bank of the creek which it was necessary to ford, there was an abrupt jolt as the sled hit the bottom of the stream. My mother could not explain it, but she released her maternal grip on her child which left her arms and disappeared in the cold water behind the horses. The water was not deep but enough to cover a six weeks old infant. She leaped to the recovery, rushed her charge on foot to the house at well beyond the mudboat speed, no doubt, to first aid, presumably dry clothes and warmth. Anyway, in spite of much anxiety, no ill effects are reported, proving again that babies are tough.

THE BARN

EVERY BOY WHO HAS LIVED on a farm has been intrigued, consciously or not, by what the barn offers by way of entertainment: hay mows to jump in from adjacent heights; wheat bins in which to wade, with that cool feeling on the legs even if this was against the rules; hidden hen nests to be discovered and an occasional large cache of eggs to add excitement to the daily gathering, provided, of course, that they were not hidden so long that the elusive hen had started to set. Our barn was no exception and I could always find much fun in what it had to offer. There were quantities of old fashioned tools that are not seen in barns in these days: cradles (a scythe with long, wooden teeth about the same length as the scythe itself). This item was used to cut wheat and oats, each swing of the cradle cutting and discharging in a row a quantity of the growing grain to be later bound by hand into sheaves. This hand tool preceded the first reapers which accomplished about the same result, but the latter, horse drawn, saved much back-breaking labor when it came to cutting grain in the field. The cradle served a useful purpose after reapers were invented as it could be used to get into fence corners and other spots where a reaper could not go.

On the barn floor was an old fanning mill which was operated by hand crank and was used to clean chaff and light material from the grain that was put through the machine. The grain was probably threshed by use of flails made of a round piece of wood and attached to a long handle by a piece of leather, or by horses tramping the grain on the barn floor. Both methods were in use at the time. As the name would indicate there were fans on a cylindrical device that created quite a wind that blew the chaff out of the grain. There were no self-binders in those days. This new machine that came later cut and bound the grain in sheaves and was a great advancement in the process of harvesting.

When I was a small boy most farm work was strictly by hand and called for muscle and endurance. Plowing was all done by use of a walking plow, several of which were among the miscellaneous equipment on the barn floor. People were thrifty in those days and

my father especially so. Everything was saved with the expectation that it might be found useful. As a result the lower floor of the barn, which was the "bank" type (i.e., filled up with earth on one side to the second story to enable driving into the upper floor) except for the space reserved for the livestock, was pretty well filled with wagons, sleighs, plows, rakes, and all types of farm tools. On the wall was an adequate accumulation of horse collars, harness, old saddles, blankets, and the dilapidated remains of a large buffalo robe, which, no doubt, had brought much comfort and possible hand holding opportunities, during its long life, to many a traveler on cold winter nights. The sleigh and the bob-sled were very essential equipment for every farm in those days. Not every one owned a sleigh, which was a luxury item, but the bob-sled, upon which the wagon box could be placed and the box filled with straw, provided comfortable, if slow, transportation for the family need. The sled was put in service at the first heavy snow fall and winters seemed to be severe and steady enough to make use of a wagon unnecessary until spring. I can recall a good many trips in the bob-sled but one which is most vivid in memory and quite early in my youth, too, was a party at Dan Christian's, a neighbor about three miles from our country home. I was put to bed immediately upon arrival at the party so I am sure that I was quite young. I recall the unpleasant feeling of being awakened and the comfort of being settled in the straw and covered with blankets in preparation for the cold drive home. The moon was full. The phenomenon of its "keeping up" with us all the way home was commented upon and received an answer from my father, I am guessing of the kind parents often give inquisitive children and not too satisfactory to the inquirer.

On occasions then, as now, the bob-sled also provided a social touch. Neighbors would get together for a ride and end up at some home for food, usually oyster stew, always rated a delicacy. In spite of weather often extremely cold, the wagon box on the sled with plenty of straw and blankets provided sufficient comfort to make the ride pleasant and enjoyable. Scarves to protect ears and face from the biting wind were necessary, especially if the ride was long.

As stated before, farm tools were simple and muscle was a real essential in handling the farm labor. Plowing was all done by use of a "walking plow," the operator walking in the furrow behind the plow which was pulled by a team of horses. It may seem strange but even the simple breaking and sulky plow on which the farmer later rode was not in use. That came later and the umbrella to shade the farmer followed. This innovation brought some disparaging remarks. Parasols were for women. My first corn plowing experience was to ride the horse and keep in the row while the operator walked behind for long hours and held the plow.

At plowing time it was fun for me to follow along after my father when he was doing his spring work. The smooth, polished share turned over earth in a similarly smooth, black, shining roll which made a cool and comfortable place on which to run in bare feet. I don't know just when this plowing took place but I am guessing shortly after May first which was the earliest date we were permitted to go in bare feet. This late date always seemed unreasonable to me during the warm days of April but there was no relenting upon my mother's part, and May first was one of the memorable dates of my youth. I don't know just why we were so anxious to go barefooted for it was pretty hard going until the feet got toughened and there were a good many injuries and abrasions. If they were discomforts they were forgotten in the larger pleasure of being barefooted. To travel the smooth, shiny dirt thrown out of the furrow must have contributed something to barefoot enjoyment. There was interest here too in the plowing operation in the various kinds of worms turned up by the plow. They provided thoughts of good bait and attracted birds of several kinds that were smart enough to recognize in the plowing activity something for their benefit as they followed in the furrow picking up worm morsels.

One summer I was permitted to participate in the farming operations to the extent of planting several hills of pumpkins in the corn field. Results were so good that my father co-operated and encouraged me to take a large, yellow pumpkin to the county fair, always an interesting event, held at the Fair Grounds one mile west of

Huntington. My large and perfect pumpkin was awarded the "first premium" which was a blue ribbon and one dollar in cash! This pumpkin was sold for twenty-five cents, which seemed low to me, to our family physician, Dr. Shaffer. I can well recall the pride in having won a prize at the county fair, a big event in our eyes then, and enjoyed the first sensations as a capitalist with the dollar and a quarter in my possession, a lot of money to a six-year old boy in those days.

In the granary of the barn there hung a large net which interested me and, as I learned from my father, was a relic of a defunct sport. This net had been used to catch passenger pigeons, very numerous at one time but which suddenly and mysteriously failed to return one year from their usual migration. They are reported extinct since 1914. While they were slaughtered by the millions and might have become extinct through that process unless protected, it seems that disease or something other than slaughter destroyed the last of them. My father described the sport quite in detail. These birds must have been very numerous. During their flight they would obscure the sun so that the effect on the ground was of a cloud passing over and would actually darken the sky. As my father described this sport the net was spread by the use of a sapling, a young tree of the right size, length, and shape. The sapling was set so that there was tension toward the ground. A trigger was installed and operated by a rope extended some distance from the net to a corn shock or other cover. When the trap was sprung by pulling the rope, thus releasing the trigger, the "spring" in the young tree would cause it to slap the net onto the spot where the birds were congregated. As I recall it there were lead weights at intervals on the net so that it would hug the ground and prevent the pigeons' escape. The pigeons were attracted to the desired spot by feeding them grain. The trap was usually set near a corn shock or other place to conceal the operator and from which he could watch proceedings. To attract the birds in flight a "stool pigeon," so called, and from which the current, much used figure was derived, was set outside

of range of the net but near it so that birds alighting there would follow the grain under the net. The stool pigeon, always a female, was tied to a small perch arranged so that she would flutter to keep her balance. Her eyelids were sewed shut so she could thus hear but not see the birds in flight overhead. She was supposed, by this arrangement, to do the maximum of efficient fluttering to attract the birds to the desired spot. My father said that when they got a good bird they always used her until her eyelids were too far gone to sew them shut any more. He seemed to think that it was not a very painful operation for the pigeon. The flying flock attracted by this bird would divert itself, in part at least, to the ground and start to clean up the grain provided for bait. This led finally to the spot under the net. When sufficient birds were under the net the trap was sprung by pulling the rope and the pigeons were pinned to the ground. Large catches were made in this way. In addition to darkening the sky when in flight, other evidence of the number of these birds was indicated by the fact that they would break the limbs of trees in places where they roosted at night. In such places they were sometimes captured by the use of clubs in the hands of hunters. The swinging of clubs was more or less at random after the birds were disturbed, but with sufficient success to make the method of capture worthwhile. Such results from clubs swinging in the dark certainly would indicate that the birds were numerous. These hunters apparently did not have the slightest thought that these myriads of pigeons could ever be scarce, much less extinct. Perhaps their complete and sudden disappearance was nature's first real warning of the need of conservation of our abundant resources. Certainly to have these beautiful birds annihilated was a most unfortunate and tragic episode. Gradually, but too late in many directions, we are becoming conscious of the need of conservation after seeing the dire effects of early prodigality and carelessness. It is my guess that even our present improved conduct in steps for conservation will seem prodigal to future generations and that we are still slow to cherish and to appreciate what we have.

A TRIP TO THE CIDER MILL

THE BEAUTY OF FALL in the country impressed me then, as a small boy, as now. On one such bright afternoon my father hitched the horses to the wagon with its fanciest box aboard and with the side boards as well. The farm wagon had various types of equipment that could be used, depending upon whether the load was to be gravel, manure, wood or a trip to town. As this was to be an apple hauling job the best and the cleanest wagon box was installed. This was the one that came with the wagon, painted a nice green, stencilled and decorated and, like a Sunday suit, used only on special occasions. Thus equipped we drove to the orchard where, under the trees, red, yellow, and varicolored apples already lay in generous piles. There were such well known varieties as Russets, Winesaps, Belleflowers, Rambos, White Pippins, Roman Stems, Northern Spies and others, the names of which are no longer familiar in orchards of today. Nevertheless I can say that they were good apples. To bite into one of these rare varieties even now takes me back in memory to some episode or scene of early childhood on the farm. The better and more sound specimens had been gathered for storage in bins in the cellar and would be used in order of their keeping ability. Some choice varieties were even wrapped individually in paper to make them keep longer, and apples were thus available well into spring. The balance of the apple crop, properly named "culls," was fit for cider and eventually became vinegar and apple butter. My guess is that there were worms in a good many of these apples. The thought of biting into a worm is repugnant and repulsive as every one who has eaten an apple knows. Nevertheless, I know as a boy and since, in eating many apples, and in spite of a worm-conscious alertness, I must have touched more than one worm, yet I never tasted one! I am pretty well convinced that his diet makes him so much like the apple that the offense, if any, is to our sense of delicacy and not to the taste. There may be good and ample authority upon the other side of this argument. I am not interested enough to try to substantiate the thought. Anyway, when it comes to cider the worm content is not considered and, after all, in a whole wagon load of

apples the worm weight forms a very small percentage of the total.

Over at Kieffer's cider mill, about a mile from our farm, the apples were shovelled for grinding into the hopper; the horses that furnished the power started on their circular journey and before long we had the cider in barrels and the recent apples were a cake of skins and pulp that went to the refuse pile. One of the more enjoyable parts of the trip is the opportunity to drink all the cider that I wanted except, of course, for the restraint and warning of my father of the aches of overindulgence. The return journey home in the late afternoon was full of exhilaration, and there was a feeling that something worth while had been accomplished. My father's satisfaction in having completed another step in the fall harvest was, no doubt, transmitted to me as I rode beside him. These steps to provide are important to the farmer and none the less to this young man, still under thirty, with a wife and children for whom he had the responsibility of furnishing food, clothing, and life's necessities.

It was about this time that an afternoon ceremony which leaves a distinct impression was assigned to me. We had the usual quota of livestock and poultry on the farm. Among these were several geese. An afternoon nap was required and as soon as that was over, it was my duty or pleasure to go to the straw stack in which an egg was being laid daily and bring this large and impressive product to the house. Any youngster who has not seen a goose egg would be impressed by its size. The nest was well inside the stack in a tunnel probably made by sheep. It was necessary to crawl into this tunnel and capture the egg at the far end, usually a routine process. However, on one occasion the gander took a notion to object to my being there and entered the tunnel while I was at the nest for the egg. With something like human intelligence he took me by the ear, and, not gently, gave me quite a tussle until I shook him off. In the future I made it a point to see that he was not near at the climax of the goose egg expedition.

This same straw stack also performed another useful service at least once a year. The bed mattresses were normally straw filled.

The “spare bed room” contained a feather bed mattress. The straw filled mattresses had hard usage and wore down to rather thin proportions at the end of a season. They were removed from their rope support at least once a year, emptied and filled at the stack with fresh, oats straw. The rope support was held by pegs in the side and head rails and the rope was laced back and forth, to provide something more flexible than boards. Hardly equivalent, however, to the much advertised “beauty rest” mattress of today. The thought never occurred that a straw stuffed mattress was uncomfortable. That was it and we knew no better at the time.

THE LANE

THE LANE TO OUR FARM left the Huntington to Fort Wayne graveled highway about a quarter mile beyond and north of the United Brethren Church, always a useful landmark in directing visitors to our farm. This church was regularly attended by my parents as was Sunday school for a short time by the two older children.

The farm lane, as before stated, ran west several hundred feet along the south line of the farm, then came, in turn, to the garden on the right, then to the yard with its six room house. Then it turned right around the yard and north past the woodhouse. Several hundred feet beyond the woodhouse was a gate opening into the barn yard. The lane took up its duty again at the north end of the barn and continued past fenced fields on both sides to the woods at the north end of the farm. Every detail of the lane was familiar to me then and now. It was much traveled by me at an impressionable age on trips to the neighbors, errands, and visits to various spots on the farm. Among my duties was the evening chore of going after the cows in the woods where they usually went for pasture. I don't know why but it seemed to me that cows always went as far from home as possible. The lane was not too well graveled and near the main highway it was low, often muddy, and usually full of the hoof prints of horses. I recall a phenomenon in traveling this part of the lane one day shortly after a rainstorm. In the depressions left by horses' hoofs were small puddles of water in which were small

minnows. I have never satisfied myself how they came there although I have heard that a wind current may pick them up some-way in a storm. All I know is that they were there alive, and swimming, and could not have been there very long in the small amount of water and in a place usually dry.

The lane from the house to the woods was said to have been an old Indian trail. There was plenty of evidence to substantiate this story. Beyond the creek there was a small hill and a noticeable outcropping of rocks and small, flat, flinty stones. At this point, as well as at other places along the lane, were found many arrow-heads and other relics as evidence of Indian workmanship. These were accumulated and kept in a basket in the house. We were pleased to conclude that Indians must have made their arrow heads and other instruments out of the flint and rock of this particular spot. We imagined the old warriors, as we knew them from pictured story books, camping and working on this very ground.

The school which we attended for just one season was on an unimproved mud road that ran along the north side of the farm and past our woods. The school house was only about a mile from our farm home but even the half mile to the woods seemed like a long walk. After climbing the fence north of the woods the walk of about the same distance over a usually muddy highway, as I remember it, seemed even longer. In winter after a heavy snow, my father hitched a horse by a chain and singletree to a good sized log which he dragged to the end of the lane and through the woods to make a path for my sister Lucy and me. She and I were the only ones of our family to attend this school, and for one winter only, as we moved to Huntington the following spring. I had been kept out a year to wait for her but my mother gave me considerable tutoring at home.

One episode of the lane I remember well and distinctly and had no opportunity of forgetting it if I wanted to, as my father enjoyed telling the story on me, concerned a neighbor, Dan Christian. He heard that we had a horse for sale. He came to see it when my father was not home. The horse was in a pasture adjoin-

ing the lane and my mother suggested that I take the prospective purchaser to see the animal. As we were walking out the lane he asked me if I had heard my father say what he wanted for the horse. My reply indicated that I remembered too well and was that, "he wanted one hundred and twenty-five but if he couldn't get that he would take one hundred and ten." It is needless to add that the horse sold for "one hundred and ten."

My uncle Charley Favorite, who lived on a farm, part of his father's estate, west of Huntington owned a young Shepherd dog, black, with a white collar and stripe down the front. We saw the dog when visiting the Favorite vicinity one Sunday, and, as I remember it, my sister Lucy and I expressed some interest and admiration for it. I recall well Uncle Charley saying that the dog wasn't any good and that we could have it if we wanted it. We were elated and with our father's consent we took her home. Our first duty on arriving home that Sunday afternoon was to go after the cows that were pasturing in the woods. This long trip we did not enjoy. I don't know what prompted us to do it but I presume that we had heard that some dogs herd cows and sheep. So, using our uncertain knowledge, we turned to our new possession and as a couple of youngsters might say off hand, "Bounce, go get the cows," and pointed toward the woods. To our surprise she started down the lane, went a short distance and looked back. We urged her on, "go get the cows." She went out the lane stopping now and then to look back and each time we shouted urging her on. I can still see her plainly on the hill half way to the woods, standing at right angles to the lane her white collar and breast contrasted by her black coat shining in the afternoon sun and waiting for the word of encouragement. Incredible as it seemed to me then and does now, she went to the woods and herded the cows home to the barn. To me this seemed a very creditable performance for a young dog on a farm entirely new to her, unfamiliar with the cattle and their habits and, moreover, when she was reputedly "no good." We felt that we had cheated Uncle Charley. We never went after the cows on foot again. Bounce was a respected and honored member of our

family for the full fourteen years of her life. One morning, in Huntington, instead of meeting us at the back door with her usually friendly greeting after a night in the hay in the barn, her stiff, frost-covered form lay on the lawn where we had played with her so often. The whole family, except my father who was away from home, gathered around for a good cry, and I am not sure that he would not have joined us if he had been present.

NEIGHBORS

THE JACKSON TOWNSHIP neighborhood was composed largely of religiously inclined, God fearing people of various nationalities, German predominating. Rough conduct or rough characters were rare. Names best remembered were Gray, Thorne, Welker, Flack, Johnson, Freehafer, Strauss, Ebersole, Lehman, Stahl, and Wohlford. Practically all were members and attendants at one of the two neighboring churches, Lutheran or United Brethren ("Zion"). These two churches stood about a mile apart on the Huntington-Fort Wayne highway. Huntington was about five and one-half miles west and Roanoke about four and one-half miles east of this spot.

Our nearest neighbors were "Uncle Will" and "Aunt Jane" Purviance. Although they were "uncle" and "aunt" to us children, they were my father's cousins. Neither had ever married. They lived in their family homestead, a plain but gracious home easily seen across the fields from ours. The actual distance was a little more than one-half mile by our lane and then east on the highway. There was no short cut as the creek ran between their house and ours and the highway bridge afforded the only means of crossing.

The Purviance home was an old fashioned, one story, simple but well-constructed place without wings or porch. The front door was protected by an open hallway. The house contained three bed rooms, a parlor at the front, a commodious living room and a large room at the rear that served as both dining room and kitchen in the winter months. The house, always painted a clean white, stood in a grove of locust, pear, and other fruit trees. Old-fashioned growth such as myrtle, sedum, asparagus fern, ivy, tiger lilies, and

other flowers, seldom seen now except around old farm houses or grave yards, were profusely scattered about with no particular thought of arrangement. The whole atmosphere of the place was old but fresh. It had been in the family a long time and it would seem that cleanliness and order prevailed here much more than in the average farm home so that there was an accumulation of these traits contributed by former dwellers. The freshness of the place was accentuated as soon as you met the occupants. They and my father had long been on very friendly terms, as cousins, and this may have been largely responsible for my father buying a farm in the vicinity. When I first knew Uncle Will and Aunt Jane they seemed old to me, but their faces always seemed to smile. They were scrupulously clean in person as well as in their house and barn-keeping. Uncle Will had been in the army during the civil war. I can never remember seeing him when he was not wearing a part of his blue uniform. My best recollection of him was during the summertime. He wore his blue army trousers, white shirt without a collar, and the necessary suspenders. If he ever owned the usual farmer garments such as blue or other overalls I never saw them. He always had a man to help and who, I presume, did the hardest work. Fifteen dollars a month was good pay for a farm hand. Uncle Will was always busy at something. He handled the mower during haying time and helped take that crop to the barn. He probably selected his duties carefully enough, yet I marvel that he always looked immaculate. I can never remember seeing him when he needed a shave and his shirt not white and fresh looking no matter what he was doing. He had a pleasant, ruddy face with a continuous, smiling expression. He was always friendly to us children yet liked to tease us moderately. He had a slight stammer in his speech which he seemed to affect or, at least, made no effort to correct. He had no bad or mean habits and while he was not deeply religious he was an attendant and supporter of the church. He was always willing to help others and, as a consequence, was held in the highest esteem by everyone. Aunt Jane, who was his feminine counterpart, always carried a broad and friendly

smile; was anxious to please us children, which she did often by means of famous cookies, pie and other edibles, which she always seemed to have just freshly baked. She carried on her household duties in seeming ease and in an atmosphere of cleanliness which might seem impossible around a farm where mud and dirt are so plentiful. It was never any hardship, in spite of the distance, to be sent of an errand to Aunt Jane's, as we often were.

Their living room table contained illustrated periodicals with news of current events. I remember well how much we enjoyed the pictures. I have a clear recollection of the illustrated stories in Harper's Weekly of the assassination of President Garfield in 1881 at which time I was past five years old. One of the chief points of interest was the public discussion of what adequate punishment should be given Charles Giteau, the assassin. Rewards in food form and cordial hospitality at Aunt Jane's always delighted us children. Since she and Uncle Will were influential in having my father locate in the neighborhood, they surely repaid us in kindness during the eight years that we lived there, and thereafter while the farm remained in our family. My father retained the farm for a good many years after we left it and, except for the distance, our relations with Uncle Will and Aunt Jane never changed. In their later years my father, who was considerably younger than they, made frequent trips to assist them in their problems which increased with lack of physical strength to carry on. Uncle Will died in 1908 at the age of 79 and Aunt Jane in 1924 at the age of 89. I am sure that my father was able and eager to repay them, in some slight measure at least, in their later years for their kindness to him, when, as a young man, he came with his wife and first born to the Bull Creek neighborhood.

I can recall no one in the immediate neighborhood who was looked upon as a really bad character. Even a man who did a lot of easy swearing, quite common in many places now, was a rarity. There were a few who were known to like their liquor on occasional trips to town and who caused lifting of eyebrows and lost some caste for this diversion. I can think of none who approached the

rough living and uncouth characters so often depicted in modern novels describing life in the south and elsewhere, viz., *THE EGG AND I*. To be branded even as lazy and shiftless drew enough opprobrium to make an occasional neighbor rank in a class by himself. Any such were looked down upon, in a charitable way, by their naturally more prosperous and industrious neighbors. In spite of lack of thrift and energy in those days, such people seemed to "get along."

One neighborhood character who seemed to stand out a bit from the general group, was a man named Ben Ebersole. He lived across country in an old log house in a wooded spot on Bull Creek. The trees surrounding his place were on rough ground and of no particular commercial variety. It was a rather picturesque spot, but of little value for farming. He made his living from a crude blacksmith shop where he handled emergency work of adjacent farmers. He would be rated as a "character" any place. Unlike most of his neighbors he always needed a shave. He probably used a razor now and then but if he did it would seem that he then stayed in hiding for a day or two when he would again appear with his characteristic two days growth. He was never clean. His general appearance was of a man who worked, ate, and slept in the same clothes. Thus he took on a sort of dark gray, dusky look, a composite of the various types of dirt with which he came in contact as blacksmith and farmer. He was broad shouldered, slightly stooped, and his faded, greasy felt hat shaded a grizzled and not clean looking face. He always chewed tobacco. Two rivulets from the careless corners of his mouth ran down thru his beard to where they left his chin. They were as fixed a part of him as if they had been painted there. In spite of his unclean appearance, love of tobacco and liquor, he was a genial old fellow and regarded as a good neighbor. In fact, all the community was made up of people who were disposed to help each other and were early exponents of the "good neighbor policy." Barn raisings, necessitated by the heavy timbers involved, threshing and other activities found the neighbors

congregated to help each other in these more voluminous tasks, too much for one or two men. It was an occasion, too, when the women helped and they seemed to compete to see who could provide the best table. This spirit of rivalry was responsible, undoubtedly, for the excellent food provided on such occasions. Fried chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy were the usual substantial background for these dinners. There was always a tempting accompaniment of jellies, jams, preserved pickles, and condiments in great abundance. Pie usually topped off the repast. The high spot in dessert would be ice cream made in the home freezer. Ice for this job had to come from the ice house where it had been stored and packed in sawdust the winter before after the considerable labor of cutting and hauling from an adjacent stream or pond. Ice was more or less of a luxury and not "put up" by all farmers. The spring house with a trough and flowing water or cellar floor were cool enough to preserve butter, milk, and items that now go in the modern refrigerator. I well recall that on these occasions when food was lavishly served there was one disconcerting note, "a fly in the ointment," so to speak. Flies were almost as thick as bees at swarming time. Modern methods of combating this pest had not been devised. No "flit," no swatters—entirely too detailed an operation—only a dish of liquid poison. This was probably the initial attempt to kill off individuals of the fly population. There were frail, mosquito bar screens at doors and windows. Nevertheless, flies came inside in great numbers. The main action against them seemed designed to keep them on the move and not permit them to light on the food. There would be an occasional "drive" by a number of women using aprons, fly chasers (made by cutting up newspapers into strips about eight inches long and attaching these in brush form to a stick), or other devices to move the flies from the innermost point in the room through the door held open at the right time by a confederate of the drivers. Above the door there was installed one of these brushlike devices made of newspapers which was supposed to flush the flies away from their waiting position on the door when it was opened. In spite of all these activities and precautions,

flies were always hovering over the food on the table. One of the women with the homemade "shooing" brush would stand by the table and keep the flies on the move as far as possible, and not permit them to light on the various dishes. Nevertheless, an occasional culprit would hit the gravy or some other spot where footing was uncertain and need to be retrieved and removed. It seemed to me that these pests were the only unfavorable note at these dinners where unsurpassed, delicious food was so abundantly served. Much work was accomplished on these occasions but the labor seemed to be lightened by the good food and the opportunity for friendly visiting. The only complaints that I recall, and they were not too vigorous, came from those who happened to be assigned to the "tail end" of the threshing machine. This was the position where the straw came from the machine onto the stack. It was a very dusty spot. The two or three men assigned to this position moved the straw with forks to others who helped build up the stack. Modern machines distribute the straw by a blowing, moving device which takes the place of the men who formerly did this job. In summer my thoughts turned to our farm or those of my relatives. I happened to have spent a summer or two "following" the threshing machine which moved from job to job in the neighborhood. The owner of the machine usually employed three or four men who remained with the outfit while it served the community. My assignment was the cutting of the bands on the sheaves of grain after it was thrown from the wagon or the stack. Some farmers hauled their grain and stacked it or stored it in the barn. Others hauled it from shocks in the field as it was threshed. The cutting of the bands preceded the operation of feeding the grain, heads down, into the roaring, whirling machinery (rapidly revolving cylinders with teeth). The chief job of the band cutter was to make one pass and one only with the bandcutting knife. To keep the routine a single slash at the band was all that was permitted, otherwise the man doing the feeding job might be cut as he expects the band to cut at the first pass. This point was always impressed upon the bandcutter. It seemed quite an important job to me.

MUSIC ON THE FARM

MY FATHER AND MOTHER had strong musical and cultural inclinations. Early in their married life they attended "singing school" in a neighboring school house, an activity conducted by an itinerant singing teacher. There they learned the rudiments of music and experienced some choral singing. This was followed by the purchase of a used square piano from some once affluent neighbors. My mother took a few lessons under the handicap of a teacher who came infrequently by horse and buggy from Roanoke, our neighboring village. While she made some progress the heavy duties of a young farmer's wife and the care of children were responsible for her lack of interest in becoming a pianist herself. She never lost interest in the subject and tried to inspire her children with the advantages of music as a part of their education and cultural development. She was also interested in "art," of a kind, and took some "lessons" which resulted in flowers painted on cloth and china. To me the results seemed good. Household and other duties of a farmer's wife were overwhelming and, no doubt, interfered with further pursuit of this activity.

My father owned a guitar, which he played quite well. Not satisfied with it alone he made a device which held a harmonica attached to the guitar and played that with an accompaniment on his guitar. It seemed to be quite an accomplishment and a stunt that entertained his friends as well as himself on frequent occasions. He had another accomplishment. He could "throw his voice" and once in a while would surprise us by imitating a call from the cellar or some other remote corner. He never liked to perform on request but preferred to arouse our curiosity and interest by a surprise speech with uncertain location—a sort of pioneer Edgar Bergen, who, by the way, I knew when he first started his career as an amateur ventriloquist in Chicago.

As an outgrowth of early musical interests my father undertook the organization of the "Bull Creek Band." I well recall the eventful day when, from the Conn Company, the large boxes

containing the band instruments, packed in straw, arrived at our home. The band was composed of young men in the neighborhood. No former musical ability or experience was required; only a declaration of a wish to be a member. An instructor, "Billy" Hildebrand, who played the cornet, was provided. He came to live with us and became a sort of combination director and farm hand. His job must have been difficult, starting with a group of green young men more qualified as farm hands or laborers than musicians. In spite of my mother's interest in music and her natural patience, I can well recall that she was out of sympathy with some of the activities of the Bull Creek Band. A band starting from scratch and composed of green farmers can only be a noisy and inharmonious affair. Since my father was the chief promoter of this musical attempt, it was only natural that we should give over our kitchen as a place for rehearsals. I can see, too, how that practice in our home must have interfered with normal peace and quiet of the household, to say nothing of the children's sleep. Another of her complaints pertained to the use of tobacco by some of the members. The practice of chewing, much more common then than now, but perhaps not quite so common as present cigarette smoking, irked her considerably. My father was not a user of tobacco and probably would have preferred a non-chewing personnel in the band. The cuspidor was the kitchen wood box since our household did not provide the professional type of receptacle. Between bad aim and carelessness of the tobacco users, I do not doubt her righteous cause for complaint which she was free to make. Being very mild and generally uncomplaining, her indignation on this point was impressive.

In spite of the many handicaps that attend the organization of a new band, progress was made. Appearances were made at picnics, campaigns, and other such occasions where bands were in demand or permitted to appear. Undoubtedly, at first, the players got more enjoyment out of the effort than the auditors, often the case with music. On the other hand a few of the group became quite competent and made progress to the point of playing later with bands

of distinction. My father, however, was not one of them. Since he was the organizer of the band, it was logical that he should play the cornet, the lead instrument. However, its mouthpiece was too small for him and he later did his part on the baritone. He retained interest, however, and played intermittently with bands after we moved to Huntington. I have no doubt that some of the original horns used by the Bull Creek Band are still floating around that old neighborhood after a seventy or more year period and at the sight of which some incipient musician may receive an inspiration.

UTILITIES

TO THE NORTH of the house was a yard about eighty feet square enclosed with a rough picket fence. This yard contained a number of facilities, one being the predecessor of part of the modern bath. Also there was a funnel shaped device of wood about five or six feet high, a container for ashes used in the soap-making process. Lye resulted from water being poured on the ashes and the lye, in turn, cut the grease which was a step in the process of making soap. Lye was used also to remove the hard, outside covers of grains of corn to make hominy, a popular home prepared food. In the yard also were several stands of bees, a device on which hogs were hung at butchering time, a hogshead (large barrel) and a large iron kettle, used in scalding the animals: all comprised the major items required for the butchering job. An adjacent shed was used to house other minor accessories such as the sausage grinder, the sausage stuffing machine, candle molds to make tallow candles, a hook to drag the hogs to the desired spot, scales, the churn and other home equipment items. A remembered item was a red brick with a groove well worn from polishing the steel knives and forks, the "silverware" of that period. High, too, on the list was the wash tub, a wash board, and wringer which provided hard work, usually on Monday mornings, for many years ahead of the many modern washing devices of today. Quite a few items no longer seen on the farm were essential to the job of providing meat and other food for the family larder.

This utility yard was a busy spot at various times in the year. Sugar water for maple syrup was boiled down here. Apple butter was made from cider, also by the boiling process. In the center of its north line was a large, walnut tree which spread its branches over a fifty or sixty foot area. My father often mentioned the fact that it was good protection against lightning for our house. I know that it was struck at least once and quite badly damaged, thus verifying his statement as to its value in this respect. On this lot also stood the smoke house, a small shed about five feet square and six feet high in which hams, shoulders and other meats were cured by smoking with corn cobs or green, hickory wood which burns slowly and gives the meat a good flavor.

BUTCHERING

BUTCHERING DAY was a big event on the farm. This was one of the several jobs on which the neighbors co-operated. Three or four would drop whatever they were doing at home and meet at the butchering scene. Much activity and fast work were the order of the day. The job of processing three or four hogs from the hoof to sausage and the various approved cuts was substantial and required high speed and good management. The animals were killed, usually by a rifle shot in the head, and "stuck" immediately in the throat to bleed them properly. In the meantime water had been boiling in the iron kettle. This water was transferred to the adjacent hogs-head, a large barrel placed on a slant so that the animal held by a hook with an appropriate handle could be slid into the water and thoroughly scalded on all sides. It was then removed and the hair scraped from the carcass by use of large knives. The hog was then hung by its hind feet, spread apart by a stick so that cutting it in two would be convenient. It was then dismembered and practically everything saved for some use. The principal parts were hams, shoulders, side meat, ribs, back bones, and the pigs' feet. Other meat was cut up to be converted into sausage or "head cheese." Some people used the blood to make blood pudding. My folks, being a bit fastidious, looked down upon this as being a

little low for their tastes. All fat was carefully segregated to be boiled down to lard, "cracklings" being the resulting by-product but with no value as far as I know. Lard had many important uses in the cooking department.

The women were busy doing the collateral jobs, one of the most interesting to me being the preparation of the sausage casings. This job called for a chair, a board and a bucket of water. The operator sat on the chair and with a knife scraped the contents of the intestines into the bucket. The job was very thoroughly done and the tough, transparent casings washed well inside and out in succeeding waters. Later they would be placed on the sausage machine and came out in long rolls stuffed with well seasoned sausage meat. Such sausage that was not used in a fresh state was cooked in the stuffed or in cake form and sealed by covering with lard in jars to be used as needed through the winter. It was always a pleasing sight at the end of the day to see the large quantities of meat prepared for the next process of smoking or curing. Even at an early age the feeling of assurance of plenty to eat was probably transferred from the elders to the children and provided an unconscious glow of satisfaction and comfort.

The butchering habit remained with by father almost throughout his life time. As long as he owned a farm he had hogs fattened for Fall butchering. He enjoyed the preparation of sausage and smoking the hams for later use. It was the one farming operation that he seemed most reluctant to give up. His children were the beneficiaries of this practice and shared, through gift, in the choice products his long experience enabled him to prepare. When he got to be over eighty and he had to hire help and buy hogs for the butchering ceremony, the economic wisdom of keeping up this practice was doubtful. A diplomatic approach to the subject was made suggesting that, in spite of the pleasure it gave him and his children, it might be time to give up butchering. He was visibly disappointed at the thought and replied that it would be the first time in his whole life, as far back as he could remember, that he had not butchered in the Fall. Only in the last two or three years

of his life, when prospective Florida trips offered further argument, was he persuaded to forego the butchering event.

As mentioned before a good part of the work on a farm in those days had to do with providing of food. There was no bakery or grocery just around the corner. Grocery purchases were confined to a few essential items—staples such as sugar, flour, salt, and green coffee in bean form. Fruits and vegetables were canned or processed by drying or storage. Turnips, cabbage, and potatoes were buried in straw in a barrel or stored in the cellar, depending on the period for which they were being kept. Apples were stored in the same way. Apples were also dried and used as needed for pies. They were cut in thin slices, strung on strings and hung in the attic to dry. Pears, tomatoes, peaches, and other fruits were canned. Great quantities of jelly were prepared; elderberry, rhubarb, apple, grape jelly, and quince preserves were on the long list. Honey in the comb and maple syrup, the latter by a canning process, were also stored. Beans were stored after ripening. None of these things were ever bought from a grocery. My mother roasted the green coffee in a shallow, sizable pan two feet or more square. I can well recall her stirring the coffee in the roasting process and the pleasant odor arising from the oven. With a small machine we did our own grinding by hand. Bread was baked in this same large pan at least twice a week. The loaves were large and a delicious looking brown. It was always a question in my mother's mind whether the bread would "rise" satisfactorily and a concern of hers during the process of baking to know how the result would be. To me it never seemed to make much difference and I can't recall any bread that we were not glad to eat. Biscuits (soda and baking powder) and pancakes were a frequent offering. The latter were usually buckwheat or corn cakes. They were not of the polite three-to-a-skillet variety, but a large, shameless, one-to-the-skillet size in keeping with appetites of hardworking men and growing children. Pies were almost a constant offering. Apple in various forms, pumpkin, cherry, plum, peach, gooseberry, raisin at times, and mince were the favorites. The mincemeat for the last was prepared by my father who left the im-

pression that he was pretty good at the job. In fact, all of these pie filling materials came from the farm except the raisins. My mother stuck pretty close to orthodox pies, but on occasions of threshing, or other events where the neighbors appeared with pie offerings, there were some strange and wonderful creations. I remember unique varieties such as apple butter pie, green tomato pie, "sugar and water" pie, named after its principal ingredients, sweet potato pie, grape and ground cherry pie! While pies were frequently on our table it was never offered for breakfast but know that it was in other families. Cookies of wide variety and cakes were usually on hand, especially the former. A hickory nut cake with the nuts distributed through it, was my favorite then as it is now. Nothing in the cake line seems to equal its unique, tasty flavor.

It is my impression that the many modern dishes that fill the cook books never excel in taste and appeal those simple, substantial offerings that we learn to like in early youth at the family table.

My mother was a woman of unusual patience. This is a characteristic, which, I regret to say, I do not think that I inherited. Her numerous children must have been a nuisance for their propensity to hang around the kitchen where she spent so much time in cooking activities for the large family. I can recall very few times when we were ordered out. It is my feeling that this is in strict conflict with present day thinking when the kitchen is sacred ground reserved exclusively for the cook. Requests to "lick the crock" at cake baking time and to pre-taste items on the way to the cooking process were met kindly and usually granted. Some of these items were pretty well protected by lack of the proper flavor. One, I recall distinctly, was soda biscuit dough. I still think that cabbage, turnips, and cauliflower excel in the raw state.

Among food items dairy products were important. Sour milk was collected until churning time. Churning was my job. It was not hard work but it took time and seemed tedious. This was probably my first lesson in patience. The churn used then was a stone jar with a dasher made of wood and a handle to work this up and down beating the sour cream until butter particles appeared. Their ap-

pearance was a welcome sight as it indicated the end of my churning duty. My mother then took over and worked the yellow particles into a roll and enough to squeeze out the remaining buttermilk. The latter was saved to drink what we wanted and the balance went to the pigs. Cold buttermilk was rated a delicacy even in those days. The butter was usually placed in a mold and pressed out with a fancy design on top. To see the finished product in a rich, yellow form gave me some satisfaction in spite of the dislike for churning. Surplus butter had a good market in town, and that, with surplus eggs, was traded for sugar or other staples with little money changing hands. Milk was at times permitted to sour to the "clabber" stage then made into cottage cheese, a highly rated product and served with maple syrup, my favorite still, or other sauce such as apple butter or honey. I recall a happy day when I persuaded my father to buy a new churn which I had seen in town. It was a keg that turned with a crank and was suspended at its center point on a rack. As it was turned it dashed the cream from end to end. It required little effort and speeded up the churning operation. It took the monotony out of the job for me. This welcome device stayed in the family as long as we made our own butter.

I well recall the transition from the partial use of candles to the full use of kerosene in our family. As a matter of economy, I surmise, we continued to use candles, in part, after we had kerosene lamps and lanterns. My mother had a tin mold in which she could make six candles at a time. Wicks were inserted at the center in the several compartments and tallow poured in. When it hardened the candles were removed and ready for use. They provided inexpensive if not too efficient lighting.

Life on the farm, especially before use of modern machinery, required a great amount of hard work. Care of livestock, crop cultivation from fertilization to harvest, fence building and repairs and countless unscheduled duties kept the men busy in summer months from sunrise until dark. The women carried on their many household duties and a good many that did not fall in that category. These additional chores, care of chickens, feeding young calves,

cultivating the large garden—an important activity to help the family table—all were borderline duties which she was likely to assume. More menial and lighter duties such as picking potato bugs, an unforgettable and distasteful experience, fell to the children. Since then sprays and poisons have helped the bug problem.

This active and rugged effort on the part of the farm dwellers to provide the necessities of living left little time for accumulating imaginary causes for discontent or disagreement, and contributed much to domestic stability. Thought of divorce seemed well in the background and was a rare occurrence compared with today. I never heard of a case in the Jackson township area.

NEIGHBORHOOD TRAGEDY

WHILE LIFE ON THE FARM is generally quiet and routine, once in a while a tragic circumstance arises that may disturb the entire neighborhood. One such happening in my youth stands out vividly. I remember my anxiety when a neighbor, named Kramer, was reported missing. He lived near our farm and he, his wife and two young children were well known to us. His wife gave the alarm when he did not return home in the evening from a day's hunting trip. All she knew was that he had started on a spring morning towards the river which was about three miles south of their home with the hope of shooting ducks. It was dark when the word got around the neighborhood and any immediate attempts to locate him were cursory and without much hope of finding him if something had happened to prevent his return home. Early next morning the whole countryside started to the river to search for him. They soon found what were presumed to be his foot prints in the mud along the river and tracked him to a spot where he had removed his shoes and coat and left them with his gun on the bank. They were near the base of a tree which extended out over the water, approximately at right angle, about twenty-five feet. It was quickly surmised that he had shot a duck, had crawled out on the tree or started to wade in to retrieve the duck and had fallen in and drowned. The most reasonable conclusion seemed to be that he had

shot a duck upstream above the tree, went out to try to pick it up as it floated by and in the attempt to reach it fell in. The river here had been dredged for draining and was twenty-five or more feet deep. Dragging was difficult. A garden rake with an extended handle was used for the job. Three men in a boat worked until the afternoon of the second day before recovering the body. One rowed and the other two took turns at manipulating the rake. After the approximate location of the body was determined it took a lot of labor to fasten the rake in the clothing firmly enough to bring the body to the surface. I stayed around part of the first day. I recall that my father was handling the rake at the time it brought the body to the surface so that the head and the face could be seen. The rake's hold slipped a second too soon and the dragging process was continued. The following day recovery was finally accomplished. Sympathetic neighbors went ahead to break the news as gently as possible to the wife who must have had little hope of seeing her husband alive again. A tragic episode of this kind in a country community creates genuine and friendly sympathy for those who are unfortunate and leaves a blanket of sorrow hanging over the neighborhood for a long time thereafter.

One incident, well remembered, was an ice storm. One morning in late winter the family was awakened by sharp and repeated explosions. A hurried dressing and trip to the porch of the house revealed the cause. It was still quite dark but trees and branches in our yard and nearby orchard were snapping and breaking from an unprecedented storm where rain was falling and freezing as it fell. Ours and adjacent farms had a good many acres of woods. Trees and branches everywhere were breaking with a cracking or booming sound. In imagination it was much like an artillery bombardment. The ominous noise of destruction was quite terrifying to the children and to have orchards and timber so severely damaged a real disappointment to the elders.

The booming and crashing of the trees continued through a good part of the forenoon and until the rain or freezing ceased and left the sturdier trees or their remains still standing. While I have

read since of many such severe storms, this is the only one experienced. It leaves a lasting and vivid impression and sympathy for the victims of one of nature's destructive possibilities.

THE MOVE TO HUNTINGTON

IT APPEARS that my father was somewhat concerned about his health since two of his brothers, one of whom suffered exposure during the war, and his mother had died of tuberculosis. In fact, there was some opposition upon the part of my mother's relatives to her marriage to him on account of his "health." He was, nonetheless, a very strong man about five feet ten or eleven inches in height with a heavy chest and erect carriage. These were physical characteristics still noticeable when he was up in the eighties and even until his death. One of his distinguishing features was a red beard worn in various shapes, usually in goatee form. He wore a rather full beard at time of his marriage when he was twenty-two. His habits and appearance were cleanly. Even on the farm he always carried a tooth brush in his pocket and used it after every meal. This may not have been the reason but he never had a cavity in his teeth, although he lost one due to its loosening late in his life.

While on the farm the dust at threshing time and at other seasons was on his mind and was something that he tried to avoid. A part of his interest in the band was that, as a member, he would be able to develop his lungs from playing one of the instruments. Health assurance was probably the first reason why he considered leaving the farm and this subject he and my mother discussed from time to time. She took a rather reluctant and conservative view of the matter, since moving involved some risk and was not a too common practice where there was a family responsibility involved. Nevertheless, as an outcome of the many conversations on the subject the decision was finally made to make the important move to Huntington. This was the county seat of Huntington County. It was the center of a good agricultural community. Its chief manufacturing activity was the burning of lime, suitable stone being abundant. It was known as the "Lime City." It was on the old Wabash and

Erie canal and a junction of the Wabash Railroad and the Chicago and Atlantic, now the Erie Railroad. The latter road was built while I was a small boy on the farm.

My father had purchased an interest with the firm of Zent and Son, dealers in farm implements. When the son was married in town, my father and mother went to the wedding. They brought home to us children a wonderful new fruit, a banana! It was the first we had ever seen. This fruit was always associated in our minds thereafter with the Zent family.

The farm implement business was a logical connection for a start since he was familiar with all types of farm machinery and spoke the language of the farmer. The move was made in the spring of 1884. At that time there were three children in the family, the youngest being Joseph Roscoe, born in 1880. He had the distinction, however, of entering the world without the aid of a doctor or even a neighbor woman, which is the least to expect in the absence of professional help—and was considered adequate. My father officiated successfully but I think always looked upon it as one of his really difficult experiences. In May 1884, as previously stated, with the aid of neighbors our household goods were loaded into wagons and removed to Huntington where my father had bought a modest home. This was an exciting event for the children. A pair of horses and a cow were retained, the former for transportation and the latter to aid the family food supply. The cow was quite an important factor in the family economy. Eventually we got down to one horse and the cow. Chickens were kept from time to time. Most farmers seem to give up the occupation reluctantly. My father was always interested in maintaining a full quota of livestock and kept up a good many farming practices. These animals in town made work for him and later for the boys and their mother when he became a traveling salesman.

After a year the Zent business was sold and my father went to work as a traveling salesman for J. F. Seiberling and Co. of Akron, Ohio, who were manufacturers of harvesting machinery and fore-runners of the present Seiberling Rubber Co. Later he worked for

the McCormick Harvester Co. and others as a salesman. The product, the twine binder, for handling the harvesting of oats and wheat was a rather new development and was meeting with a ready sale. This meant that my father was gone from Monday until Saturday afternoon and sometimes longer. That threw quite a responsibility upon my mother and the children. Being the eldest the care of the stock fell mostly to me. My mother did the milking at first but a little later that job was taken over by us children. My memory of this work, which had to be done in the morning before school, is most clear of the winter season and hot Sundays in summer. A change from Sunday clothes to working garments seemed particularly onerous but was required for this chore. It was necessary in winter to get up about 5:30, long before daylight, light the lantern, clean the stalls of the horse and cow, curry the horse and feed and water them both. The water was carried by bucket from the well near the house. In Huntington at that time there were no sewers and water installations. I could never understand how these animals could have such an unquenchable thirst in cold weather. The amount that they could consume seemed unbelievable. This operation of feeding and watering was repeated in the evening at which time the animals were provided with fresh bedding, usually straw. These chores in winter ended well after dark and were carried on by lantern light.

This bringing the farm to town provided a good many episodes and problems. One occurred when a young calf escaped from the barn at night and was heard running around the house. My father and brother Joe, armored in night shirts and confidence, went down to corral the calf. It was chased into a space about six or eight feet wide between our house and the fence to the south. In this areaway its capture seemed easy, but a wild calf in the dark is elusive, rough, and not easy to handle. While to get hold of one end and restrain that part of the calf was not too difficult, the free end was still active and doing a lot of damage. Before the job was completed, the calf had both of his captors down, well trampled as to feet and other parts of the anatomy, and made fresh night shirts very necessary.

Milk from the family cow, always selected for ample production, was consumed in large quantities by the family members and without any restriction. There was even a surplus which went to neighbors or friends. It was my job or that of one of the other children to make delivery. One customer, a friend of the family, was about a mile away. Delivery at five cents a quart probably lacked something in economic soundness, but good will may have been built up, for our milk was always in demand and rated good. Pasteurizing and homogenizing were not involved. They took the milk as it was and were happy, unless the cow had found a wild onion patch or other food that gave the milk a foreign flavor.

Our cow and those of neighbors ran loose in commons not far from our home and needed attention morning and night. Later, when the town council prohibited cows running at large they were turned over for attention to enterprising boys who herded cows for so much per week or month. In winter the animals remained in stalls in the barn and were milked, fed and watered twice a day. At one time we drove our cow daily to pasture on a fenced tract of eight or ten acres owned by my father and which was about a mile from our home. The job of taking the cow to this pasture and back fell mostly to my brother Joe. After a few trips he learned that the cow would come home with him on her back but would not go to pasture without being driven so the herder had only a one way ride. Food for our livestock came largely from our farm which was operated by a tenant who shared the crops. The barn mow was kept well filled with hay and grain was always on hand to feed the stock.

Our own family food problem never seemed to be great. In addition to things from the farm we always had a large garden in town. A space about fifty by eighty feet was spaded by hand. This tedious job in large part fell to me. This garden was planted with the usual produce, onions, radishes, lettuce, beets, corn, cabbage, and tomatoes. In addition to the garden the yard contained grapes, strawberries, raspberries and a few fruit trees such as cherry, pear and

apple, that contributed to the food supply. There was never any shortage of food at any time that I can recall in my youth. Our family income in money was small and I should say about the minimum on which to support a young, growing family. The salary for my father was not over one hundred dollars a month in those days. This was considered a satisfactory income. With one of fifty dollars per month thrifty people were able to own their own homes. I never heard a word on the high cost of food nor complaint of its scarcity. It was always in abundance and the family relatives and friends were always welcome to it. A ten cent soup bone was a frequent order that I took to the butcher. This was usually a piece of lower leg of beef eight or ten inches long and three to four inches thick and with plenty of meat on it. It must have weighed two or three pounds at least.

My family was very agreeable to company at meals. There seemed to be a standing invitation. A guest or two brought home without notice after church or other occasion by one or more of the children provided no problem nor adverse comment. These guests were always welcome. Food was served in substantially filled dishes on a "help yourself" basis. The service was probably not as refined as in the present day. Meat was invariably served. My father could not be happy without it. It was accompanied by generous quantities of mashed, boiled, or other potatoes and gravy; plenty of vegetables, pickles, preserves, jellies, and followed by a dessert of shortcake, apple dumplings, peach cobbler, or pie—maybe two kinds! This prodigal use of food may seem a bit vulgar compared with the stereotyped meal of today with allotted portions of soup and salad. The horse and buggy days may have had scarce items but certainly food was not one of them in our part of Indiana.

Another heavy job for me as a youth was the preparation of wood, burned in our two stoves, one for cooking and the other for heating the house, or, at least, a part of it. This wood came to our woodhouse usually from our farm or elsewhere, in cordwood lengths, i.e. four feet. In those days a cord of wood was a pile four feet

wide, four feet high and eight feet long, 128 cubic feet, in honest measurement. In these days it differs in many parts of the country and is often dictated by the seller to the buyer's detriment. The statement, "a cord of wood," means very little. In many places wood now sells by the pound. It was necessary to saw these four foot lengths at least twice. That part used in the cook stove had to be split into sticks convenient for the purpose, three to four inches in diameter. Wood preparation by use of the bucksaw and the axe was a Saturday forenoon job. To prepare a sufficient amount required a lot of muscle and determination. Moreover, it was an activity that interfered very much with the playing program that was going on in the neighborhood. I confess to envying those neighbor boys whose more affluent fathers hired all such work done. My father seemed to think that the work was good for me and never showed any compassion nor offered to hire it done to save me time or effort. Of course this was a job that could not be neglected as our comfort and eating depended upon it.

The transition from farm life to that of a country village has some interesting aspects. In my own case I found myself the mark of the town boys some of whom treated me like a stray chicken coming into the flock. The initial experiences of a country youth in these circumstances are not too pleasant. There was no sign of welcoming or friendly cordiality. Some children are naturally cruel and a few such undertook to make my life miserable by threats of physical violence. Without much if any prior contact with children of my own age, except a few cousins, it is likely that I was sensitive to threats to "beat me up" and these threats were taken seriously. It was usually an after-school affair. My safety seemed to lay in flight and cannot recall that I was ever overtaken. The nearest to bodily harm that I remember was when one of my tormentors took a short cut or started early and waited for me near my home. While he did not get hands on me, a stone he threw with such force that it went through a neighbor's picket fence made an impression that has remained and, me glad, at the time, that the stone missed its mark. My assailant was the son of the German Reformed Church

minister and grew up to be a doctor who practiced successfully in Huntington for a good many years. In a short time observation indicated that fighting was a defense. Instead of running for home after school I stood my ground a few times with success and when I found that I could take care of myself the situation changed. In a short time individual friends were made and in a reasonable time the country boy became amalgamated and absorbed in the village group.

OUR HUNTINGTON HOME

OUR FIRST HUNTINGTON HOME was a very plain, porchless cottage of seven rooms. The yard contained a number of trees, a crabapple tree next to the woodhouse, three cedars in the front of the yard, two or three old apple trees in a state of decay. Three or four good bearing cherry trees and a large maple afforded plenty of shade. Maple trees lined the street, which was unpaved and grass lined. A fence kept out the wandering stock. The house contained a kitchen and dining room combined. A living room, parlor, so called, and a bedroom off of that, constituted the first floor facilities. There were three very small one-window bedrooms upstairs reduced further by sloping roofs which left very little head room. While these rooms were small, they made it possible to separate the family quite satisfactorily and provide sleeping quarters. Wardrobes were not large and closets under the eaves were useful and seemingly adequate. To sleep in these rooms was difficult in summer, due to the extreme heat and little ventilation with only one window to each room. The floor was popular as a sleeping spot on hot, summer nights. Other buildings occupying appropriate positions on the lot were a small woodhouse, a barn with hay mow, stalls for four animals, a feed room, the usual outbuilding where sewers and plumbing do not exist and a crude chicken house with an adjacent pen. The barn had been constructed in part from used lumber, some of which had been through a fire. Visitors invariably thought, upon seeing the charred members, that we had had a fire at some time. Later the barn was enlarged by the addition of a buggy shed. In later years

the barn was replaced by a cement block structure and the frame house by one of brick with all modern conveniences. Both of these buildings are still standing on the original site on the east side of Charles street, originally Fredericka, to which we moved in 1884, one-half block south of Etna Avenue. Streets were named for children of the Drover family, original owners of this land.

Utilities of the first Huntington house were simple, only a well and cistern. The basement had good all year around storage facilities. There were ample bins for apples, potatoes, turnips, etc. The dirt floor was damp and cool. Milk, butter, and other items, now kept in refrigerators, were placed on the floor in appropriate containers and seemed to keep fresh for the required time before using. There is no doubt that this method could not compete with modern electric refrigerators or ice boxes. Ice boxes were not in common use at that time and, if so, were owned by families much more affluent than ours. Ice could be obtained for making ice cream, a real luxury. Later, as ice boxes were manufactured and insulation improved, the use of ice for preserving foods became increasingly common.

The cistern needed to be cleaned out at least once a year or more often if any odors developed. This was an unpopular job that fell to me, as did many others, being the eldest son. This job meant removing all water, the last by dipping, after going down into the dark, damp hole, scrubbing the sides and bottom of the cistern thoroughly. In spite of all precautions a frog, a snake or worse than that, an unfortunate rat might be discovered. My father, who always had progressive ideas as far as limited financial circumstances would permit, soon added an extra room at the rear of the house to serve as a kitchen and pantry. This increased, very much, the family comfort and dignity as we were no longer compelled to eat in the kitchen. A large sink in the new kitchen provided facilities for face washing with the cistern pump handy. The dish pan, an active piece of equipment, had its place on the oil-cloth-covered kitchen table. The new kitchen was the scene of the Saturday night ceremony of baths all around. No excuses were accepted or tolerated. We were

never allowed to forget Saturday night. Eddie Guest, who came from Michigan, has said that up there you knew when Saturday night came: "You could smell it." Perhaps that was also true in Indiana. Fortunately, this all took place before the day of metal wash tubs. There was a modicum of comfort in the use of the old wooden tub into which bath water was dipped from the copper wash boiler after being heated on the kitchen stove. Wood was the fuel used for the heating job. To be compelled to go back to such crude and awkward methods to accomplish the bathing job could conceivably reduce us to a much less cleanly population. After the bath there would be a rush in nightgowns with clothes in hand, especially in winter, to get into warm beds and enjoy the glow of satisfaction of feeling clean and to have this ordeal over.

The first upward step in the evolution of the bathtub in our family was the purchase by my father of an upright, folding device about six feet high. It was made of golden oak and presumed to have artistic as well as useful aspects. On its face was a large mirror and when not in use the device was folded against the wall much like a folding bed. The interior could be pulled out and down from its frame and exposed the marvel of a galvanized tub in which one could lie down. The mirror was now on the floor side. This fancy addition to our furniture had a very dignified position in the corner of the dining room where it served its imagined decorative purpose as far as possible until its more utilitarian Saturday night assignment. It was still necessary to carry water to the tub and drain it after a bath. A canvas accessory made a steam bath possible. I never felt that this was enough improvement over the old wooden tub in the kitchen to warrant its purchase. It indicates, at least, my father's willingness to keep pace with progress, as it was interpreted, and possibly a step in the right direction. This fancy tub served us for a number of years, in fact until sewers, water, and modern plumbing came to Huntington.

The sewer and water installation when it finally came was difficult and expensive. Limestone, only a foot or more below the surface, made digging difficult and slow. Water was obtained from

wells near the Wabash river one and one-half miles south of town. Much dynamite was used to loosen the stone and reach the required depth. Several lives were lost, due to accidental explosions. Incorporated in the sewer system were two creeks, Flint and Rabbit Run. The former ran through the center of town and the latter about one-half mile south of town. These creeks were subject to flooding and were a menace from high water until the sewer system with attendant creek straightening and covering removed the hazard. These creeks emptied into the river west of town, a common practice in early sewer installations. This ruined one of our long established swimming holes in Little River.

The cost of this installation was extremely high and was an indication that residents of Huntington were interested in progress in spite of expense.

MODERN FUEL

ONE OF THE FIRST MAJOR IMPROVEMENTS in our home utilities was the introduction of a "baseburner" coal stove. We were not the first to use coal for fuel. No doubt it was less of an expense to us to use wood, which could be obtained from our farm for the hauling, plus the addition of labor, mostly mine. The advantages of coal over wood for steady heat finally became so apparent that a coal burning stove was purchased. This stove burned hard coal and it possible to keep a fire over night. This comfortable addition required only occasional filling and ended the era of bark and ashes on the carpet of the living room floor in the stove vicinity. The old chimney opening on the first floor was abandoned and a stove pipe leading through the floor to a new opening in the chimney in the room above was provided. This new arrangement was presumed to heat the three bedrooms above. While it could hardly qualify as a heater, this pipe did take off some of the severe chill and was a welcome innovation. A few years later one of our enterprising and well-to-do citizens, George Bippus, tapped the natural gas fields in Indiana twenty-seven miles to the south of Huntington and made available this choice fuel. Mr. Bippus was a director of

the Erie railroad and was for a good many years Huntington's leading businessman. His activities were a great benefit to Huntington.

When the gas came our base burner was converted for its use and we were in for several years of luxury. The gas was not metered and there was no restraint on its use. With customary profligacy, so prevalent up to that time, it is not surprising that the gas supply was rapidly depleted. Only a flat rate was charged for the stoves used. Gas burned continuously day and night in stoves, fields, and wherever there was a leak. In a few short years the gas buggy ride was over in Huntington as well as in the great gas field to the south where much new industry had been established. This marvelous new fuel was exhausted. No telling how long its use might have been prolonged if reasonably conserved. At any rate, people were acquainted with coal in the base burner and went back to it at the expense of some additional labor and dirt.

Upon the death of the elder Bippus, his son, Fred, carried on the various activities started by his father. Chief of these was the Huntington Light and Fuel Co. This company, privately owned, furnished manufactured gas and electricity to the city. Their offices were in the Bippus Block, a three story pressed brick structure, best business building in Huntington. Fred Bippus later built the La Fontaine Hotel at a cost of three quarters of a million dollars, an unusually fine hotel for a town of this size, as a sort of memorial to the family, although he modestly refrained from giving it the family name. He preferred the name of the old Indian chief, La Fontaine, who had lived just west of Huntington. Huntington had a reputation before that for poor hotels. Bippus showed further his public spirit by promoting, at much expense and trouble to himself, a week's celebration and pageant commemorating a Huntington Centennial, the opening of the Wabash and Erie canal. The light and fuel business was sold. Other interests were in coal lands and oil. The changing economic conditions seriously affected his investments. What were probably small debts became larger as values declined and the depression progressed. This man, who

had been the wealthiest in the community was reduced to a job of reading meters of a company that he had once owned! If his pride was injured he did not show it and he held his head up without complaint. He tried to make a reasonable comeback and obtained the nomination for a county office. If the voters had been able or disposed to evaluate what this man had done for the community it would seem that his election would have been almost unanimous. Nevertheless, he was defeated to the everlasting shame of the voters of the county to which he, no doubt, had made the largest contribution of any one of its citizens. Such is the smallness of human nature, which cannot resist the opportunity to indulge its primary instincts of hate or envy of the more prosperous. His death occurred not long thereafter in which worry and disappointment were probable factors.

The condition of roads and streets before days of pavements was unbelievably bad. This was most noticeable in spring. At the first indication of thawing the streets would be covered with a layer of thin, soupy, mud one inch or more deep. At crossings a slight elevation of bricks or stone would be provided; this elevation was mud covered but the mud was not quite so deep as in the main part of the street. Mud splashed on everything. In spite of rubbers mud got into homes and made housekeeping difficult. I can only make a guess what great distress this condition would cause our fastidious housekeepers of today. When freezing weather came again the streets and roads were a bumpy series of ruts and holes. Travel over the roads was slow and uncomfortable. In summer the inch or more of mud was converted into dust of similar depth. Main streets of the town were helped some by horsedrawn sprinkling wagons. In other parts of town and on country roads every passing vehicle raised clouds of dust. Gradually towns paved their main streets, usually with brick. The coming of the automobile and its increasing use in the early part of this century made people conscious of the need of good roads. Automobile trips in 1910 and some years thereafter called for an armour of anti-dust clothing. In those

days the few automobiles in town were owned by the most affluent. There was never a thought that the use would become general and that the carpenter or laborer could ever afford an automobile.

The pleasure of automobile travel to me at that time was very doubtful. I recall a trip from Huntington to Bluffton in the family car of E. E. Allen, one of the first to own an automobile in Huntington. His son, Harry, and I took a couple of girls, students from Northwestern University, on an Indiana trip from Huntington to Bluffton, a distance of about thirty miles. We repaired inner tubes and changed tires six or eight times. Finally, we ran out of materials and if we had had more I doubt if they would have been much use as our hands were ruined from the hard work of removing casings, repairing tubes and pumping up the tires by hand. We finally came into Huntington after dark with an old comfort, obtained from a farmer's woodhouse, wired around the rim. This repair raised a terrific cloud of dust. While I was always accustomed to hard work I was satisfied to travel by horse and buggy until the day of improved paved roads and self starters on automobiles.

When automobiles first appeared there was no thought that one could be owned except by a very few of the most affluent citizens. Changing economic conditions and use of credit have made automobile ownership almost universal. A good many owners started by purchase of used cars as did my father about 1912. He bought a used Buick for \$750. It served faithfully, with plenty of home repairs for several years.

SCHOOL DAYS

MY RECOLLECTION of my school record before reaching high school was that it was fair and that I was neither the dullest nor the most brilliant of students. I do remember a few compliments and seem to have forgotten the complaints. One compliment came from my teacher and my mother after my first attempt at writing verse. While I have written quite a volume of rhyme and verse since then, I don't know that I can recall two consecutive lines. However, and perhaps unfortunately, for some unaccountable reason I

remember the first few lines of my first attempt at rhyming, probably when in the third or fourth grade.

“The pup, he is a little sneak,
He likes to get a peek in the crack of the cupboard door,
And drag some meat upon the floor.
He likes to get at papa’s shoe,
He likes to get the stockings, too.
He tears the clothes upon the line,
He tears the breeches and they’re mine, etc., etc.”

There my memory fails and it’s just as well. But my mother and teacher complimented me and made me think I was destined to be a “poet!”

During my pre-high school days two signs of progress are recalled. We were dismissed from classes one day to see the first vestibule passenger train to go through on the Wabash Railroad on its way from Toledo to St. Louis. All passenger cars up to that time had open platforms. The addition of vestibules added much comfort and safety to those passing between cars.

Huntington was, I believe, the first town to have its streets lighted by electricity. In addition to the lights at street intersections there were erected five steel towers one hundred and twenty-five feet high which held about five arc lights each. These I presume were supposed to take the place of the moon and light up a substantial area of the town in the vicinity of each tower. They were later abandoned after an accident or two although that was probably not the reason. It was necessary to climb these towers daily to replace the carbons which the lamps burned. One young man fell from well up the tower but landed on his feet. He was not killed but lamed for life. The same number of lights properly distributed, were of more value, no doubt, as the light near the ground was of more use than if diffused up in the air.

A rather sensational use of one of these towers was once made by an itinerant stunt artist. He stretched a wire from the top of

the tower to the base of a tree on the river bank opposite, a distance of five or six hundred feet. His plan was to hang by his teeth from a pulley at the tower end of the wire. He was to end the rapid descent at a signal of a revolver shot by a confederate and drop in the river where the water was adequately deep. Either the rapidity of descent or confusion on the part of the confederate delayed the shot. Fortunately the stunter let go just before the shot and landed near the opposite shore in too shallow water next to a rocky bank. He came up staggering and bleeding. Although stunned he was not seriously hurt. His reward was a collection from the audience and contributions from merchants. In spite of the limelight provided, a regular occupation might have been more satisfactory and sensible.

These several local improvements were made in the late eighties and have left, more of an impression than my record as a student.

Like many a youth I went along with the parade not taking study itself too seriously. My parents, although interested, seemed to think that responsibility for my education was up to the teachers. My interest was probably more in baseball and other outdoor games. Fishing and hunting were also high on the list. At the first sign of winter I got out my skates. The first pair was known as a "pot metal" job which required a plate set in the heel of the shoe and a clamp operated by a key at the front. They were not much good. I next got a pair of clamp skates and finally, when more proficient, a pair of "Raymond Extension Speed Skates" acquired by procuring a subscription or two for the "Youth's Companion," a publication which came to our home for many years. An adjacent pond, about one hundred yards from our home, was my first skating opportunity. The water was shallow and occasional, grassy humps protruded above the ice so that it was necessary to be careful to avoid them. There was good skating on the river that ran through the town, especially on that part above the dam. However, my mother objected to my going there for fear of drowning. The water was deep and I was forbidden to go there until I reached High School age. I skated every place else wherever there was ice, a pond or semblance of it. One Saturday several of us

started below the dam and skated to Andrews, six miles west on the river. The river was not frozen over, due to its rapid current, but along the edge there was ice, rough usually, but smooth in spots where higher water had washed over old ice and frozen there. It was a rather precarious and irregular course but we managed to make pretty good time. We decided to return by the road running and walking alternately, getting a ride finally on a farmer's bobsled about two miles from home. I don't recall being tired after episodes of this kind but presume that I was. Long runs were not uncommon. To the Wabash river about two miles, to the swimming hole known as "The Log" where I learned to swim, and back again was a common summer stunt. The swimming place got its name from a large, sunken log about forty feet from shore. Water around it was over the swimmer's head. When the beginner could reach the log and rest before returning he knew how to swim. An older and experienced swimmer waited to guide the amateur to the safe spot at the end of his first swim. Perhaps I was wearing out my leg department in those days without knowing it and setting the stage for later arthritis.

Further skating thrills were provided in winter by pouring water on a small hill on a vacant lot near our home. An icy slide resulted. Sleds and skaters attained high speed on the well iced track. On skates caution was necessary to stay upright and there were plenty of spills. We skated on sidewalks and roads when the snow was sufficiently packed. There was good sledding on the hills at the north end of town. Homemade bobsleds that held six to ten people were most popular. A quick trip down these hills for a distance of about one-fourth of a mile or more was possible and this sport drew large crowds.

Skis were only known in story books at that time. Skating was very popular and from morning until night, wherever there was an opportunity, skaters were active on any kind of ice, rough, smooth, or water-covered. The skater usually returned home tired, possibly wet and cold from having stayed out too long. While I

never attained any prowess as a fancy skater I once won a good many races in the home area and enjoyed both distance and high jumping records (high jumping was over snow piles, barrels or other objects set up for the purpose). This sport I enjoyed for many years. My skating activities were finally abandoned about the time we moved to Barrington in 1942. It was reluctantly concluded that the much enjoyed sport had become a bit too difficult and hazardous for me.

JOBS

IN SPITE OF THE FACT that, as a boy, I had plenty of work at home I made a little money in various types of work for others. One of the first jobs was for my uncle, George Favorite, who lived on his farm several miles west of Huntington. I was to be paid ten cents per day and do chores or whatever appeared. I am guessing that I was ten or eleven at the time. The first day was spent in the corn field hoeing. This meant working the soil next to the stalks and removing the weeds not reached by the plow. The ground was wet and the hoe heavy from the mud that stuck to it. It seemed to me that the hoe weighed several pounds. My arms ached and when night came I was sore and exhausted. My uncle worked along with me and there was no opportunity for loafing. He set a fast and unrelenting pace. After working through the fifth day I was pleased to know that he was going to Huntington and was planning to allow me to go along. I confess to having had enough of this monotonous work. Moreover, I was delighted to have my mother say that she needed me at home and that I would not return to the country. While it was never confirmed, I sometimes suspect that my mother and uncle were trying me out at a hard job to see how I would behave. Certainly, my boss for that week was unrelenting. I acquired a distaste for that kind of labor and unending sympathy for the "man with the hoe."

One of my early jobs was carrying papers. For a small sum I bought a route from a carrier who wanted to give it up. This meant about an hour of work between close of school for the day

and my evening chores at home. The specific job was delivery of the evening daily paper, the "*Huntington Herald*," to regular subscribers in the territory south of the river, which divided the town, and east of Jefferson street, the main north and south street. Collection weekly from the customers was also part of the job. The income was modest, about one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. When my situation changed the route was taken over by my brother, Joe, then by our younger brother, Robert, and later by a cousin, Don Weese. The route was in the Weese family for about twenty-five years. The income from this route was considerably improved in time due to additional customers and more generous treatment.

In addition to modest income from the paper route I picked up some money by clerking in a grocery store on Saturdays and in a drug store, mostly at the fountain and cigar counter, for a couple of summers. One summer several of us worked on a nearby farm for a few weeks the principal job being to harvest a crop of wheat and hay. The owner had no self-binder but cut over fifty acres of grain with an old reaper. The wheat was bound by hand. There were four to six of us employed during the harvest on this place which was also operated as a dairy. While we were welcome to sleep in the house we preferred the hay mow. Bedding was furnished. Tired as we were after a hard day's work in the sun, the mow, soft, and with pleasant odors from the new hay, seemed a fitting place for sleeping. After a few seconds in this atmosphere we were oblivious to the kind of quarters occupied. No doubt Mrs. Bieber, the owner's wife, was glad and lucky to have us, a dusty crew, in the mow rather than in her beds. Ablutions were possible only in cold water in a wash basin with a roller towel handy. One of our companions, an itinerant, who seemed to us boys a bit worldly, always showed great interest if any stranger approached the farm; always asked who he was and what he wanted. Afterwards we learned that this fellow was wanted for forgery and that he got out of our neighborhood with the law on his trail.

On occasions I worked on other farms owned by relatives or someone else. The best paying job that I had in my summer experiences was when I worked for a Mr. Stults on his fine farm during the haying season. He asked me how much I wanted for about two weeks and I said one dollar per day! He paid, but I could see a bit reluctantly. That was really an adult wage for the time and I was bold enough to ask it, for harvest work is hard and an emergency type of work. One dollar per day was a going wage for labor and no "eight hours" were discussed or heard of. It was usually nearer ten. I was bolstered in my demand due also to one fact. Good food is proverbial on an Indiana farm. Not so at this place. Preserves and jellies had a sour or foreign taste. In fact, no food on the table was appetizing. This was in mind when my demand for a top wage for me was made. Two thoughts have occurred since. Did this housekeeper try to work off her inferior products on the "hired hand," or if what I experienced was the regular fare how could her household endure it? I did learn that her reputation as a cook was not good. Any woman in the country in my Indiana neighborhood who was not rated a good cook was a subject for gossip and the scorn of her neighbors.

While my father was still selling twine binders I took a job setting up these machines for a local dealer. They came in knock-down form with myriads of parts in boxes. My first experience was to join a professional and experienced man for one afternoon then to go out next morning to tackle a job alone. I found it difficult, a sort of jigsaw puzzle. I had made good progress up to the point of putting in place the large, lugged wheel that provided the power. Just when I was completely discouraged the expert appeared. We soon completed the job. Thereafter I had no trouble having become "experienced" myself.

At this time there was no question of whether work was enjoyable or liked. Anything was acceptable where money could be made. Water boy for a gang of railroad construction workers and driver of a grocery delivery wagon for short periods were on the list. The modest pay for these jobs helped out the family income

and provided me with some money of my own. None of the children of the family ever had an allowance. While our clothing needs were modest and wardrobes meager, there was no feeling of neglect.

THE LAW

ONE SUMMER EPISODE, out of the ordinary, when I was working for a few weeks for Uncle Will Purviance on his farm, is recalled. On an adjacent farm a boy named Holly from Huntington was working in about the same capacity as I was. One Sunday Uncle Will offered us a horse and buggy for a drive and we decided upon Roanoke, about four and one-half miles east, as an objective. Upon arrival we visited some distant relatives of mine then went to the home of the Swaidners where I had visited a year or two earlier. Miss Swaidner of this family had been our music teacher. I had spent a week there as a guest during an assembly at the local Seminary where she conducted an orchestra and with which I played during this event. We were invited to dinner of course at both places and accepted the Swaidner's invitation. In the meantime we drove back to the scene of a ball game that we had noticed as we drove into town. The game between Roanoke and Mahown proved to be uninteresting and we left it shortly to go back to Swaidners for dinner. After a reasonable but probably not a very polite hour after dinner, we started for home. As we entered the village through which we needed to pass there seemed to be unusual activity along the main street. Groups of men were in conversation and there seemed to be a state of uncertainty and suppressed excitement, a setting for something unusual. In a moment I saw a boy whom I had met before when visiting Roanoke so I stopped our horse and asked what was going on. He replied that one of the visiting ball players had had his watch stolen from his vest which was hanging on a fence near the game. My friend added also that we were under suspicion as the guilty parties. Apparently, we were easily recognized by our gray horse seen before near the ballgame and now at hand for the showdown. My local

friend who seemed to have no thought that we were guilty suggested that we wait and see the thing through as the constable was looking for us. The prospect seemed unpleasant but we decided that this was the best thing to do. We drove to the point where the crowd seemed the thickest and pulled up. In the meantime I had asked the constable's name and was relieved to learn that it was Ebersole, a man whom I knew my father had known. He appeared very shortly and the expectant crowd of about one hundred gathered around. It's my guess that our audience was considerably larger than the one at the ball game. The constable's approach was very polite and apologetic. He explained that the vest of the victim was hanging on the fence; that we had come to the game and left; that they knew of no one else who might have seen and taken the watch. We denied having been near the fence although we remembered seeing clothes hanging there. He asked our names then turned to the group and the distressed victim, who could not have looked more dejected and sad if he had just lost a near relative by death. The constable told the crowd that he knew our fathers who were reputable men and that there was little if any chance that we were guilty of the watch theft. He intimated that a search seemed unnecessary. However, to the direct question if he wanted us searched the victim replied affirmatively. The constable asked if we had any objections to this. We invited him to proceed. He did a thorough job on us and our buggy as well. After he had finished the unsuccessful quest he asked the unhappy victim if he was satisfied. Being assured that he was there seemed to be relief all around. The constable tried to make amends by inviting us to remain and enjoy all that Roanoke had to offer by way of entertainment which wasn't much. However, as we had headed toward home we told him that we would continue and did. This was our first experience with the law. While we were guilty of nothing we were affected by what might have been. We were probably reacting normally for two youngsters, eleven or twelve years old, and sensitive in such a situation. Relief from the tension and restrained emotions were responsible for the tears that appeared as the incident was concluded

and we headed back to Uncle Will's farm. A swim in Bull Creek topped off the entertainment for that eventful day.

POLITICS

IN THOSE EARLIER DAYS, as now, Indiana took its politics seriously. Individual enthusiasm was augmented by political speeches, torchlight processions, barbecues, and other events. Torchlight processions were probably the most spectacular—at least they made the most lasting impression on me. The torches were kerosene-burning, tin containers of about one pint capacity, fitted with a wick and carried on a handle about five or six feet in length. To see several hundred of these bobbing in the hands of marching enthusiasts as the parade came down the Jefferson street hill was quite an inspiring sight. It is a little hard to figure the actual vote getting power of a torchlight procession but, at any rate, it gave the intolerant political partisans a chance to show their enthusiasm, to make a public demonstration of loyalty to their party, and indicate disdain for their opponents. The torches were kept from year to year and served in many a hot campaign. By now I would guess that they have disappeared from the political scene.

The winning party usually put on a jubilee after the election. The whole populace on the winning side turned out with noise makers, blaring tin horns, and devices that provided a terrific din in the hands of the victorious enthusiasts. My father and all of our relatives, except Grandfather Weese, who deserted to become a Prohibitionist, were Republicans. A Democrat was looked upon, therefore, as a lower form of animal. That party was presumed to be made up of inferior people and although a few unquestionably reputable citizens were Democrats, the party label indicated that they were, to that extent at least, defective and had some peculiar quirk that made them different. It's my guess that Hoosiers, consciously or unconsciously, still grow up with the idea that members of the opposite party are misguided, if not inferior specimens of humanity. Disappointments were keen when the candidates or the party lost. I can recall that when Blaine was defeated by Cleveland

my father came home, after a few days of uncertain returns, long-faced and almost in tears when final word of Blaine's defeat was conceded.

It was during this campaign there was organized a small band known as "The Big Six" which was used, primarily, for campaigns. My father played the tenor horn and I recall our family's pride in having him in this organization. The band was quite popular, perhaps because of its small size and as a consequence the low cost of hiring it. All of its tooting on the Republican side seemed to have been in vain with the defeat of Blaine.

GANGS

MY FATHER was a firm believer in keeping us children busy and at work. This was to our way of thinking, at least to me, quite a hardship. We were not permitted to play out with other children at night. Neighbor boys, a trifle older than I, had much leisure and time to play. They were the sons of well-to-do merchants or retired business men and had graduated, if they ever had served, as woodcutters and laborers around the home. This group, slightly older than my associates, became known to us later as the "Dude Gang" in contrast to our own crowd in which boys originally from the farm predominated and who were in somewhat more modest circumstances. Either because he really believed it or because he used the argument to get me to do the rather heavy volume of chores necessary to keep our household going, my father often reminded me that there was no way of telling where these other boys would finish; that their idleness was bad for them and that there was a question if they would ever "amount to anything." This speech was made to me most frequently when I had a large amount of wood to cut and other chores before me and the neighbor boys were playing ball or enjoying some other sport. While not too much impressed by the argument, I could not help remembering his rather repeated warnings. While our own crowd never exactly set the world on fire, the majority of them finished college and were reputable.

In our group of eight or ten, two became lawyers, one a dentist, two doctors, one a clothing merchant, one a banker, one an editor, and one an accountant. No member of this group ever disgraced himself in any way. Of the old "Dude Gang" a few lived up to their family traditions. One became a dentist and was successful. He was the only one of his crowd to go to college. Of four or five of the group little is known. They gradually disappeared. Why, it would be hard to say. They first left good homes only to appear now and then for a short time. It would seem that roaming was in their blood and that they were without ambition. There were reports of misdemeanors and troubles with authorities. It is remarkable, too, how little is known in later life of the boys known in youth. Except for the few who remain in the home town and are seen on occasional visits there, the great majority of early friends and acquaintances just fade away and are heard of no more.

The course of life for the boys in the rival group always interested me. Why a majority of our own crowd happened to choose a somewhat more serious course I am unable to say. We may have been influenced by this rivalry to be different in conduct from the "Dude Gang." Neither can I say to what extent our home training was responsible. I suspect it was not much different than that of our rival group. At that time we looked with disapproval on drinking and even smoking because some of the "Dude Gang" affected these diversions.

Violence between the two gangs flared only once. "Chet" Brown of the "Dude Gang" and Frank Stults of ours started "looking" for each other over some trivial thing. They happened to meet one Sunday evening in front of the Methodist Church, each with a large following. Both were sons of prominent members of that church. The service was in progress. The ensuing fight, with a large audience, caused plenty of commotion. Stults, country bred and wiry, achieved rather quick victory by putting his opponent down, beating him, and getting the usual word of surrender. The disturbance brought a number of adults from the church service and threats of arrest, but no one pressed the idea. The rather disgraceful episode

died down but is well remembered today by those who grew up in that era. In any event, all this covers one phase of the life of boys growing up in a small town. Alternate groups seem to adopt contrary codes of conduct. At least this has been my observation. Gang conduct would seem to indicate the truth of the old adage that birds of a feather flock together eventually, or that birds of an era grow the same kind of feathers. There is no doubt in my mind that boys' thinking is pretty much dominated by the stronger personalities of those with whom they associate, that they do have an influence on each other, and that association, good or bad, influences character.

As a good example I should confess to some diversions in my own case. There was a period when most boys of fourteen to fifteen in Huntington were interested in riding the railroads. A trip to Fort Wayne, twenty-five miles, using the blind baggage or riding a freight train was not too uncommon and when made, was pretty well noised about among the boys. An occasional accident, such as the loss of a leg or two, which happened in two instances that I recall, did not have too deterring an influence. These handicapped fellows were always cited as examples of what could happen to those who played around the railroad. I recall that my sympathy for this sport was not strong, yet there must have been a little of the wanderlust in me too, as the following episode indicates. My friend, Harry Hill, had it worse than I, as two stories may prove. One nice autumn evening we, with a third boy, Jay Mertz, started for a discussion group meeting at school. When we got to the Wabash Railroad track, a train at the crossing was just slowly pulling out to the west. An empty boxcar was right there and the thought was expressed by some one that we ride to Andrews, six miles away. There wasn't much time to discuss it. I can recall calculating it quickly that we could ride there in a short time and it was not yet dark and we could walk back without trouble and without disturbing our families by coming home late. There was a quick meeting of the minds and we jumped aboard. Upon arrival at the Andrews yards I urged that we start right back on foot. It was still daylight and only six miles to Huntington. There was some activity in the switching yards

and my companions urged waiting until a train that we could ride went east. They thought that it would not be long. I wished afterwards that I had started alone. The evening grew decidedly cool and uncomfortable. As time went on I knew that I would need to make an explanation to my mother for late arrival at home. Finally, about eleven-thirty, Harry Hill and I, both with rather heavy hearts, started to walk, both persuaded that there was going to be embarrassment at the other end. Mertz remained behind as he had only a sister, a school teacher, to whom he needed to account, if at all. We knew that walk as fast as we could we could not arrive at home before one o'clock. We put on full speed. Just as we reached the edge of Huntington, and about one-half mile from the station, a freight train carrying our less conservative companion passed us. I did not regret the walk myself as I was in favor of it from the beginning. I can recall that my companion suggested that we should not tell our parents but I made no commitments as I had not made up my mind what to do in the unhappy moment to come. My mother in tears was waiting for me, much concerned at a one o'clock arrival instead of a normal nine-thirty. It seemed best to me that I make a clean breast of the episode which I did with promises I meant to keep. I found no real pleasure in this adventure and only gave it value as an experience in the same category as chewing tobacco and smoking a cigar, both of which I did once, to my physical discomfort and immediately scratched off the list of things that I might wish to do in the future. The experiment with the chewing tobacco was made impressive by the fact that, instead of playing the ball game to which I started, I spent the afternoon lying miserably ill in the corner of a rail fence near the ball field.

Unfortunately for my friend, Hill, his mother and mine met at a church affair and discussed our trip to Andrews. His story and mine did not agree. I don't know what story he had told but he did not confess the train trip. He must have had some awkward moments and probably made some strong promises. Anyway, one afternoon a few weeks later he and two others took the train to Ft. Wayne, twenty-five miles east. I refused the invitation to join them

as I meant to be through with this sport. Dinner time came and these boys were missing. Their families were looking for them. It soon was noised about the town where these boys had gone. There was much excitement and talk as to when they would return. They were expected on the 9:01 passenger train on which they could make it by way of the "blind baggage" which was usually just behind the tender with no door from the platform into the car. I can only guess what happened to my friend Hill when he got home. To have the preacher's son, thus unfavorably in the limelight, must have been very embarrassing to his highly respected parents. Either family pressure or his own decision seemed to turn him away from this sort of travel, for I never knew him to indulge again. He ended a very respected citizen. Before retirement in 1946 he had been for twenty-five years head of the copy desk of the *Portland Oregon Journal*. I contacted him there by mail in March 1949 after a period of more than forty years. It was a pleasant renewal of an early friendship. One of his companions on this trip to Ft. Wayne, a promising fellow with good family connections, became a confirmed tramp and disappeared. It's hard to understand why any boy would willingly elect such a course. Youth has some important decisions to make along the way.

"GRANDPAS"

MY GRANDFATHER, Peter Weese, born December 1, 1817, homesteaded or purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land four and one-half miles west of Huntington in 1844. His home was on a hill about one-half mile south of the Wabash river and overlooked its valley. His family ancestors came from Germany near the French border and settled around Elkins, West Virginia. From there his parents went to Pennsylvania then later to Darke County, Ohio, where he was born. When he was two years old both of his parents were dead. Later he was adopted and raised by a family named Purviance. It's my understanding that as a small boy he spoke only German. On account of the early death of his parents he knew little about them. Some of the Purviances came to Huntington County,

Indiana. My grandfather married Elizabeth Purviance, his foster sister, in 1842. From what I have learned of the Purviance family, and from my own personal knowledge, they were culturally and socially well above the average people of their day. Some of them had graduated, as had my great grandfather, Samuel Purviance, from the agricultural to the merchant class. His son, Samuel, brother of my father's mother, owned a general merchandising store in Huntington for many years and was successful. His old homestead still stands as one of the substantial homes in Huntington although a part of the large corner lot is given over to a gas station, an unfortunate Indiana habit. It is owned by a granddaughter, Mrs. Paul Taylor, who continues to occupy the old family homestead. Two of his grandchildren, Lyle and Jean Harter, prepared and distributed to relatives a very comprehensive "family tree" of the Purviance family.

My grandfather, either from choice or necessity, probably the latter, decided to make his start with the soil. The one hundred and sixty acres which he homesteaded or bought, I am not sure which, was in woods. The first job was to clear a space sufficient in size to hold a log cabin and have a garden. Clearing such a farm from virgin woods was a hard job and required plenty of muscle and stamina. My first recollection of this farm was after my grandfather had left it and moved to Buchanan, Michigan. This farm was less than a mile southeast of the Favorite farms where my mother lived as a young girl, and four miles west of Huntington. The move to Buchanan was prompted by the fact that Hiram Weese, grandfather's brother, owned and operated a blacksmith shop there. The Buchanan neighborhood was a fruit country and this made an appeal to my grandfather, who still had agriculture in mind but on a scale involving lighter labor. He bought a large frame home with a barn and small acreage at the edge of the village. His yard was full of large evergreens and other varieties of trees. Here he proceeded to raise stawberries, other fruits such as peaches, apples, pears, and also vegetables. He took great pride and interest in the quality and volume of the fruit that his acres produced. It is inter-



Peter Weese



Elizabeth Purviance Weese

Author's Grandparents

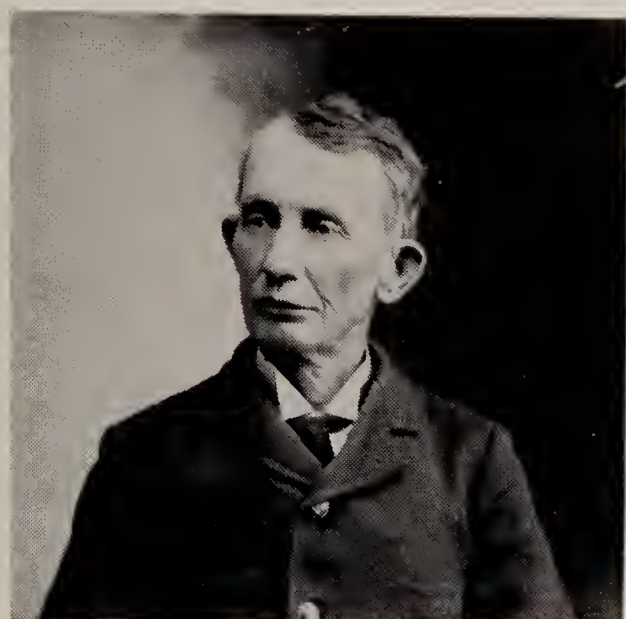


Horace Greely Weese



Harriet Favorite Weese

Author's Parents



Will Purviance



Roscoe Purviance

RELATIVES

esting to note that while I did not meet my future wife in Buchanan, her parents had a summer home in the country near there and had bought products from the former Peter Weese place. I later visited at the summer home of my father-in-law, B. F. Mohr, and renewed acquaintance with familiar spots on the St. Joe River and lakes that I had fished twenty or more years before.

Although my grandfather had owned his farm in Indiana, clear of debt, changing circumstances and social aspirations of his second wife had reduced him to rather modest means. Nevertheless, he lived nicely in his new Michigan home. It was our family practice to drive to Buchanan for an annual visit of a week or two at "grandpa's." This was a much enjoyed vacation. The elders fished every day in the St. Joe river or at one of the nearby lakes which were numerous. Names of lakes recalled are Wilson, Clear, McRoe and Pike. Len Weese, son of Hiram, and my father's cousin, had two weaknesses, fishing and liquor. The latter was noticeable by contrast, as both my grandfather and father were teetotalers. Experience in fishing, was a real contribution to our visits to Buchanan. I was too young at the time of early visits to join the fishing parties but remember well the return of the fishermen in the evening with good catches large enough to fill a tub half full or more. Bass, catfish, red horse, bluegills and perch were plentiful and acceptable. The party usually started off in the morning with a boat on a single wagon box with "Old Dick," my grandfather's white horse, furnishing the power. Fishing always seemed to be in the Weese blood. My father never lost interest in the sport and in his latest days was never happier than when fishing or working on his tackle in anticipation of the next trip. His fishing enthusiasm was inherited by his sons and daughters but it remains to be seen if this interest will die out in the next generation, as it now threatens. Sailing and other sports seem to be more popular with the grandchildren.

The trip to Buchanan from Huntington, one hundred and five miles, took two full days by horse and spring wagon. An overnight stop was made at any farm house willing to take us in when night came on. The hosts, I remember, were usually reluctant to accept any

compensation. I recall one place that became famous in our family. The family named Gregg, served a type of potatoes, diced and boiled, the first of the kind we had ever tasted, and were known thereafter in the family as "Gregg potatoes." The last trip of this kind that I recall was the year that I entered High School in 1890. My entrance was delayed two weeks while we made the trip. It's my impression that my Latin always suffered a bit from this delayed start. Due to the fact that my grandparents grew increasingly feeble they removed later to our original farm east of Huntington where my father could more easily take care of their needs. They had use of a horse and a buggy, kept chickens and a small garden and operated with a minimum of labor. Later, as they grew less able to do the work there, they were moved to a house that my father owned in Huntington where they could be contacted easily and their needs given attention. Although my grandfather was very shaky from some nervous affliction and not very strong at sixty-five he lived within a few months of being ninety. While he was strong willed he was very reasonable and co-operative. His disposition was genial, his appearance striking. His hair was very heavy—black, tinged only slightly with gray. His eyes were very deep set and were beneath shaggy eyebrows that, without a prevalent smile, would have given him a fierce expression. Late in life he wore a full, untrimmed beard except for his upper lip which was clean shaven. His beard, like his hair, was only tinged with gray. A very prominent roman nose set off his strong countenance. In his later years he became penitent and tried to break off a long habit of chewing fine cut tobacco. This was a habit from his youth on and the attempt to break it at seventy-five was a failure. His nerves would not stand the reversal and he reluctantly went back to the solace of "chewing." Quite a number of years earlier he had deserted the Republican party and had become an ardent Prohibitionist. Although my father was a non-drinker he never discussed politics with his father. My father, an ardent Republican, felt to vote the Prohibition ticket was to throw a good vote away.

I recall a few stories related by my father of grandfather's early prowess: the ability to jump over a stick under which he could just walk; a squirrel hunting trip one day when, with thirty-three bullets, he killed thirty-two squirrels with his rifle. Also, as an indication of his loyalty during the civil war of pounding out a piece of lead to use on a neighbor who had expressed sympathy for the South. He had two sons who had enlisted in that cause. My father, born in 1853, was too young to participate. His mother died in 1865 when he was twelve. His step-mother died January 9, 1907 at the age of 75. My grandfather passed away June 28, 1907, a few months short of his ninetieth birthday. I well recall his burial in Mt. Hope cemetery, Huntington, where all of his family is buried, on a dark, rainy day. It seemed to close the life of a highly respected, simple, and rugged pioneer, typical of the era in which he lived. My brother Joe, remarked after the funeral, "There was really a great man," and I easily found myself in agreement.

AUTUMN AT THE WABASH

ONE OF MY MOST PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS is of the trip our family was in the habit of making to the Wabash river in the Autumn of the year. It was a sort of nut gathering, fishing, hunting, and picnic trip combined. The place selected was in rather rough, rugged territory out back of the county "Poor Farm." Although the spot was quite wild it was only about two miles from our home in town. On the river here were stretches of deep water and also a place where it broadened and a crossing could be made over gravel and sand bars where swift, shallow water ran. The banks on the south side were high, rough and well wooded. The north bank where we picnicked was comparatively low, level, and quite thickly covered with a variety of trees among them hickory, walnut, sycamore, and butternut. While the two former varieties grew in a good many places, butternut trees were comparatively scarce and this was one spot where they grew profusely. Here we gathered the winter's nut supply, caught a few bass and shot a squirrel or two. Once I was thrilled when two wild ducks flew in and alighted

in a small cove. I recall my disappointment after stalking them carefully to find my shot unsuccessful. My father's instincts were always strong for acquiring fish, game, and food products offered by nature, probably an inheritance from his boyhood and pioneering father, and, I am guessing, which instinct has not entirely disappeared in me. Whether it is the mixing of new blood, lack of necessity of making use of nature's products, or introduction of new entertainment, I don't know, but in my own children I think that I see a lagging interest in these things that I enjoyed so much as a boy. Far above the pleasure of the acquisition of game and nuts was the joy of a day in one of nature's beautiful spots. Gorgeous colors of many types of trees and lower growth, all highly colored by the frosts; impressive quiet except for a noisy kingfisher or other bird flying his course up and down the river; the distinctively pleasant odor of fall in the air—all combined to provide a most happy day and helped to cultivate and keep alive the love of nature which, once established, lasts. In fact, to miss the opportunity to learn to appreciate nature by contact in the several seasons in my opinion is to miss a big part of the joy of living. The annual trip to the Wabash ranks high in memory of the pleasant experiences of youth.

TRAGEDY

IN THE SUMMER OF 1893 I obtained a temporary job, substituting for a regular employee, in the offices of the Erie Railroad with the thought in mind that I might also obtain a pass to Chicago to see the World's Fair. One afternoon when on an errand between offices a terrific explosion occurred. A look to the west revealed a rapidly unfolding column of white smoke that must have extended to the height of at least one thousand feet in the air. My first thought was the powder house, a well known brick structure, used by a local druggist to store a stock of powder and dynamite. This building, apart from others, stood on the south bank of the river a short distance west of town. It was on a limestone bluff fifteen or more feet high and pretty well concealed in a thicket. There was a

path between the house and the river which was used by fishermen and others who moved up and down along the stream. It happens that I had been over this path a good many times and always looked with awe at the windowless, brick structure which I surmised housed potential danger. Its door was padlocked and there were ventilating holes. When I saw the unusual smoke column after the explosion I forgot my job for the moment and when a delivery truck passed I asked for a lift and rode with the driver toward the direction of the explosion which was about a mile away. The spot was not hard to find. When we arrived near the scene we saw a crowd gathered on the north side of the river five or six hundred feet from the site of the powder house which was gone together with the thicket and trees in the vicinity. Two badly mangled bodies, apparently, boys lay on the ground. Ironically, it seemed only two identifying marks remained. Heads were missing but one body retained a necktie and the other, shoes and stockings. These boys by elimination were soon identified as Homer Householder and Hugh Harvey. The latter, about fifteen years old, it seemed had been down the river with a small rifle. Several boys had been with him while he was doing rather aimless shooting. They had returned to a bridge about one-fourth of a mile east of the powder house and were on their way home. Harvey left the crowd with the other boy and with the statement that he was going down and "shoot in the powder house." It seems that he did. It's hard to say why a boy should be so thoughtless of possible consequences. Those very possibilities must have been part of the inducement for him to do what he did. This represents to the maximum the tragic consequences of an ill-advised or thoughtless act. It's my guess that other fathers, as I have many times, used this example when their children have threatened to commit some thoughtless or unwise act and have been advised against "shooting in the powder house." The picture of the bodies of these boys, sons of neighbors and well known to me, as they lay on the ground remained in my mind and haunted me, particularly at night, for too long a period. Tragedy, fortunately, does not come very often

in the experience of youngsters and makes a lasting impression when it does.

THE FAVORITES

THE OLDEST ANCESTOR, of whom I have record on my mother's side was Jacob Matthews. He was born in Alsace-Lorraine, then France, now Germany (May, 1914) on October 23, 1704. When a young man he was brought to America as a redemptioner by a Mr. Appel who settled in what is now Frederick Co., Maryland. "He redeemed himself and by hard labor and frugality raised a large family and left in his will over four hundred acres of land, a saw mill, and considerable personal property, including many slaves." He had thirteen children of whom three sons were in the American Revolution. Of the eight sons and five daughters three sons died young. Ten children were mentioned in his will. He died on his farm two miles south of Emmitsburg, Md., May 7, 1782. One of the sons, the youngest, John Matthews, born June 25, 1749, was a private in Captain Price's company, Third Maryland Regiment, commanded by Col. Mordecai Gist, in the Revolutionary War. He was, therefore, about twenty-six years old at the war's close. Apparently he had some well defined ideas of his own for he immediately released the slaves he had inherited.

His daughter, Mary Magdalena, born September 22, 1780, died February 2, 1855, married, according to the date of the license at Frederick, Md., George Favorite on October 14, 1803. He was born November 12, 1774, and died July 31, 1842. This seems to be the earliest name of which I have record of the Favorite family. He was my mother's grandfather. The Favorite family originated on the French-German border and I understand that the original spelling was Fauveritz. This George Favorite, whose father came from Alsace early in the 1700's, was buried at Bath, Greene Co., Ohio. He had ten children. One of his sons, George Washington Favorite, my grandfather, was born July 18, 1811, and died May 25, 1876. I don't know that I ever saw him. He could not have made much impression as I was only three months old at the time of his death. He married Rosanna Petticrew Camp-



George Harriet (Weese) Charles Lucy (Fooshee) James

THE HOOSIER FAVORITES

bell in Montgomery County, Ohio, on May 23, 1833. They had twelve children who were my mother and my aunts and uncles. Five died before I was born so that I knew seven of my mother's family. The Favorites that I knew were all eminently respectable people.

My mother, who was small of stature, was a very quiet, modest and retiring personality. She had two brothers six feet or more in height. Two brothers, like herself, were small. There seemed to be no fixed pattern in the Favorite family for physical standard. I resembled my mother and always had a feeling that taller men had some advantages in dealing with their fellow men. A recent advertisement for salesman with specifications of not less than "five feet eleven" seems to confirm this thought. I was pleased to have my own three sons reach the "six-feet-tall" group. The two girls followed the pattern of the smaller Favorites.

My mother, like the majority of women of her day, took her family obligations seriously. To clothe, feed, and keep clean her six children used up most of her time and energy. While she was sociable and friendly by nature, social contacts were confined to family gatherings, Sunday school picnics, quilting parties, church events, and meetings of the Woman's Home Missionary Society. There were no dances or card parties. A good many Methodists of that day did not approve of these diversions, although she became fully reconciled when her children wandered into these doubtful paths and nothing very serious happened. In spite of the burden of home duties, heavier because of the absence of my father doing his work as a traveling salesman, she took time to read and kept a scrap book of worth-while articles clipped from periodicals and newspapers. As a girl she had spent a short time as a school teacher. I don't know how competent she was, but I know that she was a good speller. In a public spelling contest in Huntington, I was very proud when she stood up as the next to the last contestant. As far as I know, she never had an enemy. Her mild temperament and Christian spirit could not allow her to say or do anything to make one.

My mother's brother, "Uncle Jim" Favorite, lived on a farm inherited as a part of his father's estate, about five miles west of Huntington. He and his wife, Aunt Molly, were very friendly people and especially so with children. They had a large house and a large family—seven children—some of whom were close to the age of those in our family. This was a place where we always liked to visit. His two older children, Amy and Ida, were by his first wife who died when the girls were very small. My mother went to live with him to care for his children and look after household duties. As they grew up they were impressed with this and always said that they wanted to do something to repay "Aunt Hattie." Amy, the older, who never married surely did so. Her life has been spent in unselfish service to others. When my father and mother were in their late seventies she came to live with them and remained with them until their deaths. Throughout her life she seemed to appear to help when anyone was in distress or difficulty. Her faithful devotion to her church and its activities, her unselfish service to others, relatives or not, surely place her in the category of "unforgettable characters." Now beyond the seventies she continues to live quietly in her own home in Huntington. She has only given up her more active service to others after the insistence of her one sister and other interested relatives.

Uncle Jim's farm was adjacent to those of Uncle George (a name that persisted in the Favorite families), Uncle Charley, and Uncle Elias Favorite, whose farms were inherited also from my grandfather, George Washington Favorite, an early Huntington county settler, as before stated. Uncle George and Uncle Charley also had children, but no boys of my age. Their boys were a few years younger than I. Nevertheless, we spent time there and wandered over their acres on our hunting expeditions. Grandfather Favorite's eldest brother, Samuel, settled near LaFayette, Indiana. Later Samuel went to Chicago where he entered the meat packing business. His son, Calvin M., was associated with him in Chicago but later became the assistant and right-hand man

to P. D. Armour of Armour and Company, Chicago, and a director of that company.

Calvin M. Favorite was born on a farm in Tippecanoe County, Indiana, near LaFayette, January 22, 1834. When he first came to Chicago, his father was a member of the packing firm of John G. Law and Company. He joined that firm. Two years later he bought Mr. Law's interest. The firm name was changed to S. Favorite and Son. The business prospered, and the elder Favorite made a fortune but lost it during the depression following the Civil War. He returned to LaFayette, but his son remained in Chicago and, as mentioned before, became associated with Mr. P. D. Armour, of the firm of Armour and Company. He reported this as a prosperous young house. The then small office was "10 by 12" at 156 Washington Street. Thirteen men were employed. Mr. Favorite's job was to look after the Board of Trade business. He bought a membership for \$5. Annual dues were the same. When I went to Chicago to Northwestern University in 1899, I called upon him at my mother's suggestion at his office in the Home Insurance building on South La Salle Street. I found him a very interesting and friendly person. His many years with Mr. Armour had given him a wealth of experience. His position in the office was at a large table where he sat opposite Mr. Armour. The Board of Trade operations, including "corners," for which Mr. Armour was famous, were conducted by Mr. Favorite. Reference to this is mentioned more recently in the book, "Battle for Chicago," by Wayne Andrews. Armour and Favorite were close friends. They came to work together by horse and buggy from their homes on South Prairie Avenue. Arrival was at 7 A. M. They came down for half a day on holidays. About noon on such days they went to the Palmer House where Mr. Armour gave dollars to the colored porters in the barber shop and elsewhere. He was interested in colored people. He had a habit of giving watches to his friends, customers, and their children. Mr. Favorite carried one of these gift watches which was a masterpiece that struck the time on mechanical request and had other unique features. Mr. Favorite,

who was quite a strong character himself, thought, as he told me, that Mr. Armour was "the greatest man who ever lived." Mr. Favorite retired in 1906 at the age of 71. He died about ten years later. His unmarried sister, Frances, who lived in LaFayette, Indiana, I met in 1896. This was at the suggestion of my mother who had lived as a young girl with these cousins for a few months in LaFayette. Frances was born August 3, 1844 and died April 9, 1947 at the age of one hundred two and one-half years. I had kept in touch with her by correspondence up to a few weeks before her death. She was a remarkable person with a clear mind, strong in her political beliefs and a loyal Republican. She boasted of having read the *Chicago Tribune* since 1880 and said that in spite of criticism of that paper, she had usually found it "right in the end." When Truman became president after Roosevelt's death, she wrote me that she had put up his picture from a Chicago paper on her wall. This was quite a concession since she had no use for Democrats. She further stated that she promised him to keep his picture there as long as he behaved himself but that she was taking some "careful looks at it right now." The concession to him was short lived.

While the Huntington Favorites and the LaFayette Favorites had started with the soil, the migration of Samuel Favorite to Chicago, quite a distance in those days, made communication and contact difficult and infrequent. News passing between them was always received with interest, and a sense of loyalty to relatives seemed to prevail in spite of lack of close association.

Samuel Favorite's family in Chicago was socially prominent. His granddaughter, Florence Tullis, married Daniel M. Lord of Lord and Thomas, well known advertising firm. Three years after her death he married her sister, Alice. The progeny of the Chicago Favorites married into prominent families. One girl married Will Hough of the playwright team of Hough and Adams. Another an officer high up in the British navy. Several had success in business. The children went to leading schools, among them Smith, Harvard and Bryn Mawr. Some of them lived at times in Palm Beach, Boston, London, Hong Kong, New York, and Philadelphia.

All this quite different and a departure from the quiet life of the agriculturally minded Favorites, which included my mother, the cousins, most of whom continued to live on their farms in the Huntington, Indiana area.

The four adjoining Huntington County farms of Uncles George, Jim, Elias, and Charley Favorite provided wide range for my cousin, Calvert, son of Jim, and for me. This cousin was a few months younger than I. We were always very friendly and looked forward to mutual visits with much pleasure. After we were about twelve years old we were allowed to have guns. That was a great privilege and pleasure. Since our fathers were not so far removed from the hunting era and were interested in the sport, it's my guess that we inherited the hunting spirit from them. Certainly, there is less of the hunting inclination in my boys than there was in me at the same age. It would seem that the hunting spirit may continue to decline as the need for food can be easily satisfied from the markets. Thus it would appear that the field will be left largely to those who enjoy hunting as a sport.

In our youth rabbits, squirrels, and quail were plentiful and we had great fun roaming the woods, fields, and hollows in search of such game. Less plentiful were flickers and doves, also approved as food. I never brought home any quail without my mother remarking what beautiful birds they were and what a shame it was to kill them. In spite of their fine eating qualities and my enthusiasm for hunting, I could confess that I could not help but share her feeling and still do whenever I hear the cheerful whistle of "Bob-White." Our mothers were always more or less concerned about us but seemed to be reconciled to our use of guns, after giving us plenty of warnings. We seemed to find fun, too, in roaming the countryside if to do no more than find a good "shinny stick." This was a branch or limb formed to provide a proper curve and a handle to use on ice or land to beat a tin can, or other item used as a puck, toward the opponent's goal. Hockey may have been played then somewhere in more refined form and with better utensils but, if not, our game was the predecessor of the

modern popular sport. These wanderings of boys may seem quite aimless. Nevertheless, we had the advantage of being at an impressionable age. The actions and habits of kingbirds, flickers, red headed woodpeckers—in fact all the many varieties of birds, were of interest to us. The various calls, songs, and actions were noticed and compared. The names of trees and bushes that came in our path were learned. The knowledge remains and still makes contact with the outdoors interesting and enjoyable. It is an advantage that city raised youth may easily miss.

These trips were often accompanied by my cousin Cal's rat terrier dog, a friendly, tiny, black and tan animal with a courageous heart and not afraid of anything. "Fanny," as she was called, was a terror to rats and I saw her on several occasions pull a woodchuck, probably three times her weight, out of a hole in the ground. Her courageous and fighting spirit was transmitted to her progeny. We owned one of her sons, "Gyp," one the most memorable of the many dogs that belonged to us. He was a sturdy, black and tan, heavier than his mother, with a white breast, white feet and a white spot on the end of his tail. He had all her hunting instincts and was a loyal companion. His outstanding accomplishment was the killing of twenty-eight rats in one day when my Uncle, Will Purviance, took up the old, wood floor in his barn. Each time a board was removed a rat or two was exposed. The lightning-like performance of this little rat terrier was something thrilling to see. He seemed to sense the human dislike for these animals and took great joy in making quick disposition of the pests by shaking as they were exposed. While a larger dog tackling a rat is likely to come away with a mouth bleeding from rat bites, the terrier expertly grabs the rat by the back of the neck and kills it with a few vigorous shakes. He never gets bitten. Some may have escaped Gyp on this day but I doubt it. Gyp's fame for this day's performance lasted until his much mourned death from a neighbor's carelessly placed poison.

Evenings at Uncle Jim's were always pleasant. The crowd of cousins from the three nearby farms of my uncles was usually large

and gay. Games were varied—authors, dominoes, charades, and others and music from the old family organ added to the gayety.

Family worship at Uncle Jim's after breakfast each morning was an unfailing ceremony. It consisted of a reading from the Bible with everyone kneeling followed by Uncle Jim's prayer. He proceeded at an almost unbelievable speed and in a manner entirely his own. This distracted his auditors but no one doubted his sincerity. He and Uncle George were loyal Presbyterians and drove their families in the spring wagon to town and church every Sunday. The Grange Farm Organization once supported Uncle Jim and helped elect him for a term to the state legislature as a representative. He had taught school and also studied law for a while.

A trip to Uncle Jim's was surely a joyous occasion for the young folks. As was always the case in those days, food was plentiful and an important part of entertainment. One episode with a food aspect I remember well. One warm, summer afternoon Uncle Jim hitched up the wagon and took all available children to the Wabash River for a swim. On the way a huge turtle, more than a foot in diameter, crossed the road ahead of us. Uncle Jim got out and captured it, then anchored it under a heavy log to be picked up on the way back. He promised us a treat; told us how many kinds of meat there were in a turtle—chicken, pork, turkey, etc. Well, with this build-up it was not difficult to imagine the different kinds of meat. I confess that I was skeptical, for a turtle is not an appetizing looking creature. In any event, I must say that we enjoyed a delicious feast and I was convinced that turtle is well worth eating. We never had any turtle meat in our home, and I have never tasted any since, except in soup form, as my mother looked down upon turtle from a fastidious height and scorned cooking something she thought could only be unpalatable. She would only cook frog legs which my father and I brought home when urged and then always with protesting comments.

A memorable event at Uncle Jim's was a swim one Decoration Day in Loon Creek, a stream a mile or so south of his farm. My

cousin Calvert and I obtained two rails from a neighboring fence for rafts upon which we floated and paddled too long, we later found. I had the better raft, got the better sunburn, and lost the most skin, with my mother's aid, the full area of my back! It was my first sunburn experience, had not heard of it before and made me cautious thereafter.

Our eagerness to visit Uncle Jim's persisted and my sister, Lucy, and I did so frequently on week-ends. When no horse and buggy transportation was available the approximate four and one-half mile walk was entirely agreeable. I am sure that if Uncle Jim and Aunt Molly were alive today they would feel well repaid with knowledge of appreciation for the good times they gave their children and the many cousins.

MUSIC

WHETHER FROM THE INSPIRATION from the Bull Creek Band or the early contact with the itinerant music teacher, my father acquired and maintained an interest in music throughout his life. After moving to Huntington, which was in the spring of 1884, he talked frequently of starting my sister Lucy on the piano and me on the violin. A teacher, a Miss Swaidner, from the adjacent village of Roanoke, and from whom my mother had once taken lessons, had a class of piano students in Huntington. When my sister was eight and I ten we started our first lessons. There was no violin teacher in Huntington so the piano teacher undertook to teach me the violin. It was a crude start. A few lessons here and there at various times later on helped polish up my endeavor so that I found considerable pleasure along the way playing the violin and other string instruments such as the guitar, mandolin, and viola. The last named I played for a short time in the Huntington theatre orchestra when the director, George Hibbins, a temperamental individual but good musician, got out of patience with his wife who had been playing and gave me enough instruction in the viola cleff so that I could take her place until a reconciliation could be made. Hibbins also organized a band which played through a national

campaign. I bought a B-flat clarinet and played with this band. My father never approved playing with a band. He did not like the social side of band membership.

I played with the Methodist Sunday School and high school orchestras during high school days. Later on I was able to play with other orchestras and with the DePauw and Northwestern mandolin clubs, popular organizations in that era. My sisters and brother, Robert, were exposed to the piano but did not pursue it seriously. My brother, Joe, studied the cello for a short time and gave it up reluctantly. All three of my sisters and my father sang from time to time in the Methodist choir, a very good singing organization. My sister, Lucy, and my father served for the greatest number of years. There were about twenty or twenty-five voices. My father had a high tenor voice and read music well. Lucy and Mildred were contraltos and Rosanna a soprano. Rosanna improved her ability as a singer very much by two periods of study in Chicago. She really gave what many thought was real promise, but marriage, as is often the case, relegated music to the background. My father sang first tenor in the Temple Male Quartette for a good many years. Three or sometimes four of this quartette were in the Methodist choir. The choir was under the direction of F. S. ("Sumner") Bash, a very able conductor and the second bass of the quartette throughout its existence. He came to Huntington from Roanoke, quite a musical center, and for many years was a reporter for the *Huntington Herald*. The Temple Quartette did a very creditable job. It was in demand for many occasions—concerts at home and in adjacent towns, among them Muncie, Fort Wayne, and Wabash. They also made many local appearances such as at commencement exercises, funerals and during political campaigns. They sang at the Republican National Convention at Indianapolis that nominated President Benjamin Harrison, elected in 1888. They were once sponsored on a trip to Denver to a national convention of the Epworth League. Mr. Bash continued to direct the choir until his death. My father finally gave up singing, very reluctantly, but to make way for younger voices. He did not quit until he was

over seventy and had been in the Methodist Choir for over forty years. Our family had much fun at home singing popular songs, doing our own harmonizing. My father, although he read music very well, did not qualify for this informal pastime. He seemed to lack the harmonizing idea of the "barber shop" variety. We were able to put on some quite thrilling effects and while voices were not all good, ears for music were. To me music was always of interest in any of its forms. I used rattle bones and tin cans for drums before I had a violin. When a small boy on the farm, I cherished and became quite adept with some rattle bones made from the ribs of a beef. They were carried every place and in constant use. They disappeared one day and although I searched everywhere I had been on the farm, they were not to be found. Not until later years when my mother objected to my having a drum did I come to suspect that she might have disposed of the rattle bones in the interest of less noise. I never asked her.

My school teachers and others seemed to think that I had natural talent and predicted my profession as music. However, the men who came to Huntington to lead our orchestra or teach music were not stable characters. This influenced me and I easily decided against music as a calling. My mother never would permit me to own a drum, as she knew the noise it would create. Not until the University Club Banjo Club of Chicago, about 1910, posted a bulletin asking for a drummer did I have my opportunity. I replied that I thought I could do the job and after trial was accepted. The long latent rhythmic instinct, in spite of lack of experience, permitted me to get by. My friend, Harry Archer, then Auracher, who was heading an orchestra which often played in Evanston for fraternity dances, used me a few times for informal dances where only drums and piano were required. This was to me an enjoyable experience which brought a little income with it. He and I collaborated to write a song for the Phi Delta Theta national convention in Chicago in 1912. The "Phi Yell Song" is in the fraternity song book and is still quite popular at conventions and in the chapter houses.



top row Weese Hamilton E. King Marx
middle row Smith O. King Bechtol Stults
bottom row Crull Hatfield Bowman Mohler

"OUR GANG" The Huntington High School Debating Society,
 Eta Sigma Delta Sigma



Bash Mitchell Cast H. G. Weese

TEMPLE QUARTETTE

In 1914 the University Club, which I had joined in 1910, asked me to write the local "Fifth Annual" musical play which the club and its members had been producing for a few years. This I did, and it proved to be quite a job, since I wrote the book, most of the lyrics, and the music. The result was produced under the title of "Count Thirteen." While I had never done anything like this before, it was something along a line in which I happened to have confidence in myself. It can hardly be said that the results were professional, but three performances, one at the club on May 2, 1914, and two at the Comedy Theatre, May 5 and 6, 1914, were rated successful and were well received. The songs were published and copies are still in the family. Two other club members, Donald Scott and John Edgar Freeman, collaborated to the extent of a couple of good songs. The orchestrations were made by Harry Archer. He later went to New York where he wrote several musical comedies, the most successful having been "Little Jessie James." His, "I Love You" and "Suppose I Had Never Met You," from this production are still popular numbers frequently heard on the radio.

The following year (1915) I participated in writing the musical, "Behind the Screens," another University Club production with one performance at the Club and one at Central Music Hall. After being married in 1914, I seemed to find less time for this sort of thing. The production of these plays seemed also to lack the enthusiasm of the right individuals to carry on. The practice of these annual performances with original plays was discontinued. The Banjo Club, however, carried on successfully to the beginning of the second World War. It was more of a social than musical organization. Except for a week or two in the summer it met regularly on Wednesday noons at the club. It kept us in practice and we appeared at nearly every club function. My job was on the tenor banjo, violin, or drums, unless we had another drummer available. The club had some nice trips. Among others to Onekama, Michigan, as a guest of Newton Farr for several days, and The Lake Geneva Country Club over a week-end. There were two trips to the

Gulf Hills Country Club at Gulfport, Mississippi, as the guests of George Lytton, a club member, who had a home there. Golf and a few appearances were the entertainment. We were also invited one summer for two weeks at the Ken-Caryl Ranch near Littleton, Colorado, eighteen miles from Denver. Twelve of our membership of twenty-four were able to accept. This was a *de luxe* ranch of several thousand acres. It was owned by Mr. John C. Shaffer who, with Mrs. Shaffer and his son Carroll, a member of the club, were our hosts. Mr. Shaffer owned the Denver Post, Chicago Post, and other newspapers in Indiana. We had plenty of publicity, too much, I thought for our musical ability. We played for a Kiwanis Club luncheon, at a country club dinner, and at a large party with dancing afterward, at the ranch. The days were filled with horseback trips to adjacent points of interest or by auto to more distant spots. There was no lack of anything at this ranch. This was a memorable trip. Two club members, Ned Vaughan and I, were joined after ten days by our wives and we finished our vacation at Bear Lake Lodge in Estes Park.

Subsequent to University Club shows there was opportunity to build up new shows by partial use of some of the material, both words and music, revamped, from "Count Thirteen." Two such performances were given at the Kenilworth Club and one with Harris Trust Bank talent in 1926 at the Great Northern Theater under the name, "When Morning Comes." I directed these later performances which seemed to be well received and successful. They were work but enjoyable.

About 1921 a group of musical enthusiasts, with University Club members as a nucleus, started rehearsing a small orchestra at the Club, at that time without any particular direction. Later an amateur director took over and some progress was made. Among other members was George Lytton, son of the founder and original owner of "The Hub," well known Chicago clothing store. George Lytton, who had once been a boxer of repute, took up study of the bass viol and became enthusiastic and quite expert. He claimed that music changed the whole course of his life and opened up a wide

field of new and different friends. He backed the organization financially as it grew. He bought the music and furnished rehearsal space at his store. This orchestra became the Chicago Businessmen's Orchestra with membership of one hundred or more. Professional direction was first under Clarence Evans of the Chicago Symphony. Later George Dasch, former member of the Chicago Symphony and well known conductor, took over. The personnel of this orchestra was composed of ex-professionals and amateurs who could qualify. Members represented all the professions: lawyers, doctors, and dentists, as well as many lines of business. George Lytton, a very enthusiastic and generous person, died too soon but the organization, by subscription and a public concert or two each year, was able to carry on. In this organization I played violin, viola, or in the percussion section, if the need arose, (everything except kettle drums) until 1939. A weekly rehearsal in the city became too much trouble and I reluctantly gave up this pleasant relationship after playing for about twenty years. For a couple of seasons after moving to Barrington I played viola in the Barrington Musical Club orchestra. Winter months in Florida interfered with this pleasant pastime and the violin and participation in music were reluctantly laid aside.

HIGH SCHOOL DAYS

In the fall of 1890, after a two weeks' visit to my grandfather Weese and family at Buchanan, Michigan, I entered the Huntington High School. It is my impression that our teachers were above the average, the curriculum for the three-year course was fairly comprehensive and well designed. Among subjects taught were physics, botany, history, chemistry, Latin, English Literature and mathematics. There was no gymnasium nor any athletic program. No games of any kind were sponsored by the school. There were neighborhood baseball teams, the "nine" being named by the location of the players or after some individual who had organized the team of players. We did not become too proficient on this basis but occasionally a good player developed out of the unorganized situation.

Music had an important place in school life. We had a high school orchestra of about ten pieces and did what I thought was a fairly creditable job. A science teacher who played the clarinet was our coach and director. Most of this same group played in the Sunday School orchestra at the Methodist Church. A little attention was given to public speaking but only to the extent of two oratorical contests in the Junior and Senior years, and an occasional play, such as *The Merchant of Venice* in which I had the part of Gratiano. Our performance was memorable in that Walker Whiteside, the actor, and his company were in town for a performance and came to ours in the afternoon. I do not recall that he tried to sign up any of us. It is recalled that my effort in the Junior oratorical contest brought me the title of "Junior Prize Essayist" on the subject, "Music as a Power," and again as Senior Prize Essayist with the topic, "Hitch Your Wagon to a Star." Apparently I excelled more on the side of composition than oratory, although I felt cheated in the Junior contest where, at a place for a studied pause, a nervous prompter gave me unexpected and unnecessary assistance.

I can't tell why the beginning and the end of that Junior Oration of 1892 has stayed in my mind when so many things much more important have left it. Maybe the struggle with first memorizing was responsible. Since the judges, high school teachers of a neighboring county, saw fit to award its author the title of "Junior Prize Essayist," it was probably a typical and acceptable example of bombastic, high school style of writing in the "nineties." For that reason only it should be revealed, so here goes.

"Music! Ah, do we know what music is? If we could but express in words our feelings when listening to enchanting strains, we might in some measure describe it. Music is a language; the sweetest and most pleasing of all languages; the language which conveys the melodies of harmonious strains through the body in a flow of pleasant emotions, etc." Then concluding with the lofty and more poetic than meaningful words, "Music has been a means of praise ever



	Hawley	Weese	O. King	
Stults	E. King	Brumbaugh		Halsey
	Raymond	Bowman	Hamilton	

HUNTINGTON HIGH SCHOOL Class of 1893

since the morning stars sang together and that position the divine art shall continue to occupy through all eternity!"

SOCIAL LIFE

Not until I was sixteen did I have anything to do with social life where girls were involved. I don't know what started the transition but I assume that it may have been the "made-to-measure" mail order suit that was bought to wear at the Junior oratorical contest. It was a sort of graduation from the "hand-me-down" era of used and assorted garments that I had worn up to now. I recall feeling quite dressed up and had, I suspect, a new confidence. Hard work at home and elsewhere, fishing, hunting, and baseball had used up my time and were my main interests up to now. The new social life, with girls involved, meant picnics in the country, sometimes by moonlight and an occasional party, and Sunday afternoon calls at the home of one of the girls of our crowd. It was all on an ensemble rather than an individual basis, as far as the group with which I was associated was concerned. With a single exception, none of the boys in our crowd ever married a girl of this same high school group. This was no reflection upon the quality of our girls who had, in most cases, plenty of charm. Sunday school was regularly attended. Also there was a job of ushering at the Methodist church which I held for several years. My friend, Harry Hill, son of the then minister, and I performed in this capacity at both morning and evening services. During a part of this period I had the job, by no means easy, of furnishing power to the pipe organ by hand pumping. This practice was general until motors were available. I never joined the ex-pipe organ pumpers' national organization although I happen to have met a good many members.

WORLD'S FAIR

THE WORLD'S FAIR or Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 was a memorable event. Travel from the states and abroad to that city was very heavy. Special excursions from the east on all railroads leading to Chicago carried many foreign visitors. For a time I,

with other boys of high school age, worked in what was known as the Erie restaurant which undertook to feed the travelers, many of whom were in coaches, when the train made a brief stop at Huntington. When the train stopped there was a mad rush by the several hundred passengers to the restaurant. Attention to its location was directed by a gong that made plenty of noise. My work as a substitute in a local office of the railroad while a regular messenger was on vacation, entitled me to a pass to Chicago. In company with Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Hamilton, he being superintendent of schools, and son Claude, of my class in high school, a week was spent in Chicago at the Fair. This was a very spectacular event and of much interest to us boys, sixteen years old at the time. We were on the move alone all day and checked in at night with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton at the rented apartment. The fair had stimulated a great amount of building in its vicinity. The fair buildings with their distinctive style dictated by the purpose were beautiful. This was a stupendous event and while there have been many other fairs and expositions before and since it is doubtful if this one has been equalled in beauty and variety of interest and entertainment.

Graduation from high school is one of the more important events in a young man's experience. That episode in 1893 caused me to do some thinking of the future and brought me to the realization that I was on the threshold of new responsibilities. What to do next was the question. I had made up my mind to take the Civil Service examination for railway mail clerk. I had learned of this from Henry Halsey, a member of my class. While he never was appointed to the Railway Mail Service he passed an examination for a position as clerk in the local post office and was there many years. I also thought of teaching country school for which a high school graduate was then presumably qualified. However, it was necessary to take an examination as provided by law. I made up my mind to take this examination and accordingly went to an available refresher course of a few weeks to review the necessary subjects. I took the examination, passed and received a six month's certificate stating that I was qualified to teach.

I made a couple of applications before the schools opened in the fall but without success, I suspect due to my youth and lack of experience. I was only slightly past seventeen. My one actual experience at teaching was brief but memorable.

In the fall of 1893 while attending the Huntington County Fair, always an enjoyable event, I received word that a teacher was ill and was asked if I would care to act as a substitute. It meant appearing next day at Majenica, a small village with a two-room school building about eight miles south of Huntington. I agreed to take the job in spite of reluctance to miss further fair attendance and a much advertised barbecue to be put on by the Democrats. The size of this event might be imagined by the billboard advertisement among other attractions, of "fifty beeves and fifty thousand buns!" All of this gastronomical bargain was supposed to lure the voters to a spot where they would be available for the political oratory for which Indiana is famous.

A more immediate problem was how to get to Majenica. For some reason the family horse was not available. I happened to remember that a friend and neighbor owned an old Victor bicycle which had been used for pleasure but was now standing idle as bicycle riding for pleasure was not too popular at this time. I arranged to borrow this bicycle and set out with a bundle of extra clothes for Majenica.

While I had been on a bicycle a time or two for a ride around the block, we did not have one in the family and I was really quite an inexperienced rider. The bicycle was heavy with spring fork in front and required more power and strength in pedaling and control than the lighter models of today. There were few hills and all went well until I reached the vicinity of the Wabash River about two miles south of town. There a long hill led down to the covered bridge that crossed the river. As I reached the top of this hill I saw a team and wagon coming out of the bridge onto the road. I sized up the situation and saw the road narrowed and that to pass the team before it reached this spot I would need to put on speed. Instead of dismounting as I should have done I pedaled hard to

beat the team to the narrow spot and succeeded. However, the speed of the bicycle was then so great that I lost the pedals. The brake, if there was one, did not work and I was on my way at high speed. While I had been over this bridge many times with horse and buggy I had never noticed that the road made an abrupt turn of about forty-five degrees to the left as it entered the bridge. Straight ahead the road aimed for the Wabash River twenty-five or thirty feet below. It was a dry period, the water was low, and the river bed a mass of large boulders. At the speed I was going dismounting was out of the question and I had no more time than to decide that I must make the bridge opening or land on the rocks below.

Between steering and throwing all the weight that I had in the right direction I managed to strike just inside the bridge on the right hand side, bounced to the left side where I struck again and finally came to rest safely in the center of the right hand lane about fifty feet from the opening. My speed happened to be such that the pedals took the brunt of the contacts with the bridge. They were considerably damaged and the chain was broken. My close call made me extremely nervous. At a neighboring farm house I made necessary repairs enabling me to get to Majenica. My future bicycle journeys were taken with extreme caution.

In spite of disappointment of missing the barbecue and two days of interesting fair events, there were compensations as I enjoyed very much my two weeks of teaching the lower grades in the Majenica school.

About 1900 my father, after traveling for fifteen years, decided he wanted to be able to spend more time with his family. He accordingly bought an interest in an old established hardware business which was carried on in the name of Bridge and Weese. This was his third business venture, the second being for a short period when he was still traveling. He and a man named Wheeler, the latter experienced in manufacturing lime, built a couple of kilns east of Huntington, near a large stock of limestone that had been removed from the channel of a large ditch which was dug to drain

an extensive swampy area between Ft. Wayne and Huntington. The stone being available without much labor gave this venture hope of profit. Sales were by carload which my father made while traveling in Ohio and Indiana and at a retail place in Huntington. Sales were good. However, he and his partner did not quite agree on matters of policy so my father sold his interest.

The hardware business was reasonably prosperous and it provided a good living for our family. My brother Joe worked in the store but I was in Chicago during this time. This business interested my father for only a few years. He always worked very hard during the long hours, approximately seven in the morning until nine at night. These long and exacting hours were something to which he was not accustomed. His former occupation as a farmer and salesman gave him some liberties and control of his time and a freedom that he did not have in this retail business. After six years he sold out to his partner with no other particular activity in mind. It was during this period that he built a new five-bedroom brick house on Charles Street on the site of the old frame home that had been moved to a neighboring lot. The old barn with its charred timbers was torn down and replaced by one built of cement blocks. My father and mother had long admired a nice lot with beautiful oak and maple trees and situated not far away around the corner to the north on Etna Avenue. They had an opportunity to buy it which they did. With the family reduced in size through marriage of their children, except my brother, Robert, who was not home, they decided to sell their home and build a smaller one on the new lot. This was accomplished in 1919. A convenient three-bedroom bungalow was built and occupied until their deaths. This home had the advantage of a large attic filled with beds and cots. No matter how many of the family visitors came home for Christmas or other occasion there was ample sleeping space. It is not difficult, under some circumstances, to prove that home ownership may lack something of economic soundness. "Cheaper to rent than own a home" is a common expression. Upon looking back upon this subject it seems that in spite of any effort or sacrifice involved, the

background of an owned home offers something of stability, is valuable to family rearing, and worth while if such ownership is at all possible. After disposing of the hardware business my father went into real estate and insurance, selling farms mostly, but also city property. He had acquaintance with old friends in North Dakota and Texas and sold, a good many acres of land there. The uncertainty of income never pleased my mother very well. However, the freedom that he enjoyed and the fact that he was able to make a reasonable income made this a more satisfactory activity for him than the confinement of a retail store. While this business had its discouraging side, he always worked diligently and optimistically, even when he was up in his eighties with the depression on and when there was little activity and hope of profitable sales.

THE CHANGING WORLD

WHEN WE CAME TO HUNTINGTON there were six or eight families whose history and financial standing entitled them to rate as the aristocracy in that community. They were usually second generation folk who were beneficiaries of the era when pioneer merchants, bankers, and land owners were able to acquire substantial capital in a relatively short time. They were merchants, the owners of real estate in town, farms, factories, and securities. They were in a position, if they chose, to work or live comfortably without it. They occupied the finest homes on spacious grounds. Anyone familiar with Huntington only needed to look around the town to recognize the dwelling places of the town's aristocracy. You can see these homes today in nearly every city or village in Indiana as well as in other states. They are now usually occupied as funeral homes or overnight rooms for tourists. This is a testimonial to changed economic conditions and the reduced financial status of the town's former men of wealth. Some of this Huntington group caught the California orange grove fever and migrated to that state. While some succeeded a good many stories of hardship experienced by others there came back to the former less affluent neighbors left behind.

It all adds up to the fact that it is difficult in life to maintain a position to which one is born. Financial status of many families changes with the years. It is sad to grow up in a luxurious home then have conditions of health, unfortunate marriage, financial loss or mismanagement require spending declining years in a trailer camp or its equivalent. It has happened all too often. As I look back upon the fates of some of my closest friends of early days I can't avoid some observations which a rather long period of years make possible. Men with ambition and excellent minds, through study and preparation, have laid a foundation and equipped themselves for a successful future. For a time results of their ambition and effort would indicate that their hopes for a successful life were being realized. Then results of errors of judgment or conduct began to appear. Unwise marriage was certainly one of them. It's my opinion, too, that lack of any spiritual influence in family and business life is a more important factor than we are willing to admit or to realize. Without such influence normal growth, stability, and happiness are in jeopardy. Certainly, in cases observed where life has not worked out as reasonably anticipated, the spiritual note was entirely lacking. Man is still the master of his soul but he seems to need some help.

CHRISTMAS

THE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION was always an important event in our family. My earliest recollection was of the stocking hanging ceremony when we lived on the Jackson Township farm. Imagination played a part in making the season interesting. I recall being sure of hearing sleigh bells outside of our home there on Christmas eve. This was mentioned to my father who "guessed" that Santa Claus was on his way to Welkers, a near neighbor, across the fields from our home, and suggested that we get to bed as Santa probably would come to our house next. It seemed very real and thrilling.

As we all grew up we spent Christmas together, for the day at least. Children who lived away from Huntington all came home. It was common to have twenty-five or more sit down to Christmas dinner at "Grandpa's." Food was a major event. Turkey or goose, my

father being very fond of the latter, would be the main meat course. Often young, whole roast pig was an attractive addition served on a large platter with appropriate decorations of strung cranberries and with an apple in the pig's mouth. Escalloped oysters, cranberry sauce of course, jellies, mashed potatoes and gravy, and mince pie were invariably main dishes. Salads, celery, and items too numerous to mention made up these unforgettable feasts.

The out of town visitors were cared for in the three bedrooms and the attic dormitory which held several beds for male visitors. The whole group was very congenial and nothing marred the good time the Christmas reunions provided. Later, when it became more logical, since there were so many of us in the Chicago area and grandchildren were growing up, these reunions were taken over by the children there. Presents were exchanged. The high spot on that subject was the presentation by the children and the "in-laws" of a Dodge car to the grandparents in the depression era. It was much needed and supplanted a worn out Buick. Tears from the recipients indicated maximum appreciation.

These reunions continued until death of the grandparents and as is inevitable, the children then went their respective ways with their own family parties. An afternoon gathering of the Weese clan at one of the children's homes for tea and exchange of modest presents is still in vogue. Not quite the same as the enthusiastic and large reunion under the grandparents' roof in an earlier day at Huntington; a pleasant occasion, nevertheless, which helps keep alive many happy Christmas memories and pays dividends in cordial family relations.

HUNTING

AS INTIMATED BEFORE, hunting was always high on the list of enjoyable sports. This started at about the age of twelve when my cousin, Calvert Favorite, and I were permitted to have our first shotguns. The range of our first activities was mostly on the Favorite farms west of Huntington. The farm of my father in Jackson township was also good territory. My father had wide acquaintance with farmers and there was never lack of favorable hunting ground.

I recall one occasion when, with my father, we started across country for the five mile walk to the farm with guns in hand. It was to be butchering day at the farm with neighbors' help. I was impressed at the time that my father liked his hunting when willing to start a five mile walk over rough country and neglect for awhile the important butchering job. Rabbits were the most plentiful game, although quail were found occasionally. We never felt that rabbits from the market were quite satisfactory for our family table. However, if killed by our own guns, dressed by us and allowed to freeze out-of-doors, then fried or stewed, depending on the age of the animal, this game was excellent food and much enjoyed when served.

The pleasure of hunting remained strong until the effects of arthritis made walking in the fields and fence climbing difficult. One memorable trip was made to North Dakota about 1908 with my father and an old friend and former roommate after college, George Irving Bell. At that time the country was sparsely settled. Ducks and birds of the partridge family were very plentiful. Hunting restrictions were non-existent or, if any, were not observed in that vicinity. On one fine late summer evening, "G. I." and I sat comfortably in high grass on the edge of a small pond, not over one hundred feet in diameter, and killed twenty ducks in a very short period. They were so numerous that we only shot at those over ground to avoid wading to pick up the kill. It was hunting deluxe. The Dakota trip had another aspect that did not turn out so well. The extensive prairie country looked like a new frontier to us. Since we had both started with the soil, the desire to own some of it was probably in our blood. To make a longer story short, I contracted for one half section of land, 320 acres, and "G. I." for a section. There were buildings on his land and his unmarried brother, Oliver, left the family farm near Minooka, Illinois, and went to North Dakota to farm the section. I made a bad contract at the start when I agreed to give a farmer the first crop to break my land, a difficult job on account of the tough, virgin sod. He planted flax and took off a crop worth over \$7,500! This was more

than the land had cost me. There is no doubt that he would have done the work for much less. Bell's brother farmed their land for some years. I also carried on long-range unsatisfactory and unprofitable farming operations. Oliver Bell found life very lonely, not being married, and profit from farming in an erratic climate uncertain. Finally, we both sold out. It's my observation, after this experience with miscellaneous and too often unreliable tenants, that long-range farming is a hazardous undertaking. No matter how much the farming instinct may be tempted, it's one temptation that should be avoided.

Another hunting trip took me to Rolla, Missouri about 1898, with a couple of fellow railway postal clerks, Britten and Ralston. Wild turkeys were the game sought. Britten had a sister with whom we stayed on a crude and meager farm some miles from Rolla. The sister and her daughter were homesteading this, what seemed to me a most unpromising place. My recollection is that nowhere could deeper mud be found on ungravelled country roads, and I have seen some deep mud in Indiana and elsewhere. The house was a crude log and frame structure built, it's my guess, by some former homesteader who may have been discouraged and abandoned his homesteader's rights. We slept in a sort of attic, unfinished except for very plain beds. There were holes in the roof which must have provided plenty of leakage in rainy weather. Perhaps it was through one of these holes that a hornet, or similar vicious insect found its way and then waited for me in my shoe one morning. He gave me a terrific and unforgettable sting. My first thought was that I had run a darning needle through my foot!

We saw plenty of turkeys, the largest number when driving on our way to church on Sunday and, of course, without our guns. We also had some shots at turkeys flying high over the woods but bagged none. We were satisfied to kill a few squirrels which were plentiful in the woods. On the whole, the experience in this crude country was interesting and left no feeling that, despite the lack of killing some turkeys, our time was altogether wasted. I have

often wondered how the two women fared in their homesteading venture.

A trip to Huntington now and then to hunt with my father and brothers was always much fun and a sort of at-least-once-a-year ritual. One such program came up suddenly when I was at home in Huntington for a week end. It was proposed that I stay over through Monday and hunt with my father, two brothers, and brother-in-law, Herman Klein. I had not been in my job at the Chicago bank too long and tried to reach my next superior officer, Frank Elliot, assistant cashier, by telephone at his home in Jacksonville, Illinois, where I knew that he had gone. I failed to get him, but the hunting program was a real temptation. I probably jeopardized my job but stayed anyway for the day's sport. I went through the embarrassment of an awkward and, I presume, necessary reprimand of my boss when I returned. The pleasant memory of the day in the field with congenial company far outlasted the memory of the reprimand. Rabbits and squirrels were the principal game. Pheasant and rabbit shooting in the Barrington area were enjoyable diversions every fall until the middle thirties. Pheasants were plentiful. My hunting experience came to a conclusion and an appropriate climax with several successive seasons of duck and goose shooting in the Horse Shoe Lake area near Cairo, Illinois. Here, near the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, the Government maintains a large game reserve where the birds are fed and protected. About 1930 I renewed acquaintance after about a twenty-five year period with an old friend and "brother in the bond" of Phi Delta Theta. He was O. B. Hastings of Cairo. He had been a student at Northwestern but returned to Cairo to operate a grain business formerly owned by his father. Upon one of his visits to Chicago we discovered our mutual interest in hunting. He owned a substantial acreage of corn land near Cairo. He had built there an attractive two-story hunting lodge to accommodate eight people and some help. The first floor was designed for utilities and equipped to take care of the numerous floods that occur due to the high waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Sleeping, eating and living

were on the attractive and well furnished second floor. Duck blinds and goose pits were constructed sufficiently near to take advantage of the flights of the thousands of birds that abound in that vicinity. It was a superlative spot for duck and goose shooting. "O," as he was familiarly known to his many friends, enjoyed having his facilities used. For several consecutive seasons, I was invited to bring my own party, to the limit of the accommodations, for a week end of shooting. This was a thrilling experience for hunting enthusiasts. We left on the night Illinois Central train and arrived at Cairo Junction before daylight. Our host met us there with cars and a truck for our luggage. The early morning drive through the flat, extensive corn country had added interest as great flocks of ducks already in motion and were black moving specks against the brightening sky. Once in awhile they came near enough for us to hear their whistling wings, thus giving eager hunters additional thrills. After a superb breakfast, we were off to our stations, duck blinds, or goose pits. The latter were holes dug in advantageous places in a corn field or fence row near Horse Shoe Lake. The pits held a bench or board for a seat and were lined with boards so that the dirt sides would not cave in. An oil heater was available for cold days. The pit was covered with boards and corn stalks or weeds to be brushed aside quickly if geese came over, to enable the occupants, usually in pairs, to take a shot. On some days, good for the hunters, geese are restless and fly out of the lake over the bordering trees and make a sortie over the adjacent country. This is the hunters opportunity. He stands up in the pit and fires as the geese come within range. Seldom did the day close without every hunter having his limit.

On one trip we decided to take an earlier train from Chicago than first planned. It was arranged that we would not go to our homes first but would ask our wives to pack our things and have a chauffeur pick them up. My chagrin was considerable, when dressing in the morning, to find that while Marjorie had done a superb job of packing in a field in which she was not experienced, she had left out a rather important item, my trousers! Fortunately,

I was able to borrow a pair about twice my size but of adequate style and good enough for a goose pit occupant.

On our last trip to "O's" Grey Goose Lodge we all had our limit of geese by ten o'clock in the morning, in spite of the fact, too, that it was a bright, calm day not supposed to be good goose shooting weather. Evenings at the Grey Goose Lodge were pleasant after a sumptuous dinner, usually of quail or other game. Before a good grate fire, the hunters, comfortable with heavy boots removed, were willing to recount events of the day and former hunting experiences. While the shooting experience itself is pleasant, the opportunity to be in the outdoors and to get close to nature is surely a close second. Maybe without knowing it, this is the principal reason for the enjoyment of the hunting sport. Many good friends became closer on account of these hunting parties at "O's". Among guests invited were Kenilworth neighbors, John Wilds, President of Millowners Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Joseph White, owner of White Book House, Jacques de la Chapelle, Manager of Von Lengerke and Antoine, Paul Clovis, President of Twentieth Century Press, Burt Crowe, attorney, Max McGraw, President of McGraw Electric Company, Lloyd Grant, Continental Casualty Company, Abner Stillwell, Vice President of Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company, Zenas Potter, advertising executive, Mark Brown, Vice President, and later President of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank. Other guests were a number of relatives including my brother Joe, an old friend of "O's", also my brother Robert, brothers-in-law Herman Klein, Herbert Harker, a son Robert, and my eldest son, Harry. Both of these boys with only brief experience proved to be very good shots. The nephew continues to be an enthusiastic hunter but I can't say so much for my son. Friends made under these circumstances where interest is mutual in a sport or hobby are lasting and continue to be close.

These extremely pleasant parties were concluded when our host took advantage of a more than generous offer from the Government to purchase his lodge and land when doing some lake construction in that vicinity and relocating farm dwellers. Our good friend,

“O”, passed away shortly after disposing of his lodge. His appreciative and much favored friends will never forget his hospitality and the happy hours spent on visits to his “Grey Goose Lodge.”

MECHANICAL PROGRESS

IN THE DAYS when labor is much lightened around the home by use of many mechanical aids, a glance back over the last fifty or sixty years of progress in this field is interesting. The many labor saving devices in the domestic field are accepted as commonplace and little thought given to what went on before they were available.

Practically every home on Monday morning found some woman member of the family at the wash tub. On the corrugated zinc washboard the clothes, after being soaked adequately, were rubbed vigorously by hand, and put through the hot water. The soap in country homes was usually home made. It could be of a soft or a hard variety. It was strong, efficient as a cleanser, and also hard on the hands. The soft variety had a rich, brown color and could be mistaken for maple taffy, as it once was by my brother, Joe, who took a generous helping one spring from an unlabelled gallon jar. The error was quickly discovered and rectified as far as possible.

After the hot water the clothes went through the hand wringer into another tub filled with clean, cold water tinged with bluing for the benefit of white garments. Again they went through the wringer, then to the line to dry. Some younger member of the family usually had the wringer assignment. It isn't hard to see how much more labor was involved than in these days of all kinds of improved soaps and detergents and mechanical washers and dryers.

The old steel tires on buggies and carriages gave way to hard rubber tires. This was the first business of the Firestone Co. at Akron, Ohio. These rubber tires made travel a bit more comfortable and less noisy, especially on the streets which were usually paved with brick and were gradually replacing the old graveled surfaces. These tires added a touch of luxury to the much used family vehicle. As is well known, farm wagons, tractors, and agricultural vehicles are now equipped with rubber. One such tractor tire may

cost as much or more than a whole machine did in an earlier day. Operators ride on spring seats with foam rubber cushions, under canopy, safe from sun and weather. Quite different from the time when the operator followed the plow or the harrow all day on foot.

The phonograph was hailed as a great invention as it really was. Innovations were electric motors which revolutionized the power field, electric lighting in homes and streets, electric toasters, washing machines, dish washers, motion pictures, the aeroplane, radio, telephone, television, electric refrigerators and stoves, and electric locomotives powered by diesel engines.

It was during this era that the rise and fall of the interurban electric railway occurred. The roads sprang up everywhere. Indiana was crisscrossed with these lines and for a time the business was prosperous. Except for the advent of the automobile, it would probably be so today. The automobile and good roads gradually eliminated these roads and rails and equipment went to junk: a sort of survival of the fittest in the transportation world.

Probably the most important invention of all, at least the one which had the greatest impact on our way of life and revolutionized our economy in many respects, was the automobile. While in the horse and buggy days a maximum trip for one day would be about thirty miles, the traveling distance by auto was increased by ten or more times. The effect of this facility of travel was to improve roads everywhere, to scatter the population, to develop gas stations and facilities for service and repair of the thousands of machines that travel the highways. The effect of the use of the automobile on our economy, and perhaps even on our morals, is difficult to calculate. To those whose early years were of the horse and buggy age, the introduction of the automobile worked a miraculous change. To appreciate this fully one would need to have lived in both eras. Younger people who have had no experience except in the automobile age can't quite sense the full significance of this change. Likewise, it seems that things political cannot be too well judged or analyzed by those whose observations are limited to more recent years. Desire for perpetuating a party in power

may become more important to leaders than honest welfare of the people. The day when dignity of the presidential office restrained party politics to some extent and any tinge of machine politics in that high place seems to have passed. For example, I have no recollection of any supreme court appointment having been questioned except in one instance. This appointee was suspected of being "radical." That dignified body was made up of the highest calibre of men who knew the law and were appointed for their ability. Any known bias in favor of politics or party would have disqualified a candidate as unworthy at once. This was one place where both parties were in complete accord. The people were comfortable in the thought that our chief tribunal functioned ably and honestly. To one who has lived through a period of great mechanical change and has seen "progress" in that field, the observation cannot be avoided that there have also been great changes in our political field and in national conduct. Lacking in these fields, apparently, some elements of sincerity, honesty, and wisdom, it remains to be seen whether this has been an era of progress in political honesty in conduct of national affairs and in the interest of the country's ultimate welfare. The inability of judges of the supreme court to approximate agreement in their decisions in recent years seems indicative of their lack of knowledge of the law and their ability to interpret it. The attempt of the executive branch of the government to pack the supreme court in order to compromise with the law and satisfy political ambition by use of approved politically appointed or prejudiced personalities seems to represent one of the worst attempted backward steps taken by any branch of our government since our constitution was adopted.

CHURCH AFFILIATIONS

MY FATHER AND MOTHER were married February 15, 1875, by the pastor of the Greenwood church, a Methodist institution that stood on the corner of the Etna Pike and a crossroad about three miles south of Huntington. In earlier days this substantial building of brick construction was an active center for worship and Sunday

School for dwellers in the neighboring countryside. It was served by a preacher who had other churches on his circuit. A graveyard at the rear, as was customary, was in use for deceased members and others who passed away in the vicinity. It seems that the automobile has changed very much the program and use of the country church. Even before the appearance of the automobile my country relatives, who formerly used this church, were willing to drive the additional mile or two to attend church services in Huntington. While I haven't been by the Greenwood church for a number of years, it's my guess that it still stands and has only occasional if any use; that the graveyard is overgrown with old fashioned lilies, other flowers and plenty of weeds; that the tombstones, in spite of this competition, still do their faithful job, as intended, of marking the resting places of sturdy pioneers who lived in and developed the neighborhood.

This church was attended by my parents when they were first married and before. When they moved to Jackson township they joined the Zion Church, a United Brethren institution, near our farm. When they moved to Huntington they transferred to the Methodist Church which we children later joined and where we all attended Sunday School. It's my recollection that in the day of revivals where religious fervor was often evidenced by shouting and other types of demonstration, my parents were on the conservative side. They believed in supporting the church and using their influence in its behalf by regular attendance, which they did until time of death. They observed, but were not critical, of actions different from their own in indicating religious fervor. There can be no doubt that religion affects its followers in a great variety of ways. Perhaps we should all be satisfied to accept its teachings and influence for good, support a church that seems to fit our individual needs best, and bear our share of responsibility for carrying on an influence for moral uplift for which there is no substitute.

When at Northwestern in Evanston, I attended without formal joining, the Methodist and Congregational Churches. Not until we moved to Kenilworth in 1919 did we have our letters of trans-

fer sent, Marjorie's from the Episcopal in Chicago and mine from the Methodist church at Huntington, thus affiliating with the Kenilworth Community or Union Church. This church, which was in our block, was attended regularly by the parents and the Sunday School by our children during our twenty-three years of Kenilworth residence. Upon our removal to Barrington in 1942 we transferred our membership to the Methodist Church there.

Even if it is not possible to approve of everything that churches, their ministers, and their members do, their alleged shortcomings should not be used, in my opinion, as excuses for not supporting the church movement. The church's value to the community is unquestioned. Its severest critics, with very few exceptions, would avoid a community without churches. There are a good many excuses offered by critics of the church for not attending and supporting the church movement. A favorite is that there are too many hypocrites in the church. Maybe they need the help and influence of the church more than others. Without it they might be much worse citizens. Charity and forgiveness are marks of the true Christian. If people receive benefit from church affiliation it seems that they should not be barred for weakness. People who are well do not need to spend time in the hospital. It seems that the least we can do is to lend our influence, wholeheartedly to the church movement even if it is weak in some respects, by membership, attendance, and financial support.

PETS

IT HAPPENS that I had an interest in animals of all kinds as far back as I can remember. My father once gave my sister Lucy and me two lambs, white and black respectively, probably our first pets, when we lived on the farm. We owned many dogs of several varieties. For this I think my father must take some of the blame for he had a decided weakness for dogs himself. My mother was a very patient person but one of her few complaints that I remember was against the dogs that my father and I were willing to bring home. While any dog was acceptable, his preference was for those that would hunt. If I went down town and found a dog willing to follow

I could not resist bringing it home, even if we were already provided with a dog. There were immediate orders to "take it back." Fortunately, that type of fickle dog usually left of its own accord. We owned at different times, an Irish Setter, Beagles and Bassetts, the latter especially good rabbit dogs and plain dogs. As far as I can remember, we were never without a dog in the old home. Later when married and we moved into a house in Evanston we went back to dogs with an Airedale, then a Doberman Pinscher, Schnauzer, and finally, German Shorthaired Pointers. We raised several litters of the last three breeds in Kenilworth and Barrington. This is an interesting diversion which requires patience upon the part of the woman of the household, especially with growing children to be cared for. We finally gave up owning even one dog when our last beloved German Shorthair was stolen on the first day of hunting season in 1946 and to keep a dog was difficult since we were on the move several times during the year.

As a boy in Huntington I once built up quite a pigeon loft but quit when the birds were all stolen one night. I was quite sure who did it, an east end gang interested in pigeons too, but there did not seem there was much I could do about it. They were bigger and stronger than I. I also raised a litter of ferrets there and found the animals very interesting. They can be handled without much training and are very efficient when hunting rabbits. Put them under a haystack or in a hole where a rabbit has gone and the rabbit will surely come out if he can. Rats also run for cover whenever a ferret comes near. The law now quite generally forbids the use of ferrets in hunting. I recall a pink-eyed white one that we once owned playing happily on the floor with a ball of yarn when my mother was knitting. Out of the litter that we raised there was one brown fellow that was tremendous in size, three times larger than others in the litter. He had actions all his own. On the lawn he would play like a dog, running around me, jumping in the air, and showing all the intelligence and playful attributes of a pup. He was an interesting and unusual animal.

My father owned a good many horses from time to time as he had a weakness for trading these animals. In fact, any horse that we ever owned was liable to a trade at any time. Men who are habitual horse traders seem to get pleasure out of the mere act of trading and with the expectation that they are bettering themselves. It is my impression that, while in other matters they may be thoroughly ethical and honest, they would not care if the other fellow got the worst of it in a horse trade. A man who thinks he knows horses, and most traders are in this group, believe thoroughly in the doctrine of *caveat emptor*, let the buyer beware. They have no conscience nor pity for the other fellow nor do they complain if they themselves are cheated. They seem to look upon it as a game of some sort and just wait for the next victim. Such is their code. As a result of this policy we owned a good many types and shapes of horses. They were usually of the utility class, useful to pull our buggy and could be ridden. I will only mention one or two here. Flora was a beautiful bay mare with white feet and white on her face. She was obtained from the Frash Bros., who were local horsemen, owners of trotters and pacers used for racing at county fairs, then popular and numerous. Racing was an important feature of these fairs. Flora was a pacer that had gone lame in a joint in her hoof and it was supposed to be an incurable defect and ended her racing days. I don't remember just what the trade was that brought her into our possession. My father apparently could not resist her beauty and we all felt very proud of her. She was rather small but perfectly formed and with plenty of spirit. Mother and I were introduced to her in a rather exciting episode. We had been warned when my father left for his week of travel that if the lines were tightened too much she would take that as a signal to speed up, that conforming to her racing training. We were not too much impressed by the warning. Mother and I went for a ride with our new possession. Some one came along with a fast stepping horse and Flora seemed to take that as a cue to speed up. Our natural instincts were to tighten the lines to restrain her. She settled down into the shafts at a terrific pace. Apparently the other driver thought we wanted

to race so it was on. Our buggy swung from side to side and we seemed in danger of a wreck. We were well out in front and by plenty of coaxing talk and remembering the hint about the lines we eased up and finally brought her to a stop. From that we learned how to handle her. I rode her frequently and a few times raced with another fast horse owned by a neighbor who often drove through our streets. Once we were in the middle of such a race with me in front. We came to a place where a bridge crossed the river. Flora had crossed it before and knew the road. As our speed was great I had no thought of turning. However she made the turn and I went right on leaving the saddle in a hurry and landed in the road. Instead of going on she came back to where I had landed, put her nose down to look me over, and let me get hands again on the reins. I don't know what instinct prompted it but she always returned to me after I had fallen off of her, as I did a number of times. One time after two weeks at home ill with the measles, my mother sent me to town for groceries. I got on Flora without saddle and with a market basket on my arm for the short trip to the store. As we turned into a street near home, her exuberance, after two weeks of no exercise got the best of her and she started to run. With no saddle and the weight of the basket on my arm I could not hold her and started to slide down and under her neck and went to the ground with her at full speed. I was slightly stunned and ground a little gravel into the side of my face, my only injury. Flora came back as usual and had her nose down to me looking me over. A neighbor who saw this incident said that she tried to avoid stepping on me and stopped so suddenly that she turned completely over and lit on her back. His story and mud on her back seemed to indicate that that was what happened. I led her the short distance home after picking up the scattered groceries. There was one place she would not serve. My father had me cut down some trees, willows and cottonwoods, along the creek at the farm and asked me to use her to drag them up the bank where they could be cut for wood. This menial work was entirely out of her line. The job with use of a singletree and chain made her frantic and after one or two attempts

I gave up. I felt almost as rebellious as she. Why should a high-toned ex-race horse stoop to ordinary farm labor?

We bred her once and raised a beautiful, but small, sorrel stallion. Unlike his docile and sweet dispositioned mother he was a little demon. It was necessary when entering his stall to use caution as he was likely to rise on his hind legs and come at you in a fighting mood. My father and I knew how to handle him and did so by being sufficiently rough. My father broke him to harness and a sulky but could never be sure that at some unexpected spot he would not turn around abruptly and head for home. One of the Frash boys, mentioned before and who figured in several of our horse trades, saw him and was much intrigued by his perfect shape and fiery spirit. A trade was proposed to my father after Mr. Frash had been taken for a ride. That day "Gyp"—maybe appropriately named for trading purposes—did not turn and start for home. We drew a big gangling horse that did good utility service for us. It was a good exchange of beauty for something useful. Flora went to our farm to take care of my grandfather who was living there then. She degenerated into a rather lazy but wise animal who learned to know whether my gentle grandfather or some more energetic member of the family was behind her and acted accordingly. She lived to a ripe old age and she was always loved and revered as she deserved, after many years of faithful service to our family.

Stories of the accomplishment of dogs would fill a small volume but while on the pet subject at least one story is worth recording here. We had imported a female Doberman Pinscher from Germany, the second of this breed that we had owned. We had the misfortune to lose her when she picked up some poison a neighbor had put out for rats. We had enjoyed the intelligence and loyalty of this breed and one day drove out to a kennel where several of these dogs were kept. Children were along and contrary to any prior intentions we bought a young female named "Bonnie." We arrived at home in apologetic mood as we had not started out with intentions of buying a dog. We owned a Schnauzer at the time. It wasn't very hard to shift most of the blame to the children. It was

just prior to our summer move to Barrington where we went in a few days. The following day, after our arrival there, son John hitched our pony to the wagon, put the two dogs aboard and drove to town. When he arrived there he passed a vacant lot where dogs were playing and both animals jumped out and joined the party. Before John could get them back the whole crowd had disappeared. When I came home at night I was disappointed for I felt that our chance of getting our new Doberman back was very slim. The Schnauzer, familiar with our location, had returned in the late afternoon. I went to town, reported to the police and drove around for awhile but saw nothing of our dog. Since she had gone to town in a wagon, had only been on the place a few hours, owned by us only a few days and with many roads leading out of Barrington—all seemed to make getting her back almost out of the question. Also she could easily be stolen or follow someone else home. The circumstances were such that we had no thought of ever seeing her again. To our great surprise at three o'clock the next morning we heard a scratching on our rear door and Bonnie was there. How she found us I'll never know. Two things could have occurred. She could have picked up the Schnauzer's track or circled the town until she found us. More remarkable is the fact that in the short period of ownership she could recognize her masters and loyalty to a new home. This is just another episode in the long list of tales showing the loyalty and intelligence of this excellent breed.

The final fling at pets may be recorded with the period that my youngest son, Ben, and I kept goats at Barrington, starting the fall of 1942. We learned that goats have personalities. They are extroverts and are really lovable animals, the kids especially so. This does not go for the male which gives the whole tribe a bad reputation. His characteristics are responsible for the widest possible spread between the male and female of any species of animal that I know. The female goat is clean and fastidious in habits and eating. In fact she will not touch food that has been on the floor or is in the least bit contaminated.

We found our goat venture profitable, interesting, and an enjoyable experience. I feel sure that Ben received some good training in their care and in building up a better herd. Our goats were given up reluctantly when Ben's music and study required more of his time and I could not properly carry on the necessary work. Love of pets and animals makes work but the satisfaction and pleasure that children and adults get from their ownership seems to me to make the hobby worth while.

CHARACTERS

WHILE THE SUBJECT is not exactly pleasant in all respects, impressions made on me as a youth would hardly be complete without mention of strange characters who are different enough from the average, normal, human being to attract attention and comment. It's my impression that to children raised in homogeneous atmosphere of a town like Evanston or Kenilworth, a larger percentage of "other children" look strange or queer than they would to a boy raised in Huntington or the ordinary Indiana town. There a cross section represented a good many types of people.

Our odd characters, to qualify as such, were often those who were mentally defective and, unfortunately, were permitted to roam more or less at will. There seemed to be no effort to institutionalize these children but just to let them drift, subject to the jibes, and, in some cases, unkindness of those with whom they came in contact. The first such person that I can recall was a fellow named Johnny Morrison. He lived a short distance west of Roanoke and we saw him once coming toward us down the road when returning to our farm from a trip to that village. He was full grown yet young looking, tall, and strong. He wore a full virgin beard, red in color, and always carried a black snake whip coiled over his shoulder. While I was probably not over six years old this fellow made such an impression that I can still see him distinctly. My father stopped our team and spoke to Johnny, remarking on the fine whip that he was carrying. Johnny replied that he found it in the road and when he "first saw it he thought it was a dollar!" It always seemed to me

that there were too many of these characters who must have been of great concern and a problem to their families. Another was Billy Bash who also originated in Roanoke. This poor fellow was from a good and well known family. He was fat, cross-eyed, and untidy. He often came to Huntington to roam the streets and be subjected to the teasing of small, unthinking boys. He never failed to mention proudly his relationship of cousin to Sumner Bash, a leading citizen, fastidious bachelor and mentioned elsewhere as the director of the Methodist choir. Billy Bash finally became dependent on the county farm where he ended his days.

A boy named Flack, a near neighbor to us, was looked after solicitously and perfectly by two kind maiden sisters and an older, bachelor brother, Dave. He could only say, "Busth the biller busth." Ira Steinbaugh and "Screw" Lawrence, Huntington characters, were exploited to the extent of putting on a show at the opera house. Steinbaugh could do the "split" and other acts of a limber person. He was very conceited as shown in his walk and manner. Lawrence was just an obedient half-wit willing to put on ballet skirts and make an awkward attempt at a dance. Their act was funny but I could not enjoy it. Their backers did make some money for them which was probably not possible elsewhere in any other manner. Fortunately, there are more institutions now to take care of those who are not able to take care of themselves.

Another character of a slightly different type was an individual who called himself "The Immortal J. N." His name was J. N. Free. His self-styled mission was "to relieve the pressure" and "raise the veil." It was rumored that he had once been a successful lawyer but a mental upset after an important case left him incompetent but harmless. He was a tall, dignified, erect figure with long, gray hair, a gray mustache and goatee. A Prince Albert coat, flowing tie and black broad-brimmed hat seemed to attire him appropriately for his self-styled title. His territory was the eastern part of Indiana and western Ohio. Apparently he had little or no income and he scorned paying for anything as he thought the "Immortal" was entitled to these favors. He rode the trains often and probably got

by in a good many situations because he never stayed very long in one place. The attempt was often made to turn his requests down but he was a persistent and good salesman and it was not easy. His very weakness was his defense for these unusual requests. One episode characteristic of this man is recalled. He made one of his usual requests to the superintendent of the Erie Railroad at Huntington for a pass to Chicago. The superintendent, hoping to be rid of him, issued a formal looking pass "good to walk from Huntington to Chicago." "J. N." boarded the train and started walking up and down the aisle. The conductor looked at the so-called pass and said that it was not good for transportation. "J. N." protested and said that Mr. Reynolds had given him the pass "good to walk from Huntington to Chicago" and he was going to do it and did—on the train!

In the next category is quite a list of those who are normal mentally but who have affectations, characteristics, or shapes that make them stand out as different. Even their names seem to help. Bill Alschwede, a tall, strangely shaped, red-headed individual, with confident walk was a banjo player and barber. His personality seemed to fit the shop with its wall lined compartment that held the individual shaving mugs of leading citizens and the barber shop library where "*The Police Gazette*" was the most read publication. "Peg" Koontz with one cork leg, as his name indicates, was a noisy, vociferous cab driver. While he dressed normally for his job on week-days, he was accustomed to appear on the street early Sunday morning dressed for a full day in the height of fashion with well tailored "ice cream trousers," as light garments were then called. If large trouser legs were in style his were larger. With a cigar in his mouth, a cane sometimes, and topped by a silk hat he cut quite a figure. Maybe that is the only way a cab driver could satisfactorily exploit his ego of which "Peg" had plenty. His less colorful brother probably deserved his more humble title, suitable to the family level, of "Pin Worm." Peg's pants probably lifted him from this category.

Here is a character, Roscoe Purviance, who should not be overlooked. His call to fame fell in a rather ordinary category but he was well known to all Huntington residents. He happened to be my father's cousin. He owned a remarkable beard. To see him from day to day you might think, if you looked closely enough, that his beard, a very noticeable red, was thick and full. His upper lip was clean-shaven. The beard ended below his chin in a noticeable roll or bunch, due to the fact that it was restrained by a few well placed hairpins. To this extent it was handled, as I always understood, by his wife who was proud of this physical distinction which, in this respect at least, set him apart from other just ordinary husbands. Only on rare occasions was his beard released to public view. These were on holidays or when Roscoe might have had a drink or two. To see him coming down the street with his beard streaming behind him in the wind was an interesting event. Small boys were inclined to follow along to observe the unusual sight. Without a breeze and when he was still, the longest members of this remarkable beard extended well below his knees! I am not sure that the drink was taken to brace him for the appearance in public or whether the drink put him in the frame of mind to release his beard for public observation. Anyway, he strode along the street, eyes front, apparently unconscious of the public gaze, his hirsute phenomenon streaming behind like an undulating red pennant. I always wondered how he discovered he could grow this long item and can only guess at his astonishment upon finding out that, as far as beards go, he was in a class by himself.

The foregoing are just a few samples of the long list of really odd characters that were a part of any Hoosier country town.

LAKES

THE METHODIST CHOIR, of which, as stated before, some of our family were members for a good many years, decided to go on an outing. They made arrangements with a farmer who lived on the shore of Webster Lake, near North Webster, Indiana, to house and board the crowd and horses used for transportation. In making ar-

rangements for the animals we were assured by our prospective host that he had plenty of good "timpsy hay," his spelling for timothy as we guessed, and later learned to be true. A few relatives, of which I was one, were invited to go along. It was approximately a thirty-five mile trip by horsedrawn vehicles, the largest being a buckboard holding ten people and owned by a local liveryman. The trip which took about eight hours was made leisurely, passengers walking at times to relieve the horse on hills and stretches of sandy road. At that time the trip did not seem long or tedious. It is well we had no knowledge of automobile speed. Exhuberant spirits, possible luck in bringing down a squirrel or two along the way (someone in the party usually carried a light rifle) and simple episodes made the time pass pleasantly. We learned to know every detail of the road.

Quarters at the lake were found simple but comfortable. Much music, swimming, and fishing were the main entertainment. At that time there were only two buildings on the lake in addition to our farmer host's house. Good catches of fish were made and they were a large part of our diet. I worked hard at this myself and often started at four o'clock in the morning. The best catch that I recall was made one forenoon by Burl Cast and me of a string that, held at arm's length, just touched the ground. We had every variety of fish to be found in this lake, typical of the many in northern Indiana. There were blue gills, perch, catfish, bass, both black and rock, sun fish, and a large eel that put up a terrific fight. In spite of the fact that eel was supposed to be edible, our family had not tried it before and declared it not fit for our table after this initial trial. We took our fine catch to a spot where it was agreed to meet the whole party for a lunch of freshly cooked fish. We were quite the heroes with our large and varied string.

The Webster Lake outing was a very happy occasion for a group of congenial people. My father had always liked this lake which he had discovered while traveling as a salesman. A little later he bought a lot and built a cottage there. Ours was the third building on the lake. We spent many happy vacations there and looked upon it as headquarters for the family for that purpose for a good many

years. The cottage was sold about 1918, by which time we children had found it not possible to spend vacations there as before. This was sometime after four of us children were married and we and the "in-laws" had all been there together on several happy occasions. Major sports were fishing by day and music, in which close harmony prevailed, and visiting by night.

The Webster Lake cottage was not large, two rooms and screened balcony upstairs, furnished with plenty of beds, and a kitchen, living room and dining room combined, and a porch downstairs. The lake was best known for its fishing. There were only a few places where the shore was sandy and fit for bathing. Nevertheless, this lake is now built up practically around its whole shore line with cottages two or three deep. We confessed to a lost interest when we compared that condition with the day when we had the third cottage on the whole lake shore! My last vacation that I remember there was in 1916 when our son, Harry, was one year old.

The Methodist choir had another outing on the east shore of Lake Wawasee, this lake being about five miles north of Webster Lake. This is a larger lake with much better facilities in the way of shore line. The usual good time was enjoyed by a very congenial group: the choir, and a few selected friends and relatives. Visits to these lakes provide very pleasant memories.

While our Webster Lake cottage was, as earlier stated, very ordinary and nothing to boast about, our pride never seemed to interfere with enjoyment. All of our facilities for fun were modest but the capacity for enjoyment was never lacking. Perhaps that very lack of the ultimate in facilities preserves the ability to appreciate and enjoy what we have, no matter how simple. Our family life was on a very congenial basis. After the ages of twelve or thirteen were reached disputes were unknown although there were plenty before that time.

Family discipline did not seem to be difficult. My father was stern but kind and when he gave an order, we knew that he meant business. There was little thought of disobedience. Punishment could be rather frequent, especially for the eldest. The switch or

paddle was the approved method. I know in our own family the eldest took the brunt of the experiment in corporal punishment. When we got down to the fifth child, that type of discipline was infrequent if at all. I remember no instance. In my own case the occasions, I know, were frequent and probably deserved. The uncertainty of the duties of a mother harassed by heavy responsibilities of child-raising may account for some punishments. My offenses, or the punishments were too numerous to count. That I know. It's strange that I can recall only one instance, and it was probably deserved. Instead of proceeding to Sunday School to play the violin in the orchestra in the afternoon, I left the instrument in a drug store and went to a ball game. I arrived home late, confessed my sin, and spent an uncomfortable hour in the downstairs bedroom after taking my licking. I was at the age and stage where I wondered if I deserved this one and my thoughts were only semi-remorseful. I can recall no later similar episode, and my father and mother may have had thoughts in accord with mine. There is a lot of theory, advice and psychology on the subject of child-raising. After seeing two families raised, it's my observation that discipline is the important and necessary thing. Children are different. If the important result can be obtained by a look or a gesture, fine. If the paddle is necessary, I would use it.

An outside view of the Horace Weese family was expressed in "*The Nudge*," a periodical published by a local newspaper, in the issue of February 1939. Some excerpts follow, reprinted with such apologies as seem necessary and for what they are worth on the subject:

THE SECRET OF TRUE CULTURE
—THE ART OF GENTLE LIVING

(By HELEN THOMAS)

"About a quarter of a century ago the writer was privileged to live next door to a very happy home and a particular happy family, a fortunate circle never broken until Death began making his inroads a few years ago. We speak of the family of Horace G. Weese and his late wife, Harriet Amelia



Bull Creek
Jackson Township Farm



First Farm Home
Jackson Township
1876-1884



Charles Street Home
Family group on front porch



Charles Street Home



Children and in-laws
at parents
50th Wedding Anniversary
February 15, 1925
Etna Avenue Home



Last Huntington Home
Etna Avenue 1918-1941

(Favorite) Weese, near neighbors of ours in the old Etna Avenue-Charles street neighborhood where the writer was born and raised. Speaking of the Weeses a mutual friend said, not long ago, 'I never stepped into that home but what I was impressed by the wonderful obedience of the children (there were six of them) to the parents. They seemed not only willing but eager to brush aside play and playmates, to accomplish some duty or errand for their father and mother. This was, of course, a reflection of the perfect harmony that regulated the entire household.'

"This little talk brought back memories, and so, a short while later we decided to pay a call at the Weese residence, 343 Etna Avenue, where we had not visited for some time. We found the subject of our sketch, hale and hearty at eighty-five years of age, seated in a comfortable chair before the fire-place in his living room. As we were ushered in by his niece, Miss Amy Favorite,—who, since the death of Mrs. Weese, has served as housekeeper,—our host arose and placed a chair near the fire for us. Seated, we prepared to 'pull pictures of the past' from the glowing coals.

" 'How well we recall these rooms,' we remarked, glancing through the living room to dining room and kitchen beyond, where in years gone by, we had spent many pleasurable hours.

" 'It's a wonder,' ejaculated Mr. Weese, with a twinkle in his eye.

" 'Guilty!' we plead. 'We know we should have called more often, but you know how it is—busy, busy, busy!'

" 'Time waits for no man,' agreed our host, 'but I often think of the old days when there was plenty of "visitin'" done.

* * * * *

" 'In those times neighbors were often invited in for the evening or for dinner. Music and impromptu entertainment, for the "affairs", fell on Sumner Bash's shoulders, for he was a born entertainer. The day of being a "leisurely good neighbor" has passed but the "memory lingers on", especially among us of the older generation who continue to lament that "folks don't visit like they used to".'

" 'Tell more of those former years,' we begged, and our host complied.

“ ‘I was born December 14, 1853,’ Mr. Weese informed us, ‘to Peter and Elizabeth (Purviance) Weese, pioneers of Huntington county. I was named Horace Greeley in hopes I’d develop literary talent, but, to date, none has shown up.

“ ‘My mother was a sister of Mrs. John Kenower, Sr., mother of Mrs. C. E. Bash and Miss Clara I. Kenower; Joe Purviance, father of the late Mrs. Lucy (Purviance) Nimmons, Huntington, and Mrs. Laura Mayne, Roanoke; and Samuel Purviance, grandfather of Mrs. Paul M. Taylor, 326 South Jefferson street.

“ ‘Father’s people were Pennsylvania Dutch and he could not speak English when a boy. He came to Huntington county from Preble county, Ohio, and, at the time I was born, was farming land about three and one-half miles southwest of Huntington (now the Glenn Garretson farm). He was very active in agricultural circles of his day.

“ ‘A little sister, Elizabeth, died before I was born—then came four brothers, Henry, James, Joe and Roscoe. All are gone and I am the last of my family.

“ ‘Between planting-time and harvest I managed to secure rudimentary education at the Old Brown school, located one mile west of the Greenwood Church. I never got enough learning, and, often wished I had been financially able to have prepared myself for a medical career. Miss Mary Barker, whose niece, Mrs. Jacob Bruss, still lives on State Road No. 9, west of Huntington, was my first teacher.

* * * * *

“ ‘At the close of the Civil War a new school went up in our neighborhood—called Favorite’s School. As it was nearer my home I transferred from Brown’s. The new building stood at the corner of the Range Line and Andrews roads, in a community settled by numerous Favorite families. There were the George G. Favorites, parents of Mrs. W. F. Schacht, Chiropractor Alice Favorite, John, Herman, and Wallace Favorite, the two latter continuing to reside in the old neighborhood; the James Favorites, parents of Miss Amy Favorite, the late Ida (Favorite) Kellem, Mrs. Edith Eberhart, Huntington, and Mrs. Mary Weissenberg, Cincinnati; the George W. Favorites, parents of my wife, and, the Charles Favorite family.

* * * * *

“ ‘At Favorite’s too, I met “the girl I did not leave behind me”. Harriet Favorite and I were advanced students and often constituted the entire class in many subjects. That is how we met, fell in love and started our courtship which later ended in marriage.

“ ‘In 1865 my mother died. I took over household duties and at thirteen learned to cook and still know how.

“ ‘Father, took, as his second wife, Anzaletta Meredith, native of Defiance, Ohio, and a Huntington school teacher. Prior to marriage Anzaletta roomed with Mr. and Mrs. James Bratton of South Jefferson street, and, took a great fancy to their small daughter, Anna, (now Mrs. Charles Alleman). Both Father and his second wife died in 1907.

“ ‘At seventeen I left school and went to work on my father’s farm. At the age of twenty-one I was united in marriage with Harriet Favorite, February 15, 1875. Shortly before my wife’s passing, in 1935, we celebrated our sixtieth wedding anniversary.

“ ‘Our first housekeeping efforts were on the George G. Favorite farm—the house stood on the Range Line Road, on a hill overlooking the valley and the Wabash Railroad tracks. Today the site is occupied by another residence, that of George Regas and family. Here our eldest son, Harry, was born. The following year we purchased a small farm in Jackson township, northeast of Huntington, near Zion church on Bull Creek. We lived in this locale eight years and here our daughter, Lucy, and son, Joe, were born.

“ ‘About this time Peter Zent, grandfather of Herbert R. Zent, induced me to go into the farm implement business with him. Our store stood on Warren street about where Frank Kelsey Company is today. I moved my family to Huntington, later building the brick home on Charles street where we lived so many years. The house is now occupied by the S. E. Schacht family.

“ ‘A year later Zent and I sold our interests to James Ward, of Roanoke. I then started on the road, selling farm machinery for the J. F. Seiberling Company, Akron, Ohio, later famous for its Seiberling Tires. I travelled fifteen years. I felt I was not doing my wife and children justice, being absent so much from home, so, when the opportunity came I bought a half interest in the hardware business with Lewis

Bridge, father of Orlo Bridge and Mrs. Mary Blum. The store was located exactly where Bridge's Hardware Company is today. Six years later I sold my interests to Mr. Bridge and launched into the real estate and insurance business, continuing along that line to the present time.

"By the nineties three more newcomers had arrived in our home—Rosanna, Robert and Mildred. After graduating from Huntington High School, each of the children received further preparatory training,—Harry, Robert and Mildred graduating from Northwestern University, Evanston, and, Lucy and Joe attended DePauw and Northwestern respectively. Rosanna who sang considerably, received vocal culture in Fort Wayne and Chicago.

"When Mrs. Weese and I came to Huntington in 1884, we joined the First Methodist Episcopal Church, where I sang in the choir over forty years. My girls followed their dad's footsteps in this respect serving lesser periods of time. Choir leader, F. S. Bash, organizer of a popular local group of singers known as the Temple Quartet, induced me to join the "outfit" when Will Cast, first tenor, resigned. At that time the quartet was composed of myself, first tenor; Simeon Cast, second tenor; James Brown, first bass, and Mr. Bash, second bass. When Brown quit, Jacob Kinsey took his place for awhile, then, upon Kinsey's resignation, the late R. G. Mitchell filled the vacancy. A little later Sim Cast dropped out and Eldon Ware replaced him, thus composing the well-known foursome—Bash, Mitchell, Ware and Weese.

"I'll never forget an incident while on tour with the Temple Quartet. A group of local Methodists and their friends were accompanying us to Denver, Colorado, to attend an Epworth League National Convention, where the quartet was to appear on the program. Inasmuch as Mrs. Weese and I had never had a wedding trip we planned eagerly for the occasion, terming it our "belated honeymoon." Sometime prior, my father, Peter Weese, had been quite sick, but as time for departure arrived, seemed much improved and well on the road to recovery. We started the trip in high spirits and were given a grand send-off at the local station.

"Upon reaching Rochester the train stopped a few minutes, and Mr. Bash jumped off on the platform. Through an open window of the telegrapher's office he chanced to over-

hear fragments of a message being received. Knowing of my father's condition, he hurried to inform me that a telegram would be delivered at the next station saying "someone was gravely ill and one of the Huntington party would have to turn back." There seemed no other conclusion but that my father was worse. Mrs. Weese and I were heartsick—the trip would have to be cancelled. We gathered our belongings together and prepared to leave the train at the next stop. Arrived there, we were handed the telegram, which, much to our surprise, upon reading, was not for us at all, but was addressed to Mr. Bash who was ordered to "return home at once to an ailing wife and six children." Inasmuch as Mr. Bash was a bachelor, we rejoiced the message was "phony," and, happily resumed our way. We never knew, but, surmised "authorship" of the telegram rested with Dispatcher Clarence Smith and Frank Myers, father of Mrs. Irene Kauffman.

" 'In 1918 I started building my present home on Etna Avenue, between the old Henry Drover, Sr., property and your Grandfather Watkins' lot. I remember your grandfather jokingly telling Fred Bowers it was "hard enough living beside him without having Horace Weese on the other side." The year I started building, the World War was on, and, materials were sky high, so, after completing the excavation work, I decided to postpone further erection until the following year, hoping by then prices would go down. The big hole in the ground worried your grandfather and he said to me, "Horace, you know it's France where they're digging trenches—not Indiana." When I resumed construction, in 1919, I found, to my utter amazement, things were higher than ever, and, I was forced to put a thousand dollars more into the project than would have been necessary in '18.

" 'All my children have married and settled in or near Chicago. Harry married Marjorie Mohr, a Chicago girl, and now lives in Kenilworth, Illinois. He is an official of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, and has five children, Harry, Jr., Jane, John, Sue, and Benny.

" 'Joe married Katherine Holcomb, also of Chicago. Their only child, Alice now Mrs. M. S. Nirider, Evanston, has one son, Jackie. Joe passed away at his home in Evanston last November.

“ ‘Lucy married Herman Klein, former Huntington man and Erie railroad official. Lucy died in 1932. Mr. Klein, now retired, lives in Highland Park, Illinois.

“ ‘Rosanna married William Hall, who died in 1934. Their children are William, Jr., Harriet and Joe. The Hall home is in Evanston.

“ ‘Robert married Kay Sed, a Kenosha, Wisconsin girl. He is a civil engineer for the Northwestern Railroad at Kenosha.

“ ‘Mildred married Herbert L. Harker, of Chicago, and now lives in Evanston. Their children are Herbert, Jr., Robert, John, Tommy and Fred.’

“ ‘What are your hobbies?’ we inquired.

“ ‘Fishing is my main weakness,’ Mr. Weese confessed, ‘though I like hunting almost as well. For many years Mrs. Weese and I spent a part of every summer at our cottage at Webster Lake, on Yellowbanks, two doors west of the hotel. Later years found us at our son, Harry’s, summer home on Glen Lake, Michigan, twenty-five miles west of Traverse City. The last few years I have gone to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, during the colder months, and, am planning such a trip, at the present time. Undoubtedly, by the time you go to press I will be enjoying the southland’s balmy breezes.’

“We ‘spotted’ an unusual picture on the Weese dining room wall. Closer inspection disclosed the ‘picture’ to be a big ‘musky’ all nicely shellacked and encased in glass and frame, with spoon hook still in its mouth. Our host informed us the catch was made in the summer of 1923 at Little St. Germaine Lake, twelve miles west of Eagle River Wisconsin.

“Bidding our host adieu we realized here was another of those rapidly vanishing Americans—the Gentlemen of the Old School. In taking leave we remembered a characterization given of the Weese family years ago. You don’t often find such folks as the Weeses—they’re true blue! Certainly they possessed, and still do, the secret of true culture—the art of gentle living.”

COLLEGE

WHEN I GRADUATED from high school in “class two of ’93”, I had no very definite idea of what was going to happen to me. There

were ten of us in the class, seven boys and three girls. Three of the boys were going to the state university at Bloomington; as earlier stated one informed me that he was going to take the civil service examination for a railway mail clerk position; another, Norval Bowman, one of the brightest in the class, said that he was going to get a job as motorman on an interurban railroad running thru the town. I arranged to take the civil service examination for Railway Mail Clerk and the examination for a teacher's license. Although I passed both I had little hope of obtaining employment. In the meantime my father had told me that he was going to try to send me to DePauw, an Indiana Methodist University, in the fall. This was good news, but I knew that this would not be easy as our family was large and the family income quite modest. My father was still traveling and selling agricultural implements. Moreover, this carried no implied promise that I could finish college. I realized that I would need to do something on my own and help myself if possible. I entered DePauw in the fall of 1893. My clothes situation was not too good so I decided to stay away from things social and major on studies as far as I was able. Some of my clothes were made over from those of an affluent neighbor. One memorable coat, a sort of "cutaway," had long tails! I am guessing it was a style all its own for a young man of my age. I joined a fraternity, Phi Delta Theta, when I learned that the cost would not exceed fifteen dollars, quite a contrast with now. Shortly after my arrival I met a young man, Harry Piper, on the street. He was from near my home in the northern part of the state. We agreed to room together and found ourselves a modest room in one of what was known as the DePauw Houses. This was an ordinary place with no modern conveniences. There were no dormitories for men. Our room was heated by a stove with soft coal for fuel. There was no bath nor running water. A wash bowl and pitcher provided means for our ablutions. In winter the water froze in the pitcher and it was necessary to remove the ice before washing in the morning. This was not too pleasant nor was getting clean too easy. I confess I don't know how closely we could have stood inspection

in those days. My course kept me busy, especially Latin, which I was required to take, not having had enough in high school and in which I always felt a little lame due to a poor start. DePauw had a good music school in which I arranged to take violin lessons from a Miss Marquis, who had studied abroad, and whose father owned a local music store. I also played in their symphony orchestra. Outside activities consisted of playing a little football, a game new to me, on the "second eleven," the group that appeared to serve as opposition to the team in its training program. It was a heterogeneous bunch of volunteers in any kind of suits, willing, but not necessarily able. However, the rudiments of football were learned.

In the spring I appeared when they had a "try out" for candidates to send to the state track meet. There was no preliminary training program and no coaching. It happened that I took second in the hundred yard and the two hundred twenty yard dashes and for that reason was sent to the state field meet for Indiana colleges at Indianapolis. We had a little practice before the meet but no expert advice or training which we badly needed. The best that I could do was take second in my heat in the one hundred yard dash but I won no points for "old DePauw" in the finals. In local contests at home in Huntington I had been able to win in all short dashes.

In order to keep down expenses I worked whenever I could: on occasions for a caterer, waiting table, and at odd jobs. Board costs ranged from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per week. \$3.50 per week was a good figure for first class meals. Several of us formed a little co-operative. We bought the provisions ourselves and employed a woman to cook for us in her own home. We were able to keep our costs down to the low figure of \$1.40 to \$1.75 per week per person! This was a great help to those of us operating on minimum budgets. I was interested to meet at the 50th anniversary of our class in June 1947 the Rev. F. O. Fraley, retired, who, five or six years my senior, was one of the members of our co-operative. When the year had closed I found from my account book that my father had given me \$218.00 and that I had taken care of the rest of the expense myself. That is the last cash that he ever gave to me

although I had "board and room" at home for a good many later periods. Even while working on a salary later in the railway mail service he would not let me pay any board or room, having in mind, no doubt, that I was then saving money to finish my school program.

On account of my interest in music I tried out for the DePauw Glee Club and sang with it locally. A trip was arranged through the northern part of the state. The number to be taken along was limited and when the group was selected the line drawn was just above my name. I don't know whether it was because my name was well down in the alphabet, whether my clothes were not too good, my musical contribution was not what it should be, or whether I had not cultivated our director properly. It might well have been the last for I was not too great an admirer of him. His name was Walter Howe Jones and had a considerable reputation as a piano player. He was tall, angular, slightly stooped and had a good head of hair which, without any chance of disguise or shame, he curled on top so that it projected with effeminate aspects well over his forehead. At the back it was combed straight down so that it was as regular as a wig. He was the subject of a good many jokes yet maintained a good reputation as a musician. I was much disappointed to be slated to miss this trip but did not have any reason to express myself. Nevertheless, I had a good friend, it developed, in a young man, George Lockwood, whose father owned a newspaper at Peru, Indiana. George seemed to think that I was necessary to the club, at least he made me think so, and said that I should not be left behind. He offered to try to get a railroad pass for himself through his father's paper and then make his place available to me for the trip. This he did and I was able to be with the club on this concert tour and enjoyed it very much. George Lockwood later, I am told, was secretary to a congressman from his district and then a newspaper editor at Muncie, Indiana in later years.

When I returned home from DePauw in the spring I learned that going back in the fall was doubtful. Conditions with my

father were not too good. '93 and '94 were bad economic years. The family was large and expenses were mounting. However, I kept alive the thought that I had started a college course and meant to finish if possible; unfortunately, perhaps, I had no definite thought as to what I would do thereafter and whether I would study a profession. Time did not seem too important to me. My father had wanted to be a doctor and still talked about it and that may have given me the thought that medicine might be an appropriate field for me. I seemed to realize that the field for a young man in Huntington was limited to store clerking or some modest way of making a living and which seemed to satisfy most everyone. I held the thought that I would like to do something above the average and felt that more education might make life more interesting and worth while. There were few examples or patterns to guide a young man in those days. Only three or four men in town up to the time of our graduating class in 1893 and the school teaching staff had ever attended college. None of the local boys had graduated. They were the sons of our more affluent citizens. A brief taste of college life seemed to be all they wanted, needed, or were permitted to enjoy. Our town in those days had no industry except the Erie Railroad and its shops, the lime kilns, where only manual labor was needed, a saw mill, and a wood working plant or two. None of these seemed to make enough appeal to me to give up the college idea and go to work. As we were a closely knit and home loving family I had no thought of going elsewhere without purpose. I made up my mind to work, save my money, and try to finish college. There seemed to be no steady occupation so I did whatever I could find to do, a common practice in those days. My mail service examination gave me temporary employment weighing mail on the Erie Railroad for a few weeks. This is a means of determining compensation to be paid the railroads by the government for carrying the mail. During the harvest I worked for various farmers. My friend, Emmet King, and I took a contract from my father to cut fifteen cords of wood in one week from the woods on our farm. We learned that this was quite an

undertaking, to start with sawing down the trees, then cutting them up into four foot cord wood lengths and splitting the wood. We were handicapped by being pretty soft and from keeping late hours in town, usually in evening card games with some of our girl friends, and, finally, by an early rising before making the five mile drive by horse and buggy to the farm. We had our lunch with my grandparents who were living on the farm at the time and there is no doubt, as woodchoppers, we disposed of plenty of food. By the time Friday evening came (I had another job in a grocery on Saturday) through late hours and weariness we were reduced, I recall, almost to a point of hysteria. Every small episode seemed very funny. Our production had reached a low point. Nevertheless, we had cut nine cords instead of the budgeted fifteen. My father seemed satisfied and paid us, probably knowing the fifteen cords in a week was quite a quota for a couple of inexperienced woodsmen, soft after a year in college. When fall came I was somewhat depressed to see others returning to college and not even to have a steady, well paying job myself. A grocery store on Saturdays and whatever I could find to do were still my means of making a few dollars which I tried hard to save. Even a nickel or dime seemed a worth-while sum under these circumstances, and I suspect that this training made me conscious of these small sums so that I never lost track of their value. It may be rated good or bad training, depending on circumstances. It was during this fall that some time was spent in football activities.

When things were looking a bit dark to me I happened to learn of a job in Chicago. Mrs. Weaver, a neighboring school teacher, had a relative, a Mr. Butler, in Chicago who was the head hog buyer for Swift and Company. She had a nephew who was not working (mentioned before as the favored son of one of our affluent neighbors) who had leisure and she tried to get him a job with this company. She received favorable reply but the boy did not want the job. I learned of this and so she wrote at my request to see if they would take me instead. I got the job at \$50 per month. This was pretty small pay I knew, especially after paying board and room

in the city, but I was tired of the irregularity of my income. Mrs. Weaver wrote other relatives, the Darnells, who met me in Chicago and kindly offered me room and board in their home.

Mr. Darnell and one daughter worked for Swift and Co. at the stockyards. The Darnells were related by marriage to the Swift family. Mr. L. F. Swift, one of the sons of the head of the business, had married Mr. Butler's daughter. I met this Mr. Swift on one occasion when we were walking through the yards together. He questioned me quite at length and I was impressed by his cordiality. I also met him and his wife when one of the Darnell girls was married. Later, I was interested in making the acquaintance of Mr. Harold Swift, a younger brother, who became President and Chairman of the Board of Swift & Co. and a director of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank.

The Darnell home was a good many miles from the stockyards. I arose at 4:30 a.m. in order to have breakfast and get to the yards by 6:30 when my first duties began, which were to make the rounds of the several railroads and find the estimated number of carloads of hogs expected for the day. From this information the head buyers' office would determine the approximate market for the day and how many carloads they might buy. Buying started early and was usually over by noon, or shortly thereafter, for the top buyers. For the underlings, of whom I was certainly one, it was quite another story. Some purchases needed to be sorted for weights. This was done by driving hogs, single file, past a gate where an operator with an assistant closed or opened it as he selected the hogs desired for the pen. After this and other preliminaries, the hogs must be driven from respective pens over elevated runways to the packing house. There were gates at intervals to be closed if the stubborn animals should turn and start back, as they would if those in the lead took a notion. It was then necessary to turn the herd again toward the packing house. This was accomplished by shouts and use of a long, blacksnake whip which made plenty of noise when expertly wielded, took the hair off the hogs at the rear where it struck, and speeded them up so that they

contributed to the general mass movement of their fellows toward the final objective. This was all accompanied by a terrific din of squealing and protesting grunting of the hogs. Each driver would handle several hundred. There was often much delay due to junctions and cross runways where other companies with their animals would interfere by cutting us off by closing gates. It was not unusual on days of heavy runs to be held up in the cold and wind on these runways for long periods. There was nothing to do but wait patiently until the protesting, porcine mass could be put in motion again. As we approached the packing house, the job of driving became a little more important. The runway went up an incline to a higher level. There was a gate, as usual, at the bottom of the incline, but if the hogs should be turned back at this point and could not be quickly started again, they would rush back and pile up on one another. I saw this situation a few times so bad that the animals would start falling over the gates, two of which are hooked together in the center of the runway. It was then necessary to climb over and through the squealing, struggling mass, regardless of risk, to unhook the gates and thus reduce, as far as possible, the injury and loss of animals that rolled back through the opened gates. This all required considerable agility, leaping from hog to hog to reach the gate in this critical situation. A driver and cart brought up the rear to pick up cripples and those too exhausted to walk. There were usually several after such a "pile up."

In the few winter months, which is the busy season, while I was at the yards I usually arrived at home anywhere from 7:30 to 9 o'clock p.m.—a long day when I remembered my 4:30 rising. I can think of nothing less pleasant than waiting on these runways after dark, with weather near zero and a strong wind blowing, for the mass of prospective food to be on its way. I became adept with the long whip and felt that I was a competent driver, although I took no great satisfaction in this accomplishment.

To anyone who has been near the stockyards, the odor makes a decidedly unfavorable impression. It is at its zenith when one is in its center as we were. The runways and pens have board floors,

but the filth of the place where men must travel can only be imagined when the number of animals passing through the yards daily is considered. The floors of the scale houses where purchases are weighed are manure packed for a depth of two or three inches.

To all this the many employees, usually in leather boots and who travel these courses, are entirely oblivious. Lunch boxes are stored on shelves in the scale houses. I could not eat my lunch the first day, but thereafter, being quickly acclimated, had no trouble.

The personnel of the stock yards' buyers for these large companies is above the average. Some college graduates start here "at the bottom." The pay is good, the hours not too long, in spite of the early start in the morning. It illustrates well the willingness of men to accept any kind of occupation, regardless of surroundings, where pay is rated satisfactory and where they can "make a living."

There were no serious consequences from my stockyard experience although my heels had been frozen and they bothered me for a number of years thereafter.

The stockyards job I looked upon as temporary for I assumed that I could return to DePauw in the fall. Consequently when my father wrote me that a Mr. S. A. Karn, a Fort Wayne music dealer, from whom we had bought our Chickering piano, was to start a store in Huntington and asked if I would like to work for him, it found me in a receptive mood. Moreover I knew that when the busy winter season was over at the stockyards some of us would be laid off. I, being new, suspected that I might be one of them. I talked to Mr. Butler and he confirmed this. Accordingly, I left Chicago in April 1895 to take up my duties in the new music store. My job was to keep the store in order, keep the piano stock polished, and be on the lookout for prospective purchasers. Mr. Karn promised to come to Huntington from time to time, or whenever a live prospect appeared. My pay was small, about the same that I had been getting in Chicago, but I lived at home and paid no board and was able to add a little each month to my modest savings. While in this store the acquaintance of a good many interesting characters was made. Among them was Percy Deighton. He

was the son of an English preacher who had come to town from a not too certain source to fill the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church. The family was large, five or six girls and the son, Percy. Family members, odd in appearance and character, could stand a long description. Percy was at least 6 feet 2 inches in height—had protruding eyes, and affected eccentricities which probably worried his family. He came into the store to have access to a piano. The family owned an organ at home. He played the piano, much as “Blind Tom” or other freak musicians did, by instinct. His hands were large and well formed. He ran over the keys without regard to octaves or other limits. He ran up and down the piano in any key; arpeggios, complicated chords, or wherever his instincts took him. He seemed to be able to bring out every conceivable type of chord that the piano could offer. He frankly said that he did not know how he did it. He made progress, of course, with access to these instruments. Before long he got at the pipe organ in the Methodist Church. If he had no key to the church he would get in through a window. He never worked at any job to my knowledge. His course was determined, it seems, by an organist of repute who gave a concert in Huntington. This man was reported to take some sort of dope. Deighton added that to his list of accomplishments. He later moved around the country as an itinerant without direction. Churches engaged him for concerts as soon as they heard him play. He appeared once at Bloomington, home of the State University, where Huntington students put him in touch with a local church. He played for the morning service and was invited back for the evening. The evening crowds extended across the streets. These loose appearances, which probably crowded out church routine, and the reception he received, seemed to be all that he required to gratify his ego and keep him going. Money was of secondary concern. We brought him to Evanston once while I was at Northwestern to play for an informal fraternity dance. He had to be coddled a bit by offers of a drink, but he was the usual sensation. He received publicity from time to time over the country, some unfavorable. The last public notice about him was an article in the

Chicago papers in 1946 reporting the "death of Professor Deighton, well known pianist and organist," in some spot on West Madison street. There is no doubt in my mind, if this fellow had had a well-balanced mind with normal instincts and purposes, he could have been a notable musician. Although he had never read a note he had uncanny talent and everything that it took except common sense. As his place of death, "Skid Row," fittingly indicates, he elected to be satisfied with being a talented, musical tramp.

THE LIME CITY GIANTS

THE FALL OF 1894 came and found several of us who had been in college for the first year unable to return. It was a period of poor business conditions and those with limited means were worse off than usual. The game of football seemed to be in the air and idleness was bothering us. Three of us who had had brief experience the year before with this comparatively new game formed the nucleus of a movement to organize a team. We had heard that Fort Wayne YMCA had a team, also Wabash and Logansport. A few of us started to practice and soon learned that there were plenty of volunteers around who were interested in the game. Some were in the gentlemanly class while others were rather rough individuals to whom the game appealed on account of its ruggedness. The latter excelled in the muscle rather than the mental side. From the rather large following that appeared on the commons where we practiced we were able to select a capable group of prospects for the team. For the center there was picked a very husky individual, Fred Bippus, mentioned before, who had been at Princeton for a time and knew something of the game. His father was a leading citizen and owned the local electric light plant, and was a director of the Erie railroad. He would rate as a capitalist. The son, Fred, weighed well over two hundred pounds, was tall and very well built. He was an excellent drop kicker and as far as I can recall was unfailing in putting the ball between the goal posts. Another, selected as halfback material, was "Mac" McEdwards, a minor official of the Erie Railroad. He was heavy, well built, and very

fast, and was picked largely for the last reason. Both of these men were married, had young families, and stood well socially. Somewhat in contrast were two brothers, Oren and Almond Koontz, employed as machinists in the shops of the Erie Railroad. These boys were well known for their strength and fine athletic figures. They took to the new game like ducks to water. The younger one, who was particularly fast and husky, scorned the padded jerseys the rest of us wore and played in a sleeveless undershirt. The field was not always clear of flinty stones and it was not uncommon to see his arms cut and bleeding as the game progressed. In a game against Fort Wayne he was hurt and could not raise his arm. He refused to leave the game and there was no one with authority to put him out. The doctor's examination, after the game, indicated a broken shoulder. It is my opinion that this man would have been an outstanding star on any college team. In the same game, Thanksgiving Day, 1894, I had my right wrist discolated and, of course, was taken out. This is the only time in several seasons of play that I can recall having been removed for an injury.

Another volunteer player was a big, raw boned individual, Bob Smith, driver of a local express wagon. Also Charley Bucher, cab driver, with proper physique and strength. He was a good man at tackle. A few high school boys played occasionally as substitutes. One, "Rudy" Sigmund, played regularly and gained fame afterward as a guard at the University of Michigan. Other names were Will Rhine and Andy Kindler, guard and tackle, and John Branyan, guard, lawyer and ex-Wabash college player. Of the few college men on the team, Emmet ("Fat") King was the outstanding player. He grew up on a farm near Plum Tree, a village southeast of Huntington. His father moved the family to town so that his two sons, Emmet and Otto, could attend high school. Both were members of my class. Otto studied dentistry, practiced in Huntington, was instrumental in organizing the American Dental Association and was its national Secretary for some years before his retirement. Emmet went to the University of Indiana and gained fame as a good student as well as a football player, playing guard or center.

He weighed 285 pounds and was about 5 feet 8½ inches tall. While he was known as "Fat" King, he was not fat but really all muscle and power. So hard that it was not possible to pinch him. He later returned to the University of Indiana to graduate and was captain of the team. He went to Harvard to study law and was a sensation at football immediately. After a couple of games, it was learned that he had played four years in the West, which made him ineligible at Harvard. He coached for a season at the University of Maine and ended his football career in a sort of anti-climax by playing a few games with the Huntington team, as did I and others until 1899.

The other two college men who started the sport at Huntington in 1894 were Claude Hamilton, son of the former school superintendent, and myself. Both were comparatively light, weighing about 150 pounds. All others on the squad weighed in excess of 185. Hamilton's and my jobs were in the backfield, and for me, later, at end.

It will be observed from a glance at the description of the personnel, that this was not a social organization, but a cosmopolitan group selected for the job of playing football. A volunteer manager appeared in the person of Heber Harter, a young man with business instincts. He happened to be a "second cousin" of mine, his mother and my father being cousins. He took over just after our first game which we won against the Marion High School. Our team drove by horse-drawn bus the twenty-five miles to Marion. I recall being quite stiff and bruised after a tedious ride when I got off the bus about one block from home about one o'clock at night. Marion papers gave me, halfback in that game, credit for "excellent running" plus stating that I was threatened with eviction from the game for "fouling." I must confess that I did not know what an authentic foul was and doubt if the referee at the game did either. I met one man in that game with whom I have been in touch ever since. He was Edwin Lennox, the son of a Marion doctor. He went to Purdue, graduated, and was a member of Phi Delta Theta. For a number of years he was editor of the Sears Roebuck

catalogue. Later he went to the American Colortype Company, of which he has now been president for a good many years.

Our football suits at the start were a hodge-podge of old football pants from here and there and hips and knees padded by our mothers or wives, and sweaters in which padding was sewn at the elbows and shoulder. All this work was done under protest as the mothers and wives were not too much in sympathy with this rough game. Games were booked with nearby teams and a coach, named Brewer, former tackle at Indiana University, was employed to instruct our team which elected to be known as the Lime City Giants after Huntington's oldest and best known industry. Steps were taken to improve the suit situation. Some of the players procured shin guards, seemingly necessary in those days on account of the close formations employed and danger from flying heels. No headguards or hip pads were worn or considered necessary. Long hair, for protective purposes, was in order. The first home game created tremendous interest and the town was almost immediately football crazy. The vigor of the game seemed to put the players in the hero class. Old feuds between sections of the town disappeared and potential enemies in the east end vanished. All elements became friendly and common rooters for the football team. In our town the introduction of football proved to be a decidedly democratic movement. At games it was difficult to keep the spectators off the field in their eagerness to be of use to their team. They milled up and down the sidelines and were only restrained or chased away by a few appointees who had no real authority. The officials also took a part in trying to keep the excited crowd off the playing field. These partisans were inclined to be belligerent and since the game was one of force and clashes these spectators seemed to catch the spirit and in their excitement were almost too willing to step into the fray. Restraint of these enthusiasts was most difficult for the officials.

On one occasion Logansport was being defeated by the Huntington team at the latter's fair grounds which provided suitable enclosure and made collection of a modest admission fee possible.

A dispute arose over a referee's decision and to our astonishment the Logansport manager took his team from the field. As they withdrew a crowd of small boys, which grew into quite a multitude, followed the visiting team, jeering and throwing stones or whatever was handy. Our team regretted this outcome very much but could not persuade the Logansport manager to relent. He, however, begged later for a return engagement, but we were wary and refused. Not until two years later, after several cordial and friendly invitations, did a Huntington team, made up of several remnants of the original team, agree to play at Logansport. A glance at the Logansport players before the game soon informed us of what we might expect. There were several famous names on the team who had starred at Purdue, always a strong ball club, or elsewhere on well known college teams. Nonetheless, we had a pretty good team ourselves and very early in the game made the first touchdown. On an unbelievable pretext it was "disallowed" by the Logansport picked official. It immediately became apparent that this was a game of revenge and that we could not win, that the good players and officials were hired for a purpose. The crowd, too, seemed to be informed, for it was belligerent, and when we were gaining it threatened to come on the field and take a hand. A gain upon our part drew threats from a sideline gang of bullies or "pickets" seemingly employed for some emergency. The game was finished and we were satisfied to lose by a small score which I have forgotten. While we were badly treated on the field, there was a planned effort to treat us well after the game. Logansport had had its revenge and we had learned a lesson. This game was in sharp contrast to the well ordered and businesslike conduct of the games played today. Following close on the initial efforts of the Lime City Giants to pioneer football in Huntington, high school football appeared. Huntington High School was strong in that field and won at least one state championship late in the "gay Nineties." My brother Joe happened to play end on that team. The original Lime City Giants never lost a game and their fame as successful, if crude, pioneers of the great sport lives on in Northern Indiana.

THE RETURN TO DE PAUW

IN THE FALL OF 1895 I returned to DePauw hoping to finish in the next three years without interruption. To do this I knew that I would need to conserve my small savings and add income by such work as I could find to do. The prospect did not seem at all discouraging. I had good fortune immediately in that I found a job firing a furnace for my room in a home adjoining the campus. I recall my chagrin at oversleeping on the first morning and finding my landlady at the furnace when I got there. I can imagine that her faith in me was very low at that moment. However, that was the last offense of that nature. My one window room next to the roof was modest but comfortable. To be sure of some exercise, there being no gymnasium classes, I went out to practice with the football team and worked with the second eleven. It was with no thought or prospect of making the team, assuming that I was too light. Candidates of 145 to 150 pounds in which class I was had little chance of being chosen for the first squad. In scrimmage one day I hurt my foot and needed to rest for a few days. During this time I made up my mind that in spite of needed exercise it was rather foolish to risk injury and continue to act as resistance and practice material for the first eleven. When word that I had quit reached the coach (a man named Wade from St. Louis, on leave of absence from the Yale law school) he came to my room to see me. He flattered me by saying that if I would continue he thought that I could "make the team." This was something that I had never anticipated and it was all a complete surprise to me. It's my guess that he had something definite in mind. I had always played at quarter or half back where my chief talents, ability to run and tackle, were useful in spite of my lack of weight. When I returned to practice he started working me at left end. In the next game with Butler university at Indianapolis I played that position. The game, which we won, was played on a gloomy day in a sea of mud and water on the field of the Indianapolis baseball team. I recall that after the game there was only one player who had a white spot left on his face. Football in those days was not observed

from a grandstand. The spectators, possibly several hundred instead of thousands as now, congregated immediately along the sidelines. On some occasions they might be restrained by ropes, more often only by the chain or rope in the hands of the linesmen. Players were subjected to jeers or coaching at close range.

There were some very good players on our team but the one who stood out from the rest and became famous was Benjamin Franklin Roller, a tackle. He was a farmer boy from near Newman, Illinois. He was the youngest of several brothers all over six feet and of athletic build. When he appeared at De Pauw he attracted attention immediately. He was well over six feet in height; his complexion was dark, his hair black and he had Indian like features. He carried his head and chest high and his posture and carriage were seemingly perfect. He dressed very poorly as if his clothes were home made. He wore strange shoes with the tops apparently sewed down to the soles. He was probably the best specimen of physical manhood, despite his crude garments that I had ever seen. Later he became one of the best dressed men in college. His family, although farmers, had ample means and sent several boys through college. All were good students. Three of them became members of Phi Delta Theta. B. F. studied medicine later and two brothers followed the teaching profession.

It wasn't long until the coach tried to use B. F. on the football team. Before he had time to learn the game at all, but material being scarce, he was put in the line, maybe just to see what would happen. I can recall his bowling over all opposition and coming out behind the opponent's line, then looking around for what to do next. He soon became the outstanding man on the team and became famous in the midwest as a football player. He went east to Pennsylvania, studied medicine and played on the team of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club. He finally moved to Seattle where he practiced medicine very successfully as a surgeon. He was also a physical director in the Seattle Athletic Club and continued his interest along those lines. On the spur of the moment, when a wrestling match was booked at the club and one contestant did



top Mead (Manager) Davis F. Roller E. Roller
 Wade (Coach) Robinson
middle Ewing Haines Hall Sandy Shireman Darby
 seated Ruick Pulse Weese

DE PAUW 1895

not appear, Roller went on and threw Ben Carceek, the then Canadian champion. This probably was unfortunate. He had been a good wrestler as a farm boy in Illinois and retained interest in the sport but had no continuing practice. His victory over Carceek prompted his Seattle rooters to induce him to turn professional, which he did, abandoning a fine medical practice. Wrestling was popular then and the purses were high. He afterwards told me that he figured with a few years of successful wrestling he could retire and do as he pleased. He was successful with all comers up to the time that he met Frank Gotch, the Iowan, who was the then champion. There was the usual build-up but when he finally met Gotch he was defeated. No doubt his Seattle fans lost plenty of money and Roller's wrestling stock declined badly. This defeat occurred when he was somewhere in the thirties, a little old for this strenuous sport. Nevertheless he continued for a time, I suspect partly because he liked the limelight, and long enough to prove that outside of Gotch he could handle all comers. He went to New York and operated for a time an athletic training center and farm and practiced medicine in a limited way. He had accumulated several hundred thousand dollars and about 1932 came to see me in Chicago after writing that he had decided to leave New York. His reason for leaving was that he knew too many people and that he wanted to get away from old patients and, I presume, the gang that follows athletes, and be left entirely alone. Chicago seemed to be the logical spot. I found him crippled with arthritis but otherwise quite unchanged. He returned to New York to clean up some business details, took sick and died there. His wife remained in Chicago for a time, as he had planned, then moved to Indiana. Dr. Roller was a colorful and unusual character. It's my guess that he was somewhat overbalanced and suffered from excess masculinity. While he had a fine mind, he failed in my opinion, to bring his life into proper balance and to get the most out of it.

The last football game of the '95 season at De Pauw was played on Thanksgiving Day in Louisville, Kentucky against the Athletic Club of that city, an aggregation of former college players, some

with big reputations. They were too much for us by a score of 12 to 10. There was a dance at the Club in the evening where we were invited and very cordially treated to the much advertised brand of southern hospitality. We were also introduced to the "break in" system of dancing. I was taken on the floor to be introduced to an outstanding young lady, according to my host. As I started to dance she left me immediately for a partner who came along, I assumed her fiance who, in the south, might have priority on all occasions. My sponsor stepped out promptly and explained their system to me and advised me to do likewise. I soon learned that the more "break ins" a young lady has the happier she should be as that is the measure of her popularity. Eugene Shireman, another member of the team, achieved considerable fame in later years. He converted the swampy family farm with a few ponds on it, near Martinsville, Indiana, into a goldfish raising activity. It was a profitable venture and he has been called "the Goldfish King" with his products sold throughout the country.

A few days after returning to Greencastle from Louisville I received a letter from Washington informing me of my appointment to the Railway Mail Service as a clerk assigned to the Toledo and St. Louis Railway Post Office. I assumed that this meant immediate employment. The salary was to be \$1000 per annum which was a very good figure in those days. I made a quick calculation and figured that if I took this job and saved my money I could finish college without the struggle that I had in prospect. I did not seem to be worrying, as perhaps I should have been, about the time element involved. I decided to quit college and take the mail service job. Soon I learned that I was on a substitute list and had only occasional work which included several weeks of weighing mail and short periods substituting on several R.P.O.'s. My first substitute assignment was on the Momence (Ill.) and Brazil (Ind.) R.P.O. while the regular clerk was on a vacation. This was a very active "one man run" and gave me plenty of trouble on the first trip. The run, as the name indicates, was from Momence to Brazil on a line since abandoned. Upon arriving at Brazil I was pretty well buried

in mail. In fact, I had to remain in the car when it was backed up into the yards some distance from town in a place surrounded by coal mines. An important job at the end of a run was to deliver, in person, registered mail to the Post Office. I can recall walking through dark railroad yards and past coal chutes on my way and fearing that I might be held up or that the office might be closed. However, clerks were waiting for me, apparently aware of the fact that I had been unable to leave the car at the station. After this first trip I had little trouble and when the man for whom I worked while he was on leave returned I felt quite competent as a postal clerk. In the fall of 1896 I received a regular appointment to the Toledo and St. Louis Railway Post Office. The line connected those two cities using the main line of the Wabash railroad which ran through Huntington. There were various "runs," so called, the local runs with one or two men, and the heavier runs on through trains at night with four to eight clerks and with one or more cars. The service was very well organized under a chief clerk stationed at Toledo. Each crew was also under a clerk-in-charge who was a civil service employee. The chief clerk, although experienced, was a Democrat or Republican depending on the party in power. He was a holdover from the time before civil service. When administrations changed all clerks were dismissed and republicans or democrats hired, depending on the new party in power—what chaos!

My first run was as a "helper" between La Fayette and East St. Louis, Illinois. At these points I and other clerks boarded the mail cars and helped the regular crews between these stations. While waiting for my regular appointment I had studied post offices in Indiana and had passed an examination for that state. This means learning the name of the R.P.O. which serves every P.O. in the state. At the examination in the chief clerk's office cards containing the name of the Post Office and a key, or mark for the examiner's benefit on the back, were furnished to be sorted into a case labeled with the names of the various R.P.O.'s serving these Post offices. To make more than a few mistakes, say two or three, was considered

quite disgraceful for good clerks. It's my recollection that there were some 2400 post offices in the ninety counties in Indiana. While in transit letters are sorted into labeled cases and tied in packages for the labeled pouches. The latter are locked and discharged directly to cities or to connecting R.P.O.'s *en route* or at the end of the line. Before starting his run the clerk has prepared labels, usually government printed, for the mail for which he is responsible. These labels are tied on the faces of the packaged letters and folded and inserted in metal slots on the mail pouches and sacks hung in racks, the former of leather or heavy canvas being under lock, and only to be opened by key in the hands of the next clerk involved. Every clerk carries the key which he is warned to guard closely and keep on his person at all times. Severe penalty for loss of the key is provided. Each clerk also carries a railroad pass bearing his picture and signature for identification. The assignments are such that the clerk spends about half of his time on the road and the other half at home to rest and study. "Six days on and six off" was a very common arrangement. The hours on the road may be long. For example, a run leaving Toledo in the late afternoon required clerks to appear at the car three or four hours before train departure to "work" the accumulated mail. The bulk of the mail to be handled would arrive on a New York Central train connecting from the east with mail for Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the southwest. Each clerk had his assignment by states. Nearer states were all separated by R.P.O.'s. Distant states like Texas were worked to counties and separated into R.P.O.'s by crews nearer Texas. It was a very active job. Clerks on a run of this kind were on their feet from early afternoon until 2:45 a.m. the following morning when the train arrived, if on time, in St. Louis, a period of more than twelve hours. The work was heavy and fast. A mail sack carefully packed with magazines could weigh as much as 200 pounds and required two men to lift it to the sorting table. At the end of the run the car was cleaned of all mail which was loaded on trucks to be dispatched to connecting R.P.O.'s or the St. Louis Post Office. On rare occasions the mass of mail would be too great to be handled by the crew and

sorted into proper channels. This was known as "going stuck" and was a bit disgraceful, especially in the eyes of the next crew or P.O. which had to accept the burden of proper handling of the unsorted mail.

The crew arriving in St. Louis at 2:45 a.m. would go to bed in dormitories or elsewhere after eating, if they had not done so in the car before arrival. Nearly all clerks carried some sort of cooking kit, that helped him in winter especially, to cook ham and eggs in the cars, equipped, as most were, with coal heating stoves. Restaurants along the line were patronized at reduced rates to Postal Clerks and railroad employees. My family always brought food to me at the car at Huntington unless the train went through at an unreasonable hour. This was their contribution to my attempt to save my money for the main objective, the return to college.

The crew mentioned here would return to work at the St. Louis end at 9 or 10 in the evening where they were busy until leaving time, 2:45 a.m. By that time trains were in from the west and the car or cars had their stalls filled to the roof with mail sacks, plenty of entertainment until arrival in Toledo at about 2 p.m.

Our crew on this train in those days consisted of three men, Pat Murphy, clerk-in-charge, Alvah Taylor, ex-school teacher and myself. The first big job was delivery of the morning St. Louis papers. This was a fast train making very few stops. The door would be piled high with bundles of papers and dumped with mail pouches at the right spot as the train went through these western Illinois towns and villages at sixty or more miles per hour. These deliveries could stir up a lot of dust and required some skill in putting the delivery at the best place where the bouncing bundles would do the least damage. Pat Murphy quit the service and went into the coal business in Toledo. He did very well but died a good many years ago. Alvah Taylor, at eighty-five, is retired and lives at Fayette, Ohio. He called at the bank in my absence in the year 1948 and we had a few pleasant exchanges of letters since then. He was and is a good philosopher and was always a real gentleman in

the very mixed group that makes up Railway Mail Service personnel.

After completing the run I was able to get a train back to Huntington very shortly. Early to bed and after about ten or twelve hours of sleep I was feeling fine. My next run would be five or six days off. I spent some time in required study, never difficult, and preparations of labels for the next run. There was plenty of time for rest and recreation. I took quite a little of the latter in the form of hunting and fishing, reading, and social life in the evening. It was a comparatively carefree, interesting, and pleasant life for a young and vigorous person. The pay compared with salaries in those days was very good. I had no more than entered the service when I was the recipient of all kinds of advice. The postal service personnel was very good and quite cosmopolitan. There were a good many ex-school teachers, who were able to pass the examinations easily, ex-doctors, lawyers, and business men who seemed to value highly the idea of working for the government, even at modest pay, with security, time for themselves, and a carefree existence. There were some odd characters. One I recall was famous for the life of his employment. The story was that when he received his appointment, while teaching school in a small Ohio community, he dramatically notified his pupils by saying that "my country has called me and I must go." I was advised by many older clerks that I was making a great mistake to come into the service. This did not bother me much for I had decided to stay only for three years by which time I hoped and expected to have saved enough money for my purpose. Predictions by many were that I would not leave as many others had entered the service with the same thought but, once in, stayed. I soon saw why this might be. Most of the clerks were married and with responsibilities probably found it easier to remain where their living was sure than to gamble on the change for something more promising. Two or three were attending medical and law school at night with the hope of being professional men. A good many local people were envious of my good paying job for a young man and thought me foolish to think of leaving it.

There were a good many interesting experiences during my three years in the service, minor wrecks and a few close calls. The mail car being right behind the engine was a vulnerable spot. One, I remember, about four a.m. one morning while I was alone in the car immediately behind the engine. I was engaged in working letters from St. Louis to cities in New York. This was a rather monotonous job standing before a letter case and especially so after a one o'clock start from Toledo the day before with a three hour interval at Decatur but no opportunity to sleep. I was pretty dead on my feet, occasionally going to sleep and catching myself just as I was falling. As we were going out of Wabash, I heard a cry of distress that I could not locate. I had never heard more blood curdling yelling. If possible it grew more distressing and desperate. I pictured the possibility of someone being struck by the train and being dragged along on its trucks. Opening the door between the car and the tender offered no solution. The desperate cries continued. I climbed over the coal tender and reported the matter to the engineer and the fireman. The train was stopped and the fireman started back with me to try to locate the cries, which still continued. On top of the tender the fireman hesitated a bit and then turned his attention to a tool box about a foot and half wide that extended across the top of the tender behind the water tank. He lifted the lid and there was the victim, face down and wedged into the box so that he had been unable to lift the lid. How he had been able to lift his voice from the box so as to be heard above the noise of the train is still a marvel to me. His desperate situation must have given him extraordinary vocal powers. This fellow who had picked a bad spot in which to steal his ride got a little aid from the fireman who, probably having less sympathy for tramps than I had, gave this one a couple of vigorous kicks in the most available spot as he left the tender. There was no resentment as the poor fellow saying, "thank God, thank God," made his way promptly to the ground.

With so much traveling it was only natural that clerks saw occasional accidents. Any hard application of brakes or warning whistle put clerks on the alert. At one time coming into Peru, when

the train was several hours late, a whistle and hard application of brakes meant something was about to happen. All clerks leaped for the rail—a pipe installed along the roof of the car and to which they hung suspended by their arms. This prevented injury from being thrown to the front of the car when sudden stops occurred. The wait was not long. A grinding crash, flying dust, and the sudden stop. Our train had run into a freight that had not cleared the main track but was partially on a switch at a curve. A carload of rails plowed along two or three cars of our train, including ours, doing considerable damage. No one was hurt. We were delayed a few more hours getting around this wreck.

At Napoleon, Ohio, a large Newfoundland dog had a habit of frequenting the station. We learned to know him on the trip east when we stopped here. We went through this town at fifty or sixty miles an hour going west. Significant whistling prompted me to look out once and this dog was going end over end, well above the height of the train. We supposed of course that he was killed. On the return trip we asked about him and were informed that he was running around as usual. His curly coat and some miracle must have saved him.

A few months before I had planned to resign a new Railway Post Office was established, the "Detroit and St. Louis," to operate over the Wabash railroad between those two cities. It started with six crews to be headed by six clerks in charge and on account of the volume of mail which was large, was designated a "full R.P.O." For some reason I was selected as one of these six clerks. I could not quite account for this as Mr. Coder, the chief clerk in Toledo, and responsible for my appointment, knew that I expected to resign in the fall to go back to school. Moreover, since this was an opportunity to reach the top job in the service it would have seemed to me more logical to have selected an older man from the one hundred or more clerks eligible for the job. I never could figure out why he did this, whether because of my record as a clerk, which I suspect was good enough, or to tempt me to stay in the service. I would have had to serve only six months to receive the top pay

which was adequate for a good living at the time. Security of a government job and a type of life with opportunity for leisure I must admit was appealing to me at the time. Nevertheless, I reasoned that there seemed to be lack of ambition to accept this as the top when I was only twenty-three. Although I knew it meant quite a setback in some ways, there being no outward objection from my parents although they may have questioned my judgment, I resigned in the fall to enter Northwestern University according to plan. I had not decided fully on my future but still gave most serious thought to medicine. I thought it offered a dignified and rather sure position of accomplishment to a small town boy with no financial background or business. I made up my mind to finish the liberal arts course and would decide later if it would be a profession or business for me. I did not seem to have been impressed much by the fact that time was passing; that I should have been out of college two years before, and that I would graduate five years later than if I had remained with my original De Pauw class! My savings of \$1800 which I had accumulated in three years by adopting a very rigid policy of watching small amounts carefully, seemed adequate if I continued to work summers and augmented my income by such opportunities as appeared along the way. In college, later, I did little remunerative work except as the Evanston reporter for *The Tribune* for a short time when the regular correspondent was absent, and a table waiting job for a while at the fraternity house.

NORTHWESTERN

WHEN I WENT to Northwestern in the fall of 1899 I roomed with Wallace Grayston, a Huntington boy who had gone there the year before. He had joined Phi Delta Theta and I affiliated with the chapter there. He left at the end of the year to enter the medical school of the university. He graduated, made a fine record, and has practiced since very successfully as a surgeon at Huntington, Indiana, his home town.

Between loyalty and necessity I found myself busy with fraternity affairs at Northwestern. I suspect this was due in part to the

fact that I was a little older than others in my class. Fraternity houses were not owned as a rule. Some fraternities rented houses. The ownership idea was in mind but accomplishment far off. We did manage to get the membership into a three-story apartment building at 518 Church Street. A Mrs. Curl, a widow from Ohio, who had moved to Evanston to help educate a nephew, owned the furniture and rented her rooms to us and furnished the board. This arrangement continued for a couple of years. At the beginning of the third year one of the fraternity members in a real estate office in Evanston found a house that we could rent ourselves and which was partially furnished. Our landlady had become quite critical of us, probably with good reason, and had expressed regret in having us for tenants. With her critical attitude in mind we decided to make this move as a gesture in the direction of independence. We employed a cook and a housekeeper and moved to our new quarters. We found that our former landlady was very much disappointed and felt that she had not been treated fairly as she had her house on her hands without tenants for a time. She probably had good cause for complaint at our seemingly impetuous conduct and received some punishment for talking too much. We ourselves did not escape punishment, as we almost froze in the new house in which at no time during the winter did the inside temperature rise above 43 degrees! We huddled around our tables to study in sweaters and under blankets. In spite of discomforts no other ill effects appeared in this move for independence. A few years later, with alumni help, a house at the northeast corner of Noyes Street and Sherman Avenue was purchased for \$6,500. It was used for a number of years until the university helped finance the present fine homes for fraternities on the campus. While some are not yet paid for, in the meantime many students are well housed in these homes and dormitories on the same campus.

The gymnasium, so called, at that time was a crude building without any worthwhile equipment. The last word in a gymnasium was later provided through a donation by James A. Patten, Evanston resident and a large grain operator. All that I can say is that

in view of many later available advantages, I was born about twenty-five years too soon.

The fraternity took much of my time as responsibilities were placed on me. I went to Louisville as a delegate to the national convention in the fall of 1900. In the early thirties, as a result of other trustees of the Scroll Endowment Fund moving from Chicago, I was for a time a new and sole trustee of the fund which had been created to cover expense of publishing the fraternity magazine. Two others, members of the fraternity, and employees of the Harris Trust Bank were later appointed. There were twelve or fourteen defaults in real estate mortgages due to some earlier errors of judgment. We went through a trying period of foreclosure and refinancing. Finally, when the fund was again in good shape and had reached the substantial sum of over \$400,000, it was turned over to a corporate trustee. While this job involved work and responsibility it had its pleasant aspects. I attended conventions as a delegate and other meetings with the General Council and renewed and maintained pleasant relations with fine men who are interested enough in youth to give time to this activity. If all fraternities are headed by men of character and ability, as ours has been in recent years during my relations with them, I feel safe in saying that many college students are being benefited by the policy laid down by their national officers. The work is constructive and leads to development of character and high scholastic standing. I have been impressed and amazed that busy men of high standing and importance have been willing to give their time and effort to handle the problems which are bound to arise in keeping a watchful eye on the conduct of the young men in various chapters. Fortunately, enough alumni members retain sufficient enthusiasm and interest to undertake responsibility of administering this important work for the fraternity.

There is at present considerable controversy on the currently popular subject of racial discrimination and whether colleges should not forbid fraternities on the campus. After over fifty-six years of fraternity membership it is my sincere observation that their in-

fluence is generally good; that they are of use to many members in helping young men live up to standards of conduct; that they promote lifelong friends and a circle of acquaintances useful to each other in many ways. To meet a "brother in the bond," no matter where you happen to be, is a gratifying and very often useful experience. There can be no doubt of the value of wide acquaintance with men of affairs. I have observed that the fraternity is a very good medium.

As to the current charge of "discrimination": it would seem that as long as any group organizes on the basis of friendship, mutual interests and congeniality they should be permitted to do so. They should be criticized only if they interfere with the rights and freedoms of others to do likewise. Looking around, as many misguided and, I suspect, envious zealots are at present doing, to try to force so called "equality" wherever they can make an issue of it, accomplishes nothing constructive. On the contrary it stirs up and fosters prejudice and really retards development of those normal and natural relations which may reasonably be expected in the circumstances.

Social life at Northwestern was very active. All sororities and fraternities gave one dance a year, usually in the spring. Since women's dormitories closed at 11:30 dances began in daylight at 6:30 and promptly. If dancing was a part of education here was a very good course with several hundred miles of practice. While I enjoyed it as much as anyone, I had a feeling that social life was a bit excessive and that too much time and attention were given to it. It is a possible weakness of co-educational institutions.

Although my attention had been attracted to Northwestern by its strong football team while I was in De Pauw and, in spite of the fact that I liked the game very much, I felt that I had been out of real study so long that I should devote all my attention to books and leave the game alone. I had been attracted to Northwestern also by the fact that it was near Chicago and that I should probably need to locate there if I undertook a business career. I did enter football slightly on two occasions. The Northwestern

second eleven was invited to go to Springfield to play the Springfield Athletic Club on Thanksgiving Day, 1899. Frank Scheiner, the captain of the second eleven, happened to be a friend of mine and knowing that I had played at De Pauw and elsewhere, and being a bit short of material, asked me to go along. While I had not practiced at all that fall I went out to the field the night before to learn the signals. I played the whole game at half and end the next day with a result that might be imagined. Although the game was played on a soft, plowed field that yielded the maximum of dust and dirt, every muscle that I owned from back of my ears down ached and pained. Moreover, I hurt my foot from wearing a soft baseball shoe, probably broke a bone, and after an evening of dancing found myself very lame. The spot on my foot is still sensitive at times. It took several weeks for that pain to disappear and several days of struggle to get in and out of bed with my sore and bruised muscles—rather a doubtful sport in spite of the pleasure and glory of football.

The following fall the regular quarterback, Joe Hunter, and former captain of the first team, left school and the coach, Dr. Hollister, invited me to join the squad as he badly needed me, so he stated, as a substitute quarterback or elsewhere. I reported for practice and joined the training table. All went well but after a brief absence the old quarterback returned. I immediately offered to leave the squad and the training table. The coach invited me to remain and take my chances on making the team. However, I had the opportunity to take a part in a play being put on by members of our class and with a liking for that activity decided to forsake football as the hours conflicted. This was my last contact with the game. I have sometimes regretted that I did not stay long enough to acquire an "N," the holders of which received some useful recognition long after graduation. Perhaps I am a bit conceited in thinking this possible. Nevertheless, my two assets, speed and a willingness to tackle had landed me on teams before and I have no reason to think that I could not have made the N.U. team. My brother, Joe, lighter than I, but with the same talents

missed by a small margin. He was booked for quarterback position with the team in a game with Michigan at Ann Arbor but missed his train the day before the game and final practice, a condition of his playing, when he went to Chicago to buy a new overcoat for the trip. He got on the wrong train and went to Elmhurst, not Evanston. He had been rather indifferent to regular practice but he had been getting sensational publicity from the Chicago papers due to his strength as a tackler. He had played end on the Huntington High School state champion team. Joe met his future wife at Northwestern and the matrimonial idea interfered with his college course. He quit college, was married and returned to Huntington where he joined my father in the hardware business.

It was fortunate that during summer vacations I was able to be re-appointed to the Railway Mail Service so that my vacation time was employed profitably. Both the chief clerks, N. W. Coder of Toledo, under whom I worked on the Toledo and St. Louis and Detroit and St. Louis R.P.O.'s, and J. C. Hubler, Chicago, to whom I first reported as a substitute and when weighing mail, were very sympathetic and friendly to my situation. While there seemed to be no authority in the printed regulations for my reinstatement, these men seemed to accomplish it. Work was on various R.P.O.'s, Chicago and St. Louis, Bradford (Ohio) and Logansport, Marion, Ohio to Chicago and once in the Chicago Post Office. A week after I graduated from Northwestern Mr. Hubler offered me a regular appointment in Ohio which I declined with thanks. I had made up my mind to leave the service after graduation and stuck to my decision. I have always felt very grateful to these two chief clerks who entered the service as political appointees, before civil service and who were of different political parties. They always showed more than ordinary interest in my program. Perhaps my case was unique in that most men who enter the service count that as their goal and settle there for life whereas I was using it as a stepping stone to something else. Mr. Hubler, a very ardent Democrat held no prejudice against me, a Republican. He later became the Treasurer of the Railway Mail

Mutual Benefit Association, the funds of which were invested largely in municipal bonds bought from N. W. Harris and Co., predecessor of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, and where I was first employed October 1, 1903. We were very friendly until his death a number of years ago.

While, as stated, the mail service is the final objective of many, for those who might not count it as such, matrimony often follows soon and determines the necessity of sticking to a regular living which the mail service affords. In my own case, in spite of any possible temptations, I had determined to make matrimony secondary to my life work and to be undertaken only when my economic condition warranted it.

I have met a few men who were once mail clerks but who resigned and did much better, one being N. C. Kingsbury, vice president, for a short time, of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank, and later of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. Having burned my mail service bridge I was up to the point of making an important decision. I was past twenty-six years old. For the first time I was seriously impressed with the fact that time for me was passing. While I had given thought to the study of medicine, when I reached the beginning of my senior year in college I was turning more to the idea of business as a career. With advance credit I found that I could take the first year of law and have enough credits with work in the college of liberal arts to graduate. This seemed to me to be the best way to pick up some knowledge that might be useful and help me, should I enter business. The law classes were held in the university's building housing Dental and Law schools at Dearborn and Lake Streets in Chicago. This move necessitated my resigning as editor of the *Daily Northwestern*, the college publication, a position to which I had been elected. It was necessary to carry a heavy schedule to complete my major in English, all liberal arts classes being held in the morning, and then take the train for the city to attend the freshman law school classes in the afternoon. I was kept busy and was able to continue my record of nothing lower than "B" grades, even if not a "brilliant

student." While here I was initiated into Phi Delta Phi, legal fraternity. In view of my law school studies I was compelled to take examinations to graduate although liberal arts seniors were excused. This was disappointing and meant some hard work. I'll confess that my taste for law as a profession was never sufficiently strong to induce me to enter it, although I did finish the last two years at night school at the Chicago-Kent College of Law and graduated in 1908. To top off this endeavor I took the two days hard examination and was admitted to the Bar in Illinois. I also took a brief examination in Huntington when on a vacation in 1907 and was admitted in Indiana. Under that state's rather lax rules then prevailing, the formula consisted of a few questions from the examining board and a box of cigars from the applicant for the examiners, the former required by statute, the latter by custom. One of our local lawyers, son of a former judge, tried to induce me to join him in his office, his argument being that anybody could handle the business but the job was to get it. He flattered me by saying that he thought that I could. However, I had entered the business field five years before and with the determination to get employment with a good firm and stay if possible.

JOB HUNTING

UPON GRADUATION from Northwestern in 1902 my attention had been called to an investment firm, N. W. Harris and Co., with whom a friend, Andrew Cooke, also a member of my fraternity, had been employed upon graduation a year or two ahead of me. Mr. Norman W. Harris of the firm had been offering a prize each year to a Northwestern student for a paper on some selected economic subject which prize Cooke had won. I filed an application immediately upon graduation but was told that there was no present need for me. A rather new firm of stock brokers, Knight, Donnelley and Co., was having quite a little publicity, due, in part, to the fact that Mr. Knight had volunteered and been accepted as the police chief of Evanston. I was interviewed by him and I presume must have made a favorable impression for I had been home in

Huntington only about two weeks when he wired me saying that he had a position open at \$40 a month! After returning to Huntington from Evanston after graduation I had had a further talk with my father on the often debated question of whether I should study medicine or head toward business. He offered to help me in any way possible if I still wished to enter medicine. My funds were down to about \$600 after working summers and finishing Northwestern, this being about one-third of my capital when starting at N.U. in 1899. My average annual net expense had been \$400 for each of the three years. I was twenty-six years old and it looked like six years at least of additional study and preparation before being ready to practice medicine. I then made the final decision in favor of business as a career. The offer from Mr. Knight did not thrill me. I should have preferred one from N. W. Harris & Co. Besides the \$40 was very small compensation, less than half, of the minimum that I had received at any time during the preceding six years. Nevertheless I knew that I must make a start so I wired acceptance and reported for work. I was put on the cash book which recorded the daily transactions of the firm. It was an onerous job and the hours were long. While the brokerage business, like banking, has reputedly short hours, these hours are for members of the firm and top employees only. Clerks and others have long hours and a type of work that proved to be uninteresting to me. If anyone had asked me if I wanted to be a bookkeeper I would have said "no," yet I knew that I had to begin at the bottom and accepted this situation with a watchful eye and in an experimental mood. It did not take me long to conclude that I would never like this business. There was an air of uncertainty about it that was uncomfortable and to see the losses and occasional profits of customers seemed to verify the charge that this business had aspects of gambling. One of the partners who had inherited substantial means and was not content to stick to a strict brokerage business was very free to offer advice to customers as to what they should buy in order to make a "killing." He also speculated in the name of relatives with resulting substantial losses as he was a poor prophet.

At the end of eight months I was induced by a friend in a real estate office in Evanston to join him, on at least a temporary basis, as the renting season was approaching, and although I was to work on a commission basis there was good prospect of reasonable income. While I was uncertain about my desire to make real estate my life work I was really pleased at an excuse to get away from the brokerage office where I could see no satisfactory basis for remaining. My judgment was verified in this respect for this firm failed a number of months later with large prospective losses to customers. One of the partners, one not responsible for inside speculation and inept advice to customers, undertook to make good these losses to customers from profits of another business in which he was engaged. It's my understanding that this was in large part accomplished. I remained in the real estate office until the spring of 1903 when I took a leave of absence for a six weeks' trip to Mexico. A former fellow student and I had retained a lease, formerly made to the fraternity on a three story furnished house at 518 Church St., Evanston, where we lived and rented the other rooms to various tenants. Among the latter were two members of Phi Delta Theta. One, Wm. Chapin by name, was a purchasing agent for the McCormick Harvester Co., and the other, H. B. Kirkpatrick, an engineer, graduate of the University of Illinois. We had a mutual friend in Dr. Marcus Simpson, an instructor of German in the university. The Doctor, while a very competent teacher who had spent considerable time studying in Germany, was dissatisfied with his profession on account of small compensation and limited future. He had a keen interest in Mexico, gained primarily from a book by a Mexican named Romero, a former ambassador to the U. S. This book, a large attractive volume which I was induced to read, dwelt at great length on the wonderful opportunities for agriculture in Mexico and particularly with reference to the large profits to be made in rubber tree culture. This group, fired by Simpson's enthusiasm and selling powers, discussed the subject at length on many evenings and were trying to decide if this might not be the short cut to wealth. It wasn't very hard, if

Romero's book was to be relied upon, to conclude that after five years and the rubber trees had come to a productive age, the owners could sit back and enjoy unlimited income. This reasoning, without experience, has undoubtedly caused much disappointment to those who have dreamt of an agricultural life. It's been easy to calculate with pencil and paper the profits from raising sheep, chickens, fur bearing, or other animals. The unexpected and unknown factors seemingly are not apparent at these sessions with the result that many such ventures into these fields are failures. Nevertheless, the prospect of a rubber plantation was intriguing and Simpson and I were designated to make an expedition to Mexico to look into this subject first hand. He was so anxious and willing to make the investigation that he, personally, agreed to pay my transportation to Mexico City and return. Other expenses with restrictions were to be borne by our little syndicate. He and I took off in the spring of 1903. Chapin was married shortly thereafter and we saw him later in Mexico City where he went on his honeymoon. He did not wish to go farther south but helped us finance a trip to the Isthmus of Tehauntepec where we had been invited to visit a plantation and with the prospect and opportunity of purchasing adjacent lands. We deferred this trip and visited first other places of historic interest that we had on our list.

EXPEDITION TO MITLA

ANYONE WHO THINKS of a trip to Mexico will probably learn that one of the places to be visited is Mitla, well publicized for its ancient ruins. We had made up our minds to take a trip to that place. The location was in southwest Mexico, in the state of Oaxaca. To reach it we took an overnight sleeper from Mexico City to Pueblo. There we caught a train to Oaxaca, capital of the same name as the state. Our trip was over a narrow gauge road that ran through very rugged country, a narrow valley between mountains. Any type of habitation was seldom seen. One could only wonder what could be at the end of such a journey and what a difficult job construction of the railroad must have been. We found Oaxaca a very ancient

appearing city. Like every other town in Mexico, it had its outstanding cathedral, rich in silver, which usually showed itself most lavishly in the altar construction. The Catholic church influence over many years shows itself prominently in any city or village of consequence in Mexico.

There is little of wooden construction in Mexico. Plaster, stucco, stone, or other hard materials predominate as they do in Europe. The streets of Oaxaca are quite narrow and are laid with cobblestones. Sewage at that time ran down the center of the street in a sort of groove designed for the purpose. I found it necessary to look up a dentist here as a front tooth had become infected and there was much pain. I found the dentist from the States was also the consul here. He opened the tooth by drilling and the pain was almost immediately relieved. My faith in him was shaken when he suggested I return next morning to have the tooth filled! Fortunately, I knew better than to do this until after I had the afflicted item sufficiently treated. I suspect that his patients were not too numerous and the dentist figured that I would not come his way again. I must confess that we encountered a good many signs of dishonesty in some form, not only in Mexicans but in our own countrymen as well.

Our list of spots to be seen also included Monte Alban, site of ancient ruins about five miles from Oaxaca. To reach this place we hired saddle horses and rode out to these ruins, which are on the top of a mountain about one thousand feet high that rises from a level plain between two higher ranges. There isn't much there to mark the place except mounds and occasionally exposed walls of crumbling masonry. In this country, now arid and dry, one wonders how the early population lived and where they obtained their water supply for the top of this mountain, which was undoubtedly their dwelling place. Time has erased most of the marks of this ancient place. It is evident that the earlier dwellers were much more advanced in their mode of life than any of the very few natives now living in this vicinity. We picked up a few relics on the grounds, mostly in the form of broken pottery and clay work. We returned

to the city after about four hours on horseback to plan for the ride of thirty-five miles to Mitla. We found a guide who could not speak English but with whom we could get along with our limited Spanish.

We started about four in the afternoon over a not too much traveled road. We were disturbed to learn that the four hour ride on rough Mexican saddles had not conditioned us for a seventy mile journey. Saddle sitting was very uncomfortable. We had gone only a short distance out of the city when we saw a crowd of Mexican men and women who had been working in the fields moving from off to the left toward our road. It was evident that something unusual was occurring. We kept on about our business but as they came nearer we heard loud cries and wailing upon the part of the women and possibly some men. Somebody was being carried. Our guide made inquiry and was informed that there had been a fight and that one of the men had just been killed with a machete, which nearly every workman carries. This threw a rather uncomfortable feeling over a couple of tenderfeet, as far as travel in Mexico is concerned, who had a four or five hour trip after dark in unknown country in prospect before reaching the village where we figured we could spend the night. Every step of the horse became more painful. In fact we began to wonder how we could ever complete the trip if the agony of riding increased. At nine o'clock we struggled down from our horses at the dirt floored hostelry which we had selected to spend the night. We were too exhausted to eat and fell into bed for a full night's sleep. We were up and on our way at ten o'clock. It took a lot of determination to sit in the saddle, but the visit to Mitla was on the list and we were determined to make it. The trail was now rough. It looked more like the bottom of a dry creek, filled with stones large and small and uncertain in its direction. The horses did not move along a soft path but proceeded in the right direction with stumbling, jumping, or staggering over rolling stones, all of which extra motion added to our discomfort. We reached Mitla about noon. These ruins, which are pictured in many books on Mexico are interesting and in a good state of preservation. The former dwellers had an artistic sense of architecture and

did a lot of carving in stone to demonstrate their ideas of beauty and art. Reasons for some of the odd results were not apparent. A silent young Indian girl did a bashful job as a voluntary guide. She did not say a word but had an intelligent smile, stood for pictures and accepted gratefully our modest tips.

We started our return and realized, from the time the journey had taken, that we were going to arrive at Oaxaca after dark. It would be hard to describe the agony of that trip. It started to rain very soon and kept it up during the seven or more hours it took for the ride home. The water came down in sheets. The road soon filled with running water and it was easy to see why our trail had looked like the bottom of a stream. It was. We had no protection against rain—a chance we had taken. Our guide led us on the higher spots, but in the water knee-deep to the horses it was not possible to go faster than a walk. We shifted our seats on the horses to backward and sideways, but were compelled to end up in the usual position for which the human frame was designed to best ride a horse and which, by this time was also the seat of our greatest pain. At a village named Tlacolula we tried to engage a coach, but the Catholic bishop was in town, a celebration was on, and fire-crackers and a kind of parade were of too great interest to attract a coach owner to take on our job. I hardly see how he could have driven over the rough road anyway. My companion, Dr. Simpson, had fortified himself with a bottle of whiskey and started to use it. I felt that I could make it to the finish without stimulant. Just before dusk we left the road for a short distance at Tule to see what is reputed to be the world's oldest tree. While it is not correspondingly tall, it is over thirty feet in diameter, a huge and impressive growth. We were within a few miles of Oaxaca and lights plainly in sight when Simpson struggled from his horse and went into a small shed at the side of the road. There he sat down on a bench and announced he could go no further. He insisted that I go on and hire a coach or some vehicle to come after him. The guide and I tried to talk him into proceeding. After a time the whiskey or something seemed to give him fresh courage and he was induced

to start walking and lead his horse. Although we were then thoroughly soaked and cold, the exercise seemed to help and after a mile or more he was helped into the saddle. We concluded the trip and rolled into bed—never more welcome—without eating. We had such a miserable day that we wondered what the after-effects might be. We caught a train early the next morning, which was bright and sunny, and settled comfortably down for the almost three hundred mile ride to Pueblo. We caught no colds and the expected after-effects seemed to be entirely missing. In spite of the strenuous journey and hardships encountered, we felt that our trip to Mitla had been worth while. The Pan American Highway now runs from Pueblo to Oaxaca and Route 21 from Oaxaca through Tlacolula and Mitla over the rough road we traveled in 1903. This road continues to Tehautepec, which is on Mexico's southwest coast. I still hope to travel the Oaxaca-to-Mitla road again under more comfortable circumstances.

VISIT TO A TEHAUNTEPEC PLANTATION

WHILE THE FULL DETAILS of our visit to Buena Vista, the tropical plantation, and other places before we left Mexico would fill quite a book, there are a few high spots of our journey that may be recounted here.

To reach the plantation we took a train, scheduled to run every three days, and got off at an obscure station, only a siding, where horses owned by the plantation were waiting. Freight to the plantation was handled largely by riverboat. Our trail, only wide enough for horses, was through a dense, tropical forest. Our party consisted of a Mr. Hahn, our host and plantation manager and his recently acquired wife; Count Stagnitzky, Austrian consul at Mexico City on a hunting trip with a native helper; Dr. Marcus Simpson and me, the author. There were two or three employes on their way to the plantation. The horseback journey was unimpressive except for the very dense forest of large trees, the damp and very hot, oppressive temperature. We came to one swollen arroyo, possibly entirely dry in another season, but by now a deep, swift stream of

yellow water. It was necessary to unsaddle the horses and drive them into the stream which they swam. A native woman in a large, dugout canoe took the riders aboard in relays and poled them across. She was a sturdy creature and handled the boat deftly. Her badge of progress of women in personal enjoyment (even in this primitive spot) was a big, black, unlighted cigar almost a foot long, held with seeming pleasure firmly between her white teeth.

We found that the principal crop of the plantation was sugar cane. The workers were housed in a crude, shed-like structure open at both ends and sides. The beds were cell-like openings between poles, and burlap nailed to the supporting poles held the sleeper in his allotted cell less than two feet square into which he could crawl. Each compartment was long enough to hold a body. No cover of any kind was provided and probably not needed. The women did the cooking in the middle of the aisle on the dirt floor. The cooking utensils were crude and dirty. These workers were being paid a trifling wage. One morning a wailing group followed a rough cart and a crude pine box toward the garden. Inquiry of the superintendent brought the information that this was a funeral and that he had authority to issue burial permits. I could not help wondering from whom the authority came and to whom he made his report. It was my guess that there might be little formality involved. Here I got my first distaste for any idea of supervising labor in the tropics. This plantation was, I am sure, more thoughtful of its native help than it was necessary to be. I can only guess what conditions would be where the only protection to the workers was the state of heart of the boss. This was the first indication of restraint of desire to own a rubber plantation.

After several days we left this place by native manned dugout canoe to a railroad station several miles down stream in time to catch "the five o'clock train." We waited three days. No train came either way. Floods were the reported reason, this being the rainy season. Across from the small building that served as a freight house and telegraph office was a thatched hut and a sort of counter. From this we bought pine apples and bottled drinks. A native lying

on the bare ground in front of the counter was reported to have yellow fever. This made us cautious of what we drank and ate. We spent most of the time sitting on a boxcar that stood on the siding near the station. There was only one chair, a very small one, occupied by the telegraph operator in the station. We and Stagnitzky and his boy, who were with us, slept on boxes arranged as comfortably as possible in the freight room. The beds were hard and rats running among the boxes took the edge off of comfortable sleep. Nevertheless, we spent three nights without major mishap.

We learned from the agent that there was a construction camp six miles north and made up our minds to reach it by walking. Stagnitzky's boy was sick so Simpson and I started on alone. Strange as it may seem we decided after a couple of miles of walking that we could not make it! It seemed strange but the excessive heat and humidity, plus our weakened condition from the pineapple and bottled drink diet, were probably responsible for our lack of stamina. Just as we had agreed to turn back we saw a hand car coming from the north. It was pumped by two natives and had aboard "the doctor" from the work camp. He turned out to be an orderly from a Kansas City hospital. He became "the doctor" here because of his declared intention of studying medicine. He had heard of yellow fever at our recently deserted station. He had just come down to have a look and said that he would take us back to the work camp if we would give him time for his errand. This we were glad to do. He diagnosed the illness of the boy who had slept three nights in the small freight room with us as smallpox!

At the work camp we were cordially received by the foreman as refugees of a kind and were welcomed to good food at the construction camp's table and to good beds again. Our main thought was to get out of this country, now cut off by floods, as soon as possible. The desire becomes very strong when the prospects are not promising. Our first attempt was a contract with a man in our position. He claimed to have an agreement with the custodian of a handcar to take him north to a point where traffic was supposed to be open, above the flooded zone. He promised to include us if

we would go out in the country and wait until he came along. The idea here was that the demand for space was great and he did not want to disappoint others. We walked well out into the country along the tracks and waited. The handcar came along, was loaded to capacity, and never even slackened speed. Fortunately we had not used up any of our depleted cash on this venture. We felt better next morning when we saw our promised benefactor in camp. The restored service had not materialized. We then started on a program of our own after getting a ride on a construction train north to a village on the Papaloapan River. We learned that there was a hacienda several miles upstream and that the proprietor owned a boat. One hundred and twenty miles downstream, we had been informed, was a town, Tlacotalpan, where a small steamer would be available to get us to Alvarado on the coast. There was a narrow gauge railroad from this town north to Vera Cruz. While we had intentionally avoided Vera Cruz where a yellow fever epidemic had been reported and travelers there were subject to quarantine, we found this seemed to be our only way to get out of this now detested country. A good government railroad operated between Vera Cruz and Mexico City, which latter point we needed to make to get our baggage and start north to the border and the final leg of our trip.

The owner of the hacienda (plantation) was not home when we arrived. His wife told us that their boat was on a trip downstream and she did not know when it would return. Shortly her husband came in. He was a tremendous specimen, picturesquely outfitted in a clean, white suit and a large straw hat. We soon learned after stating our purpose that his boat had been gone a good many days. It might be several more before it returned. Poling upstream against a strong current, more so due to flood conditions, was very slow work. We were offered a place at the table as a noontime meal was about ready to be served. We decided to accept even if the surroundings were not to our liking. The table was supported on crude stakes driven into the dirt floor. The food was plentiful enough but the meat of two or three kinds could not

be satisfactorily identified. Chickens, ducks and a pig or two running around underfoot without concern or restriction from our host did not contribute to our appetites. By careful selection we managed to eat a sustaining meal from the bountiful table. It could be suspected that the cooking process was probably not done in too cleanly a manner.

We had just finished our meal when considerable shouting informed us of the unexpected return of the boatmen. The owner had told us that his hands might want to rest a day or two when they did return. After some negotiations two natives agreed to start down stream with us after a couple of hours rest. After giving up \$30 Mexican money (about \$15 U.S. money at that time) we were off. Our remaining funds were now very low with no chance to replenish them before reaching Mexico City. We had budgeted \$30 as the maximum for the trip down stream to the coast and felt lucky to have made this contract.

We started at four p.m. The boat was a dugout affair about thirty feet long and six feet wide at the beam. We were traveling in the rainy season and expected plenty of moisture. There was a tarpaulin stretched over bent poles as protection in case of rain. However, we were fortunate. There was no rain. It was a clear moonlit night. The river was high and the current was swift. The two husky natives both rowed steadily with the current. They had agreed to get us to steamer transportation, one hundred and twenty miles downstream by ten the next morning. This was a rate of about seven miles per hour and seemed a hard undertaking. They made it with a little time to spare. The handles of their oars were crude and rough. Their hands must have been correspondingly tough. These oarsmen were smiling and happy with a couple of big cigars as soon as we reached the dock at Tlacotalpan. I could not help feeling sorry for them when I thought of the long hard trip of many days poling their way back to the starting point, one hundred and twenty miles upstream! A glance back at our trip down the river brought few unpleasant thoughts and much gratitude for having had a night without rain. Shadowy trees on shore, occasional thatched

villages barely out of range of flood water this time of year, cries of monkeys and tropical birds during the night—all added a touch of interest to this trip which was not on our scheduled program.

From Tlacotalpan we took a small, woodburning steamer to Alvarado, a town further north on the gulf, and from there caught the train to Vera Cruz. Our train was late and we missed the connection to Mexico City by a few minutes. This required spending the night in Vera Cruz, something we had been anxious not to do because of the reported yellow fever epidemic there. At six a.m. we were on a comfortable train bound for Mexico City and for the first time in a good many days we were entirely comfortable and relieved of some concern. With a bit of political aid we were able to have clearance at the border in spite of the two week rule for entering Vera Cruz.

We had spent enough time in Mexico City to visit places of interest including the floating Gardens, the Cathedral, the national museum, Chapultepec and a second rate bull fight. One look at that sport was enough for us.

On our way north we had two towns on our list for stops, Queretero and Guanauato. At the former we visited the place of execution of Maximilian and two of his aids. Our visit to this spot about a mile out of town, was interrupted by the insistent hospitality of three drunks, a rancher and two sons on horseback. Our slightly foreign look seemed to call for unusual attention. They insisted on our partaking of some of their bottled "firewater." A polite refusal produced a drawn gun in the hand of one. Perhaps it was just as well that we had sold our revolvers to the manager of the sugar plantation, for we had no use for them up to that time and they seemed to be excess baggage. While the gun handler smiled a sort of grim smile as he ordered us to drink, his attitude was embarrassing to us. A gun in the hands of a drunken Mexican was a bit puzzling to us, and our position was awkward to say the least. If we had retained our guns I hope that our composure would have been adequate to prevent showing our own firearms. I made a bluff at drinking, but the stuff burned me as it ran down the side of my

face which was turned from our unwanted friends. While this was going on Simpson made his way to an old man hoeing in a field close by. Upon inquiry the old man stated that these men would not harm us if we did what they wanted us to do. Not very reassuring. Although they kept right at our heels we had the good fortune to lose them when we came to an irrigation ditch and had to jump it to cross. Simpson was first and ran behind a haystack, I followed. When I jumped toward the opposite bank, a few feet lower than the one we left, one of the riders behind me jumped too soon and his horse bumped me when I was about midstream. He fell with his rider and both went down floundering into the deep ditch. This was fortunate for us. I made for the haystack at high speed while this was going on. Our admirers' attention was distracted. They seemed to have no idea where we were. They rode up and down the ditch for awhile, thinking, apparently, that we were in it. Finally they rode back to the road. We went on to the shrine of Maximilian only a short distance away. This was a small chapel-like structure with three monuments inside, marking the spots where the men fell. We returned to the city for the night but made one stop at a barber shop and bought about a handful of opals each. This city is the center of the opal mining industry and opals are plentiful and cheap. An interesting relic is an ancient high aqueduct that once brought the city water supply from the mountains.

Our next stop was to be Guanauato. We had letters of introduction to Mr. Dwight Furness, ore buyer for an American company and U.S. consul in this city. He was a prominent and wealthy man in the community. He came from a small town in Porter County in northern Indiana. Furnessville is named after his family.

We were quite surprised to be met by a courier who escorted us from the station to our special, mule drawn streetcar. This city, which is the center of an active, silver mining district, lies at the bottom of a precipitous V-shaped gash in the mountains. Mrs. Furness had gone to Mexico as a missionary when a young girl. Her brother, Rogers, a Northwestern student, had given us our letters to the Furness family.

The streetcar took us through the town and to the front of the Furness home. Like most of the residential section the house stood on ground which was tilted at about a forty-five degree angle at the foot of the mountain. On the next higher terrace was a swimming pool. Beyond this was a garden of flowers and vegetables, also some citrus and other tropical trees.

Our hosts were very hospitable and they and their friendly children did all that was possible to make our visit pleasant. We called on Mr. Furness at his place of business, which was in the very center of town. A procession of donkeys loaded with sacks of silver ore, which was in rather finely pulverized form, was continuous. After weighing, the ore was dumped ready for the next transportation to the smelter. We visited also unique burial grounds on a plateau above the town. Here bodies were stored in concrete cells for which a fee was paid. After the rental period had expired these cells, which constituted a wall ten or twelve feet high were opened. Some bodies were now in mummified form and others reduced to bones. The latter were ranked behind glass doors and were classified as to their shapes. A lot of skulls resembled a pile of boulders with some uniformity. Arm and leg bones were neatly ranked in their respective departments. The whole ensemble was grewsome but the classification of bones and mummies left the distinct impression that bodies of deceased Mexicans get more attention after death than subjects buried in graveyards in this country. The dry climate of this part of Mexico could be responsible for the practice that prevails here.

Guanuato was proud of its very beautiful theatre, built to satisfy civic pride. It had never had a performance! It seems that this architectural structure, one of the finest in Mexico, had no demand for its use. The fine, plush upholstery was pretty badly moth eaten and there were other signs of deterioration. The elaborate stone and marble exterior still looked like new.

We left Guanuato with a feeling of real gratitude to our hosts. Everything indicated that they were highly esteemed and ranked at the top among people of importance in this city and Mexico.

At that time the population from the States in Mexico was small. They knew each other even if they lived far apart. Even we learned that our visit to Mexico was known to many of the people originally from the states and particularly to those who had land or something to sell.

Our trip to the border was uneventful. We went through customs with our few trinkets without trouble. While so near, and before returning to Chicago we decided to see the Grand Canyon. We spent one day on horses on a trip to the bottom of the canyon over the Bright Angel Trail, crude and narrow at that time. Veterans now after our strenuous training trip to Mitla we felt no weariness or pain at the end of this all day, mile deep trip down to the banks of the Colorado.

On the whole the trip to Mexico was very interesting and worth while. However, on the subject of rubber culture our trip to the tropics proved to be very disappointing. We saw some rubber trees under cultivation but saw no place where rubber had been produced in commercial quantities. Insects and climatic conditions made life there almost unbearable. Sleeping was under mosquito netting. Shoes were always shaken in the morning to remove possible scorpions or other things objectionable. To those of us raised in the comfortable north the prospect of living in this hot, soggy country seemed unbearable. The Doctor and I agreed, after the contact and a taste of this plantation life, that we'd be very happy to return and live in the north even if we should be poor always. We so reported fully to others of our "syndicate." Thus ended another dream of those who contemplate a road to quick riches.

Chapin, who feared tuberculosis, and his wife went to Honduras. He was in a bank there. In his first letter to me he inquired about some coin counting machine to handle their large amounts of small silver. While I was looking this up a notice appeared in the obituary columns of *The Tribune* saying that he had died of yellow fever. He was the only American there to contract this disease.

Dr. Simpson went to California to live a rather retired life on the reduced income from his inheritance from his father's not too

substantial estate. Although he was well prepared and had taken his doctor's degree in Germany, he never returned to teaching.

Kirkpatrick, engineer by profession, went with the Koppers Company in Chicago. Later he moved to Pittsburgh, became an official of the company and was for many years the head of the Pittsburgh School Board. His death occurred recently. This accounts for the dreamers who were once thrilled with the idea of quick riches in an agricultural field but who probably were fortunate to try their lots in other fields where industry and right connection usually pays off in the end.

In late September 1903, after returning to Evanston from the Mexican trip, I received a call from my old friend, Andrew Cooke who was still with N. W. Harris & Co. My application, filed a year and a half earlier, had come to the surface and I was invited to appear for an interview with one of the firm's top men, Mr. George P. Hoover, in Evanston. I was offered a position at a modest salary, \$60 per month. Apparently I was rated as "experienced," as the usual starting amount was eight dollars per week! Again I found myself up against an important decision. I discussed the matter with the head of the real estate firm. He was good enough to say that I had done well with him and that he felt that if I would stay with him I would succeed in the business which he thought had good prospects in Evanston and which later proved to be true. His was pretty much a one man business as there were only three of us working on commission and a stenographer and bookkeeper in the office. If he should close up for any reason I would just be another real estate salesman. N. W. Harris seemed to offer something more of stability and continuity and more nearly fitted my specifications of "getting a connection with a good firm and sticking if possible." On the basis of this reasoning I decided to accept the job.

Only once after taking on the job with the Harris organization did I seriously consider a change. It was probably about 1905 that my old friend, Harry Hill, mentioned before, son of a former Huntington Methodist preacher, wrote me from Boise, Idaho, asking how I would like to join him on a newspaper venture in

Twin Falls, Idaho. This was a new town in a newly opened irrigation district south of the Snake River. Hill had been working for Muncie and Richmond, Indiana, papers as a reporter after attending De Pauw University. His idea was that I could handle the business end and he the editorial end of the business. Since I had enjoyed writing and with brief *Tribune* experience, the newspaper idea did not lack appeal. Hill had gone to Boise as a reporter and had learned that the little paper, started to promote the Twin Falls irrigation project, was for sale. There seemed to be just enough of the wanderlust and lure of distant pastures left in me to be willing to take a look. The bank graciously gave me sufficient time to make the trip and I met Hill at Twin Falls. The single business street was well laid out and the town had a good start. Young orchards were being planted; the soil looked good. It was a case where some imagination was needed but here was the ground floor and a chance to grow up with the country that gave promise. We took a horse and buggy trip out to Shoshone Falls about five miles north on the Snake River. This was a very impressive, scenic sight and has since been developed for water power. We went over the books of the paper and the figures were not too bad. We returned to Boise and talked to the local banker. The price quoted us was for the presses and good-will, but did not include the building. The banker advised us that the price asked should include the building too. On that point we parted company with the owner—without need of weighing the more important question of whether I wanted to be a newspaper owner in Twin Falls, Idaho. I think that I was relieved at the conclusion. This was my last attempt to find riches and consider making my living in far away places. Twin Falls has grown from a few hundred to a population of fifteen thousand. Hill later went to Portland as a reporter. The question is still open as to “what might have been.”

The opening for which I signed up with the Harris organization was as general bookkeeper in the banking or accounting section. This particular work did not appeal to me but I figured that I could work into a bond selling job which at that time was highly

regarded as an occupation. I was fairly treated as to compensation. In a few months I was raised to \$1000 per annum and for the first time since leaving the mail service felt some assurance that my decision to quit that for larger fields was justified. Rate of pay seemed to be the measure of success. It was not long until I was put into a cage as a teller and with a further raise in pay. In the meantime I had recorded my wish to become a salesman. I then learned that all employees were aiming for that field if at all qualified and that there was difficulty in keeping the accounting or bank-department manned. One day when I was still a teller at \$125 per month I was called in by a superior and told that there was a position open as a correspondent in the bond department at \$100 per month and that there was a promotion for me in the banking department at \$200 per month, considered a good salary at that time. Which did I want? I knew that this was the time for me to make another important decision. I was not working for glory and prestige, exactly, which I felt that the bond department affiliation would give to a greater extent. I knew that as a private bank we were growing as our deposits were over \$2,000,000. I had never had any particular aspirations to be a banker over some other line of business but that was to be my course if I accepted the present offer. In spite of any collateral consideration the \$200 per month was too much for me and I gave up, for the present, long cherished thoughts of becoming a bond salesman. It was probably, in the long run, a lucky decision. There was at once considerable peace of mind in knowing that I would not need to do any regular traveling. My course was quite clearly defined and uncertainty removed from my business picture. In the course of a few years the business was incorporated (1907) as a state bank and a phenomenal growth was started. While we continued to have a very profitable bond department, the "tail no longer wagged the dog." The bank and its officers grew in prestige. The influence of the capable men trained in the bond department always remained strong and they were recognized generously in the official staff. Changing conditions were responsible for a good many capable bond men going else-

where with other houses or entering business for themselves. The depression and the Banking Act of 1933 were particularly hard on the investment business and the men who were in it. Capable men were out of work over night and had to seek new fields. Banking officers and employees, excepting those who were unfortunate enough to be with institutions that were closed, were secure in their position and while adjustments in compensation were not uncommon, their jobs were still there and they could carry on in security. It's my observation that in spite of the reputation for modest pay, bank employees are as fortunate as any, all things considered. Certainly, men of modest ability by remaining patiently on the job, learning a little more from year to year, make themselves sufficiently valuable to receive good compensation and more, than a good many of them would be capable of earning elsewhere. Moreover, they are the beneficiaries of insurance, retirement programs, and other benefits probably as generous as in any other line of endeavor. Contacts with all types of successful and important business men are interesting and it seems to me that for a man fitted by education and with good personality banking is a desirable profession where the policy of connecting with a good firm or business and sticking will pay well in the end. My own record shows quite a few years between positions: employed October, 1903; Auditor then Assistant Cashier in 1911, Cashier 1923, Treasurer 1927, retired January, 1942. As I look back on thirty-eight years of one connection I can say that there have been some prosaic aspects. Nevertheless I can't say that I would have been happier any where else. Fine customer contacts and daily association with congenial men of high calibre and fine principles, in a business where these traits are most essential, is in itself a gratifying experience. Retirement, January 1942, prompted some pleasant events—luncheons, dinners, gifts, etc. from different groups. Among the gifts was a large silver tray bearing the familiar engraved initials of senior fellow officers and an appropriate inscription. The editor of "The Bank Bulletin," in its issue of December 31, 1941, seems to have gone pretty far in the use of kind words for the employe of

thirty-eight years. In the hope that some of the words may be merited and since they are a part of the record, they are reproduced with apologies, appropriate in the circumstances, for any seeming lack of modesty:

“THE BANK BULLETIN

December 30, 1941

“Happy New Year! It’s wisdom. It’s an empty phrase. For some it’s an accomplished fact. There are those who will have it in spite of wars and taxes and dire omens. Some, though the course of the planets and the laws of chance and the behaviour of the elements themselves so favorably conspire, will never have one really happy hour. Because the happiness of the year, and indeed the whole Kingdom of Happiness is of our own making. Happiness comes not from wishing, but from doing and giving and laughing and working; waking with plans, and going to bed tired from physical work.

“Harry E. Weese, our Treasurer, who is retiring from active work in the Bank at the end of the year, is one to whom we can confidently wish a Happy New Year.

“As long as we’ve known him, ‘H.E.W.’ has been packing each day with enough activity to fill the days of several average men. His banking duties alone would have crowded the day for anyone less energetic. But he has still found time for numberless outside interests. A family of five children might absorb all of a man’s loyalty. Harry Weese has plenty of loyalty left for his University and his Fraternity: a homecoming seldom passes without him; a football Saturday is sure to find him dashing to the game. He supervises three establishments and plays the role of citizen in three communities.

“More to be wondered at: his years as Assistant Cashier, Cashier, Office Manager (with all the vexing perplexities of that assignment), Treasurer, Chairman of the Operating Committee, have not crowded out the natural human approach. There has been no loss of the simple personal contact. Having escaped the too-easy relationships of the over-familiar, he gives a deeper gift to truer friends and has their affectionate return.

“Harry Weese: for everything, and especially for yourself, thanks a million. Happy New Year, too!”

EVANSTON

FROM 1903 TO 1914 in which latter year I was married, I lived most of the time in Evanston. The greater part of this period was in an apartment on Clark St. near the University. My brother Robert, and sister Mildred, lived there with me and attended Northwestern University until their graduation in 1912 and 1915 respectively. Also a cousin, Mrs. Ida Favorite Kellam, of Huntington, was was tired of teaching school, joined us and aided in our household duties.

One unpleasant and memorable experience occurred during our tenancy there. The bank sent me to Montana as a witness in a law suit brought by a county against a defaulting treasurer. After my return a few days illness ended in a diagnosis of small pox! Former vaccinations and exposure in Mexico had never "taken." I was sent to the isolation hospital in Chicago on a cold November night in an old, covered, horse-drawn wagon. The damp, smelly mattress, the steel tires, and the horse's hoofs clattering on the pavement during the several hours ride to the hospital are vividly recalled. The authorities checked my activities since my return from Montana. The edict: all members, male and female, of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank staff and members of the University Club's Banjo Club must be vaccinated! (The latter was due to my urged appearance as a drummer for a concert at the Club.) I am sure that this episode added nothing to my popularity.

There may be something of distinction in having made a lasting impression on the anatomy of friends and associates in that section where a vaccination mark is least visible. The little token, "something just between us," will surely prevent my being forgotten. I can only imagine how unpopular this enforced brand must have made me.

The details of the experience in the hospital, the class of patients herded together, the many questions asked the patient after three weeks incarceration, would make quite a story in itself. The worst effect of small pox, at least in my experience, is the humiliation and unpopularity suffered by the victim.

I am glad not to have been in the hospital when an episode related by the head nurse occurred. It was a race riot in the common dining room where the whites and blacks were eating together. Tables were upset and dishes and heads broken by chairs in the hands of the rioters. The female nurses of a Catholic order were helpless and the mad melee was only quelled by an appeal to the police, who arrived and stopped the wild battle.

MATRIMONY

MARRIAGE IN 1914 to Marjorie Mohr of Chicago, after a good many years of bachelorhood, was a happy experience. It seemed fortunate to have all my dreams on the subject realized at an age somewhat beyond the usual time for this important event.

A few words may be interesting as to why men, of whom I was one, should find themselves, without prior intent, well advanced and labelled in the bachelor class. It is interesting to me. Early thoughts on the important subject of matrimony were influenced, it would seem, by casual reading and observation. A good many young men in the home community seemed to find relief in marrying just after they had lost their jobs! This brought to my mind the thought that matrimony is a serious business and something not to be undertaken lightly. I felt that without a job for the groom the newlyweds were headed for trouble. What I overlooked apparently was the fact that young people who are in love, or think that they are, have little inclination to take a long range view of what may happen to the relationship. Very early I happened to place high on the list of conditions precedent to marriage, reasonable economic security and adequate income to live without worry. That, I realized, was a long way off but never thought that my policy may have carried the risk of making me a "confirmed bachelor."

This philosophy, I am sure, can be criticized, but to try to avoid financial worry which can affect life adversely in a number of ways, I still believe to be a worthy and sensible objective.

The company of women was always enjoyable and none the less so because matrimony was on an idealistic basis and only to

be seriously considered in the dim and distant future. Perhaps it is normal, natural, and more fun to follow early instincts and "become engaged" easily and often, as some seem to do. It seemed to be my thought that actual engagement experience was something that should come to me only once and should be followed by marriage. Maybe this is a wrong policy and a little prenuptial practice may have its advantages in mate selection. Anyway, I can only speak safely of my own thoughts and experience.

From a period dating from the late nineties until the time of my one engagement, followed within a year by marriage in 1914, any serious thought of taking the important step was confined to five distinctly remembered cases. Of these only four ever reached the "consideration" or even "discussion" stage. Maybe this is some kind of a record. I said earlier that marriage was a "gratifying experience" because I had never meant to delay this important step so long. Moreover, the stage of reasonable economic security had been reached some time before and I had begun to wonder as had my mother, who had begun to point out eligible widows to me, if the experience of love and marriage would ever happen to me. I can say with some satisfaction and in verification of good judgment, and out of respect to the "other four" of the considered group, that from every observable standpoint, time has proved them to be of excellent character and superior personalities.

After our marriage, as is often the case, we were soon in the exacting business of family raising and have been at it ever since. With only one of our five children still in college at this writing and the other four married, it would seem that the end of the responsibilities and pleasures of family rearing is in sight.

The girl of my eventual choice and willing to take the chance with me was Marjorie Louise Mohr, born in Joliet, Illinois, and who came to Chicago when her parents moved here in 1898. Her father was employed by the Illinois Steel Company in Joliet and Chicago for about forty years and until his retirement. His father had been an Evangelical Lutheran (German) preacher who, in

his early days, had been a circuit rider in Iowa. Contact with the Indians in those days was frequent.

My wife's mother's ancestors, the Brubakers, were of Swiss origin. They came to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where they received a land grant. The name is still numerous in that part of Pennsylvania. Other of her mother's relatives on the other side of her family were the Clarks, Ewings and the Stevensons in central Illinois. Among the latter was Adlai Stevenson, former Vice President and grandfather of the present governor.

Our first home, an apartment at Washington Street and Ridge Avenue, Evanston, was a logical spot since I had acquaintances in Evanston and had lived there during college and succeeding years. The only exception was when I got as far south as Leland Avenue with my friend, George Irving Bell, when we were attending law school at night. Living even in that less thickly populated part of Chicago was not pleasant to country raised youth. There was one bright spot for it was during this period that many pleasant weekend hours were spent at the home of James A. Hart, owner of the Chicago Cubs baseball team. His son, George, a member of Phi Delta Theta at Northwestern, promoted a co-operative tennis court on a vacant lot behind the Hart home in the Lawrence Avenue vicinity. Several of us who lived in that neighborhood, after a Sunday morning of tennis, were invariably dinner guests of the Harts as was Florence Jenkins. She and George were married later. While we were welcome to passes to the Cubs' games at the west side ball park, we preferred our tennis games and seldom went to the ball park. Mr. and Mrs. Hart were very cordial hosts. They always co-operated in a fine way with their son George, and daughter Fay, whose pleasure these wise parents always had in mind in a sensible way, George passed away at too early an age. His sister Fay, married Dr. Carl Meyer, head of the Cook County Hospital for many years.

As newlyweds we remained in the apartment at Ridge and Washington until Jane, the second child, was born. Living on the third floor with two children was not convenient so we looked

around for a house that we could rent. Such a house was found on Park Place in north Evanston. We moved to this house in the spring of 1917. It was an old-fashioned, frame place not too comfortable, especially in winter. Our next thought was to try and find a home that we could afford to buy. Our thoughts turned to one of the villages further up the north shore. Evanston was getting to be a bit congested and the wider open spaces made a strong appeal. Since we had membership in the Skokie Country Club we were interested first in Glencoe. We also looked at a distinctive house in Winnetka that suited our needs. While there had been little building during world war one, the scarcity of homes had not reflected itself as yet in greatly increased prices. We made an offer on the Winnetka home which was not accepted. In the meantime an old friend who had a real estate office in Evanston had been active in selling homes in Kenilworth. He induced us to look at one on his list which he thought could be bought at a favorable price, since the owner had moved east and wanted to sell. We found this house at 141 Kenilworth Avenue, Kenilworth, very well located in every way. It was within walking distance of schools and churches. It was also near the lake and transportation. While it was a plain, old-fashioned place of stucco and frame construction, and not exactly to our liking in arrangement, it looked comfortable and livable. We made the owner an offer which he accepted and we moved into our new home on May 1, 1919. This proved to be a very satisfactory home for us as its six bedrooms provided adequate space for our growing family and its location near schools and churches was most convenient. In looking back on this move it seems that we could have hardly done anything more fortunate. The fine neighborhood, the class of people, excellent neighbors and schools made life here most enjoyable. It was such an ideal spot that it raised some doubts as to whether it might not be a bit too ideal. Children raised in such a homogeneous atmosphere are apt to look upon those raised elsewhere as queer. Influenced somewhat by this thought and the urge for staying away from congested places, we began to look over some country which I had discovered near

Barrington some years before. It is the first hilly country northwest of Chicago and at that time was owned largely by dairy farmers. A few Chicago people had bought land there and erected nice homes. This territory seemed to be in line for development as transportation improved. We discussed the idea of buying a few acres and trying to live in the country in the summer. As an outcome of this thought several of us similarly interested bought in 1925 fifty-three acres known as Hawley Woods about one and three-quarters miles from the Barrington railroad station. We were impressed by the thought that a desirable location must be near transportation and the village markets. There were no paved roads and Barrington was without sewers and paved streets. It truly was a country town. The larger part of the farm dwellers were still engaged in dairying, the most suitable activity for the type of land in the vicinity. We decided to build a modest cottage on our nine acres where we could have a change of scenery for the summer and the several small children could have their mother's watchful eye without using the lake for entertainment. While we continued to take a vacation all together at some outside point, our whole summer was a sort of vacation and the father, by commuting, was able to keep close contact. Further interest was provided by cultivating vegetable gardens, raising a few chickens, keeping a dog or two, a pony, and bees, the last being Harry's activity inspired by his grandfather Weese. With the pony came an old surrey which was converted into a spring wagon. This interesting addition was purchased by "Grandpa Weese" in Indiana and its receipt by express was a big event. The pony was a sturdy, black and white animal, very stubborn and self-willed that did pretty much as he pleased. We kept him for a number of years, placing him in the hands of neighboring farmers for care in the winter time. He was easy to care for. He was fat, needed no grain, and was content to eat hay and straw from the stack. He accumulated a very heavy, winter coat, no doubt due to his Shetland ancestry, and looked almost more like a dog than a horse in the winter season. He knew well the personalities who were handling him and would mind only when



SCENES FROM KENILWORTH ERA 1919-1942

he knew the handler meant business. Indicative of his temperament was when saddled for John to ride him he stubbornly rushed into the garage away from his job with John crying, "the horse has control of me." He would impose on the one who was moving his grazing stake and was willing to take a firm and not too friendly nip at the nearest point in the anatomy of the one doing the job, especially if the handler's back was turned.

The Barrington cottage proved to be a very good place to handle the growing children during the three summer months. "Uncle Herb" Harker owned seven acres next to ours which he never used beyond the garden stage and which we purchased later. However, he rented a place in the country not far from us on two or three occasions. Our visits back and forth were frequent. The Harkers also had a couple of ponies which helped in the entertainment. Pleasant drives through the countryside were frequent. An evening trip for a swim in Crystal Lake was a nice diversion. In contrast to warm days, cool nights on our large, two compartment sleeping porch made sleeping healthful and pleasant. While Barrington residents complained of sweltering nights, there was always a cool breeze, moving from the west across low land to our spot on the hill, that gave us comfort and called for covers. It was our practice to rent our Kenilworth home, which we had no trouble doing, on account of its convenience and proximity to the lake. We felt that from the economy standpoint this justified the ownership of the two places. We looked forward to the time that we might make Barrington our year around home. We had decided to stay in Kenilworth until the first four children had finished school there. The break came when Suzanne finished high school and Ben was the only one left for that step. My retirement was in sight and Harry and Ben Baldwin were in the first stage of their experience as architects. It was decided to build a secondary, or "tenant house" on the side of the hill and a home for ourselves, as often planned, on the summit where stood the old Barrington cottage that had served us for a good many years. The secondary house could be rented and would help justify the retention of this rather extravagant piece of property. While we had

paid a then top price of \$500 per acre for this land, development of the whole countryside, with the addition of lakes, had brought up the value of well located estate land. With the program well formulated, plans were drawn for the secondary house, which was to be quite a modest structure, and preliminary plans for our home at the old cottage site on the hill. The cottage was torn down and a good part of the material used in construction of what came to be known as the "Woods House," designed and supervised by Harry and Ben Baldwin. In spite of hopes and promises the war came along and our boys were in it before the Woods House was completed. With the help of a couple of elderly carpenters, who were not hardy enough to be tempted by the high wages of government construction, I supervised the finish of our Woods House. I had time for this since I had retired from the bank in January 1942. It was decided to move into this small house and sell or rent our Kenilworth home, preferably the former. There seemed to be a strong desire to carry out our thought of living in the country. Also I felt that, after retirement from business, it would be a good time to move away from old associates who were active and going to work daily. Absence of Harry and John who were in the service further reduced the need for the present of a larger house. There would be an opportunity for renewed interest in small farming activities and entertainment opportunities in a new environment. Ben and I proceeded to put this program into effect by acquiring some livestock: sheep, goats, and chickens and also carried on rather heavy garden operations during the war. Our currant and raspberry bushes yielded well as did the plum, peach, apple, and other fruit trees, planted some years earlier.

It would hardly be fair to say that we did not leave Kenilworth with some reluctance. It had proved to be a very happy home for us. We had enjoyed our affiliation with the Union Church and the Kenilworth Club with its progressing entertainment. It was originally a club of mixed entertainment such as lectures, dances, and home talent shows. In recent years it had become almost a dancing club; with dinner and cocktail parties preceding. The older



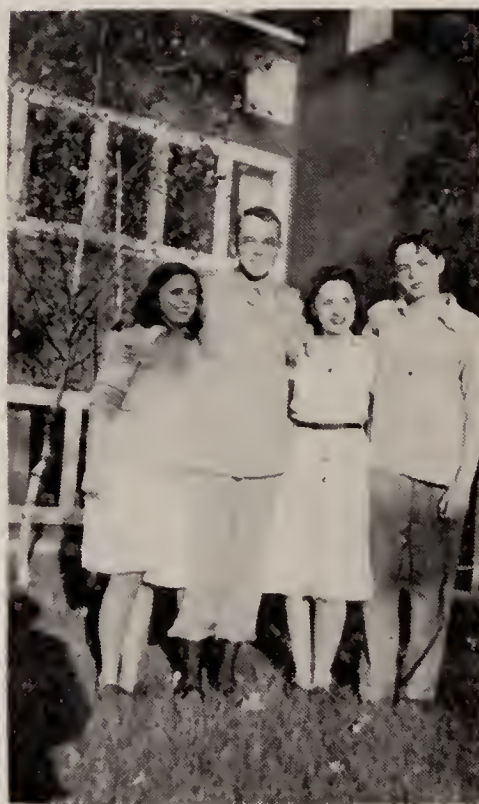
Family and Harry Archer 1931



Ben and Friends 1943



"Jay" and buggy party 1928



Wartime Reunion 1944



Hilltop Summer Home 1923-1942



Fall Harvest

residents looked upon this changing order with some regret for the old club had been used to entertain the whole family and was not a dinner-dancing club. Although I had been active in the club as director of a couple of home talent shows and had served one term as president, our interest lagged with the changed policy and we, and other old friends to whom we were closest, resigned our memberships. Apparently, our places were taken by a younger and more active group. We did not miss the club nor it us, in all likelihood. Other local responsibilities were pleasant and required considerable work. Church, school and village were involved. Chairman of the music committee of the church provided pleasant contact with choir members and the music responsibility was always interesting. After a term as village clerk, to which office I was elected in April, 1922, the president of the board, James C. Murray, appointed me village treasurer May 12, 1925. This job was held for seventeen years and until our move to Barrington in 1942. In recognition of this rather long service the village board of Kenilworth presented, under date of June 1, 1942, a very handsomely, embossed brochure covering these activities. After serving on the local school board it was suggested that I take a place in the New Trier Township High School board as the Kenilworth representative. It was at a time when funds were not available for paying the teachers, and duties and responsibilities were heavy and uncertain. I had experienced the first setback in health in 1928. It was a sort of nervous diversion that slightly weakened my left side and that sent me to Mississippi and Florida for three months to recuperate. Apparently I had allowed heavy duties of my job to affect me unduly and instead of taking a vacation at the right time for readjustment the cumulative result was a mild nervous breakdown. It is my observation for the benefit of others, that the first warning of such a condition should be taken seriously. Otherwise, the capacity to appreciate the situation and get oneself in hand grows weaker and culminates in a stroke or some other form of unhappy climax. While I had been fortunate to come through without serious results I had been warned to be careful in the future.

Accordingly I preferred to avoid the responsibilities of the work on the High School Board. While I felt a bit guilty in shirking a job somebody must do, consoled myself with the thought that I had served for four years on the Joseph Sears School board and perhaps had done my share of that kind of work. I suggested the name of Mr. A. R. Peterson, local attorney, and a capable younger man who was elected and served well and efficiently during a very trying period.

During our twenty-three years of Kenilworth residence many highly regarded life-long friendships were made and still exist, although contacts as near neighbors are missing. Some of those with whom the closest contacts existed through church or otherwise were the Joe Whites, John Wilds, Alex. Joslins, Burt Crowes, Dick Johnstons, and Harry Harrisons. Of even longer acquaintance were the Noble Gillett and Walter Marx families. It is interesting to find that the opportunity for acquiring good friends exists in Barrington the same as it did in Kenilworth. The communities differ to the extent that Kenilworth residents may be more affluent and homogeneous, socially, than those in Barrington. Nevertheless, they are in most respects the same kind of people.

It did not take long to find that the same garden clubs and other organizations for women exist and provide the same pleasant social contacts. The Methodist Church which we joined, in addition to its spiritual benefits, proved to be a very pleasant and friendly connection through its guilds, circles, and other internal organizations. There I served as a trustee and on the music committee. During that period, with strong support of the Reverend Doenecke, the minister, a pipe organ was acquired without much difficulty, in spite of pessimistic predictions that the money could not be raised. This church, over 100 years old, had never owned a pipe organ! This addition proved helpful, not only for its musical aid, but in renewed interest in the members and others who joined.

TRAVEL: (WEST 1922)

OUR THOUGHTS often turned to travel but the job of raising a

large family seemed to prevent going very far from home. One of our longest trips was in the summer of 1922. It happened that the American Institute of Banking was holding its convention in Portland, Oregon that year. The bank was sending me as one of its delegates to the convention and generously extended my vacation to a six weeks period from the usual four weeks. My brother Joe, his wife and daughter, and my brother Bob, were living in Lewistown, Montana at the time. Although I had been through the Yellowstone National Park with my sister Lucy, and her husband, Herman Klein, some years before I was married, Marjorie had not seen the park. The first trip was by horse and carriage. No automobiles were permitted there for a good many years after they were in use elsewhere.

In order to get in as much territory as possible in this rather long vacation period, we arranged in advance to use the two brothers' cars, one a roadster, to handle our party of six to drive from Lewistown through both Yellowstone and Glacier Parks. After a short visit to Lewistown, where we went by train, we started to Yellowstone. We were there about three days and found auto transportation quite an improvement over that of the earlier "horse and buggy days." The three days were adequate to visit the customary and well known scenic places in the Park. Then the unexpected happened. This country is usually dry and rain seldom comes in summertime. A terrific rain fell and roads, while unimproved but smooth and good in dry weather, became slippery and impassable. There was nothing to do but for the Lewistown group to lay up and wait for the roads to dry and defer their expected trip to Glacier until a later date.

Marjorie and I said goodbye reluctantly to our Lewistown relatives, with whom we had enjoyed a most pleasant trip through Yellowstone, and took the train at Livingston for Helena where we spent the night. Our objective was Glacier National Park, reached the next day, where we were to connect with the special train of the A.I.B. delegates from the East. The train was making its first official stop at Glacier. A couple of days were spent at this grand

place. We took a horseback trip to Iceberg Lake over a rough trail. Marjorie stood it in a rented knickers costume but admitted that subsequent pain took away some of the pleasure of this side journey. While this country is marvelous for scenery, it has always seemed to me that with its high, rocky mountains and scenic grandeur, to which we are not too accustomed, it lacks something in peace and restfulness found in less spectacular vacation places. Nevertheless, we enjoyed the fine accommodations of the Many Glacier Hotel and our visits by boat and horse to the best scenic points.

Spokane was the next stop. The local chapter of the A.I.B. had arranged entertainment—a dinner and dance at the leading hotel. Here I checked up on on a few old friends and enjoyed pleasant visits. The next stop was Seattle where the local chapter of the Institute provided for the entertainment. The high point of entertainment here was a bus trip to Mt. Ranier. It was August but snow was plentiful. Several parties of hikers were starting to climb the mountain. Flowers were blooming wherever patches of ground showed, even under the shelter of overhanging snow banks.

We learned that a trip with the American Institute of Banking by special train is the last word in conducted journeys. The local chapter had the group for breakfast, dinner and a scenic ride over the city in San Francisco. In Los Angeles there was a trip to the movie colony and other entertainment. Kansas City, the last place for scheduled entertainment, gave a dinner. There was no break in the attention provided over the entire trip. Of course at Portland where the few days convention was held we were on the go all hours between sessions. A trip up the Columbia River over the famous scenic highway with a picnic and unsurpassed food was a superlative event.

At Los Angeles I was interested in being met at the train by several former employees of the Harris Trust and Savings Bank. I was surprised to have them start to tell me frankly at once of the hardships that they had undergone since leaving Chicago for the promising West. One, a handsome, competent fellow who had been a teller said that he had been digging ditches and done anything to

make a dollar! After the first world war there was an active exodus of employees to far away places and especially to the west coast. Being responsible at the time for trying to keep the working force of the bank stabilized, I spent a lot of time trying to persuade our restless, valued employees to remain in Chicago. A few listened. Others were overcome by the lure of the west, and nothing could stop them. It was from this group that I was met at the train. Their eagerness to get back to Chicago was pathetic. We had filled positions vacated and there was nothing that could be done about it. I do not know of a single instance where the employee lured to California, without a job in advance, had benefited himself.

Marjorie and I had a very pleasant luncheon with an old friend and Brother in the Bond of Phi Delta Theta, Rollin Sturgeon, and his wife. He was at Northwestern, graduating ahead of me. Then he studied law, graduated from Harvard, and entered practice with his father in Rock Island, Illinois. He entertained himself by writing a few scenarios and was called to New York later to revise and edit scenarios for one of the large producers. He then became a director for one of the larger studios in Hollywood. He had married a stock company actress from Kansas City. She was a charming person and they had four young, beautiful children. His best remembered remark was that he would not stoop to the tricks necessary to get to the top in the business and doubted if he would even get very far, although a director at the time. Much of the life seemed to nauseate him and his estimate of some of my favorite screen actresses left me badly disillusioned. I have not heard from him for a good many years so am only guessing that he has accepted a secondary place, if he is still in this kaleidoscopic game.

On our way east pleasant stops were made at Riverside, California, to visit the Old Mission Inn and at Williams, Arizona, for a day at the Grand Canyon, which I had visited nineteen years before. There were a good many additions to accommodations observed on the rim of the canyon but the magnificent views remain unchanged and everlasting.

Our impressions on our first trip to California were not too good.

It was a very dry season. Everything was brown and sear except where water was provided. Fence corners and flat fields in Nebraska, green with ragweed and casual growth looked good to us. We were glad to be home in Kenilworth after a six weeks' absence to find our family in good order. It was a grand trip and the American Institute of Banking had shown that the rivalry of its local chapters had given the delegates to this convention outstanding and unforgettable entertainment.

GLEN LAKE

IT WAS THE FAMILY habit to take a two or three week vacation away from the Kenilworth or Barrington area every summer. Plum, Windego, and Teal lakes in Wisconsin, and Glen Lake in Michigan were favored places. When the children were young they were left in charge of a competent maid or relatives. When older they went with their parents and all enjoyed these trips to the lakes together.

Our first visit to Glen Lake, Michigan, in the Traverse City region was in 1921. It was a difficult place to reach. Michigan roads were then loose gravel and sand. The final stage of the trip was about two miles of sand road with deep ruts along a three hundred foot high bluff rising from the lake. It was one lane with only one passing opportunity in the two mile stretch. We found this a very beautiful lake. Shores were all sand—no weeds, no mud—with gradual, safe slopes to deep water. It was an ideal place for children. From our hotel it was possible to wade out five hundred feet before reaching shoulder deep water. Fishing was adequately good. The surrounding country with high, wooded hills afforded impressive views of Glen Lake and Lake Michigan, which are very near together.

After two or three more trips there and intermittent vacations in Wisconsin (the last in 1935), one of the children when we arrived at home said: "after this let's go to Glen Lake and no place else!" The family vote seemed to be unanimous. We had bought a lot there in 1925 from Walter Ball and Clint McClure, two Huntington, Indiana friends who planned to start a new summer colony. They had looked at Glen Lake at my suggestion and had

spent two weeks studying its shores and looking for the most favorable available property. As a result of this study they bought 1000 feet of south side shore line. The bank was ten to fifteen feet above the lake, was well wooded and had easy access to the road. The property was divided into ten 100 foot lots.

At about this time I must confess to an interest in the subject of a trailer coach. It was a new idea and the flexibility of trailer dwelling had some sort of appeal. After a brief study I decided that as long as trailers were few there were points in favor of trailer travel vacations. However, if the idea grew there was prospect that numbers would increase, trailer use could be regulated and available parking space become scarce or undesirable. I gave the subject considerable study in the trailer pioneer days. The word got about and several prospective manufacturers came to the bank to talk to me about the wisdom of going into the business. I gave up the idea because our family was too large and I did not like the prospect of regimentation which numerous trailers would bring. This business of trailer building has been highly prosperous to a good many manufacturers and has worked out about as I had expected in some of its aspects. It has been popular too and aided by a period of scarce housing. I still believe that people would rather live in houses and that they will do so as long as they can afford it. In general, trailer living may well become less popular.

Since I had recommended Glen Lake to these Huntington friends, they were good enough to give me first choice of lots. When the trailer idea was disposed of we started to consider building a cottage. Ever since I was old enough to remember, any form of dwelling built of logs was appealing. Our thoughts turned to that type of structure of which there were a good many in the Glen Lake vicinity. An inquiry at the Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin brought information that Cedar and Tamarack logs were best for cabin construction. Both of these timbers were fairly plentiful near Glen Lake. Cedar is more permanent but Tamarack is long, straight and not easily subject to rot.

We learned of an experienced log cabin builder and started

negotiations. This man, Joe Gersh, owned a large Tamarack swamp with a stand of heavy timber. He agreed to get out the logs in the winter of 1935 and cabin construction took place the following summer. Plans were drawn by son Harry after his sophomore year at MIT's school of architecture. There was some parental influence involved in the structure. We had a large family and a good many very congenial relatives. We decided to provide plenty of space. We had made a favorable contract and one that has never been possible since. Some double bunk beds were provided in the seven sleeping rooms. Our program has been justified. On two week-ends we have reached our full capacity and slept eighteen people.

In early June of 1936 Harry and John went to the lake and started the cottage construction. A cottage was rented near the site and their mother and other children followed as soon as grade school was out. Harry and John worked along with all trades in cottage construction and got valuable, practical experience. When I started my vacation on July the first the exterior work was all done and we occupied the cottage. This was a thrilling experience for all of us. There was a feeling of accomplishment and pride of ownership in having a home in this interesting country and on such a beautiful lake. To take the plunge in a venture such as this along the way seems to have its compensations.

We have spent many happy weeks at the cottage every summer since it was built. Our Barrington cottage was rented to friends. My week-ends were spent at the lake with the family. This required a drive of about four hours from Kenilworth to Manitowoc after working hours on Fridays. A nine o'clock boat, that seldom left on time, sailed from Manitowoc to Frankfort, Michigan. There I was met by the family station wagon. After about a twenty-five mile drive to the cottage breakfast was possible at 7:30. The return was by Sunday night boat to Manitowoc. There was a good night's sleep both ways. My car had been left on the dock at Manitowoc, was quickly available and enabled me to get to the bank by ten o'clock or earlier on Mondays. These weekends were pleasant and well worth the effort to make them possible.

Glen Lake was the inspiration for two sail boats built by Harry, the second with John's help, and a third by Ben. Living close to a lake makes children good swimmers and experienced sailors. In looking back over the various activities designed for the benefit of growing children and to help in their raising, I can easily conclude that the Glen Lake cottage was the best investment the family ever made. There is complete agreement that if we had not discovered this beautiful lake and its surrounding country, we would have missed much of the "joy of living." Vacations continue to be spent there by the various children and the grandchildren, and there is good prospect that "Shack Tamarack" will be their headquarters for summer vacations for many years to come. It is hoped that the grandchildren may have as much enjoyment from this lake as did their parents and grandparents.

TRAVEL TO EUROPE

BEFORE MARRIAGE I had often thought of taking a trip abroad but the lure to old haunts in Indiana seemed strong and I usually turned in that direction for a quiet vacation with the family at Webster Lake cottage. With marriage in prospect for the fall of 1914, serious thought was given to taking our honeymoon in Europe. The war which broke in that year put an end to any such program, so we took a trip east. This was by way of Niagara Falls, Hague, New York on Lake George, Boston and vicinity, and home by way of New York City. Not until 1949 did lack of family responsibilities and vacation from war provide another opening for the long delayed and often discussed foreign journey. We agree, and others will probably concur, that to get the full benefit of a European trip, it should be taken as early in life as is possible. On July 29, 1949, we sailed from New York on the Queen Elizabeth with canes, crutches, and a light aluminum chair presented by thoughtful John to aid an arthritic traveler. We had driven to New York from Glen Lake by way of Boston for a brief visit with daughter Suzanne and husband, Robert Drucker. At New York we turned our car over to John, who was at that time in New York working with Henry Dreyfuss, indus-

trial designer. John and Bob Drucker were at the boat to see us off. Our trip across was uneventful. We spent a few days in London and vicinity, including trips to Stoke Poges, the Shakespeare country, Windsor and Warwick castles. Then we were off to Belgium, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and France, ending up with a few days in Paris. From Brussels a trip by motor was taken to the Waterloo Battle site; Amsterdam, the Hague, and Isle of Marken were visited in Holland; Frankfurt, Bad Homburg, Heidelberg and Cologne were brief stops in Germany.

Our route followed the usual course mapped out for personally conducted tours, of which we were one. The full details of our first trip would fill quite a book but a more detailed recounting would add little of value to this particular writing. The most interesting places on this rather stereotyped, personally conducted route are well known to any European traveler. We found Lake Como, Venice, Florence and vicinity high spots in Italy. Stops were made at Piza and Genoa, the latter for the night after the early morning start from Venice. The statement has often been made that you really cannot know a man well until you have played golf with him. On a personally conducted tour you certainly get to know your companions, of whom you must see a great deal. Inane and undiplomatic remarks by some add nothing to the pleasure of the trip. A good example of the former occurred when our bus stopped at Piza for a look at the Leaning Tower. To get a view it was necessary to walk about one hundred feet to get around a building. A socially and politically prominent member of the party remained seated in the bus. When asked if she was not going to get out to see the tower, she replied: "No. I've seen one out on Touhy Avenue in Chicago!"

Frankfort, Cologne and other German cities we found in a destroyed state well beyond our imagination. Reconstruction looked hopeless. The same might be said of much of Italy visited, but more progress had been made in rehabilitation. In spite of all one hears of Switzerland, it is safe to say that this is one country that cannot be exaggerated. Our longest stop was at Lucerne. Side trips to Interlaken, Three Passes and up Mt. Pilatus were taken. Two days were

spent at Nice, Cannes, and Monte Carlo, then on to Paris. After a few days visiting in Paris and its historic environs, including drives to Versailles and Fontainebleau, we were off to Cherbourg and the Queen Mary and home. John met us at the dock in New York. After a two-night stop in New York and Washington, Connecticut, at the city and country homes of Marjorie's sister and brother-in-law, Herman A. Brassert, we were off for Glen Lake with John driving. We were all anxious to get home. The last day's drive from Geneva, New York, to Glen Lake covered 586 miles, indicating eagerness to get back to familiar ground. We had enjoyed a grand trip but were happy to settle down for a little rest and quiet at our beloved quarters on the shore of Glen Lake. We quite agreed that lakes of European countries might be more spectacular or different in their beauty, but none could excel in the color of its water or the charm of the high wooded hills and shores of our own Glen Lake, less than four hundred miles from Chicago!

CHILDREN

SINCE THE REARING of children is an important aspect in the life of any family where they are present, it is fitting that they should be given brief mention, at least, in the father's memoirs. We always looked upon our location in Kenilworth as very fortunate from the standpoint of schools for our children. The Joseph Sears Grade School in Kenilworth did a superlative job. Understanding and co-operative teachers gave pupils every advantage. Except for a very short time during our stay in Kenilworth, the principal of the school was Elmer Nygaard, a very able educator, who came there from Oak Park. New Trier High School, which our four older children attended, was highly regarded and entrance to college from there was not difficult. When quite young, about ten, Harry, our eldest, stated that he thought he ought to be an artist or an architect. Said he was not sure that he could be a good artist so thought he should be an architect. He never changed his mind. When he finished at New Trier he wanted to go to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, selected as the outstanding school for that profession. It was

suggested that he might better study some place else first. He replied that he knew now what he wanted to do and might be diverted if he went elsewhere. He was at M.I.T. for four of the five years course, but to broaden his experience went to the Yale School of Architecture in his fourth year. He returned to Boston and M.I.T. to graduate in his Class of 1938. He made a very good record. (Honors, medal, etc.) Among other honors awarded at the time of graduation was a year's scholarship at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. After the year there, he returned to M.I.T. for a year's fellowship with the Bemis Foundation. He joined Phi Delta Theta in his freshman year and took an active and serious interest in its affairs. He was a delegate to the Syracuse National Convention in 1936, which I also attended as a delegate of the Scroll Endowment Trustees of Phi Delta Theta. This was a pleasant occasion in many ways. His practical experience after graduation was rather brief. He and Ben Baldwin, whose sister he married later, designed several houses, before war came along. He enlisted in the Navy, and took his training at "The Prairie State" in New York. Ended as a Lieutenant and Engineering Officer on the destroyer "Charles F. Hughes," which saw convoy duty and action in North Africa, Anzio, and Japanese waters.

It's been my feeling that he selected a profession, regardless of what its future holds, for which he was fitted by natural talents. He has won a number of competitions and has been offered good teaching positions. Thus far, he has preferred to try to make a success of his own in the practical field and maintains his own office in Chicago. He was married in 1945 to Kitty Baldwin of Montgomery, Alabama. They have two daughters, Shirley, born March, 1949, and Marcia Baldwin, born April, 1951. Their home is in Barrington, Ill.

Jane, the second child, like her older brother, Harry, and younger brother, John, showed marked artistic ability with the pencil. They all were able to "draw" well. This, no doubt, had effect on their future activities and influenced selection of their vocations. It is a pretty safe guess that this talent was inherited

from their mother who showed the same ability but did not exercise it seriously.

Jane entered DePauw University after completing high school in 1935. She studied art and other subjects and became a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority. After taking at DePauw, in her two years there, all the art courses offered, she entered the American Academy of Art in Chicago. There she studied for about two years. Later she did some free lance work, then worked several years, before and during the war, as a fashion illustrator at Lord's department store in Evanston. She was able to commute by bus from our front gate on Route 63, Barrington, to the square in Evanston in front of Lord's. This work was enjoyable, adequately remunerative, and highly rated in the field of fashion illustration. She was married to Dr. Wm. B. Welch, brother of Dr. Allan Welch, our family physician, on March 6, 1947. "Bill" Welch, immediately after graduation from Northwestern University Medical School, having previously graduated from the University of Illinois, joined the army and served in the Pacific area, the most of the time in Okinawa and Japan. The Dr. Welches, who are together and are general practitioners, have their office in Barrington. "Dr. Bill" and Jane have three children, Steven Laux, born December 21, 1947, David Allan, born June 18, 1949 and Betsy Mohr, born July 13, 1951. Their family home is on Hawthorne Road, Route 63, about a mile southwest of Barrington, Illinois.

John, our number three, graduated from New Trier High School in 1937. A year earlier he had gone east with a group of friends to visit eastern colleges. He liked Ithaca and Cornell and decided that he wanted to go there. Like his older brother, he had shown a leaning towards architecture. As a youngster he used up reams of paper drawing pictures of boats, aeroplanes, trains, and anything that came to mind. These were drawn without copy and were very accurate in form and detail. While he was not encouraged beyond praise for work well done, this talent seemed to sentence him to its practical use and he turned instinctively to architecture. After two years at Cornell, he was influenced by the coming of

Mies van der Rohe, well known German architect, to the Illinois Institute of Technology and transferred to that institution from Cornell.

In July, 1941, he enlisted in the Army, being eligible for the draft, and was assigned to the Infantry. After training at Camp Wheeler, he was graduated from Officer's School at Fort Benning and made an instructor in anti-tank gunnery at the Infantry School. After frustrated attempts to be assigned to a unit going overseas, he volunteered for the Parachute Troops and was ultimately assigned to a regiment training parachutist replacements. He finally got to Europe with the Thirteenth Airborne Division early in 1945. The division was briefed and ready to go into action several times but the missions were always called off. It was the only reserve division available to Eisenhower, as mentioned in his book, "Crusade to Europe," in the last six months of the European war. The Thirteenth's scheduled departure for the Far East and the invasion of Japan was called off by that country's surrender, and John was discharged as a Captain in March of 1946.

John returned to Illinois Tech to graduate in January 1947. While there he received the prize awarded to the outstanding student in design and he was on the Dean's List of honor students. At the same time he worked for van der Rohe to defray his expenses. After graduation he worked for various firms and spent a year in New York with Henry Dreyfuss, industrial designer. He has entered the *Tribune* "Better Rooms Competition" for the last four years and won first place, carrying a \$1,000 award in his category twice, third place once and received several cash awards in other categories. This would indicate that he is capitalizing on his early practice on boats, airplanes, etc.

He was married April 15, 1950 to Vesta Firestone in Akron, Ohio. Within a few weeks after returning from their honeymoon, they flew unexpectedly to Tokyo, Japan, where John, with representatives of his firm, Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, architects, designed Government installations. After six months in Japan and subsequent months in San Francisco and Santa Fe, New Mexico,

they returned to Evanston in May, 1951, where they are presently settled. John has recently been named an associate partner with Skidmore, Owings and Merrill.

Suzanne, number four in our family, graduated from New Trier High School in 1941. Her specifications for the next place to study were a school, "not too large, not co-educational, near Boston and where she knew no one." This seemed a bit hard to fill. It had been our practice to encourage family members to follow their own inclinations as long as the direction was not too wild and arrived at by sensible reasoning. Wheaton College, an old school for girls at Norton, Massachusetts, came the closest to filling this order. On account of my own experience at Northwestern, I had a hope that one of my children would care to go there. As we were getting nearer the "bottom of the barrel" I talked this over with Suzanne. The outcome was agreement that she would go east two years and finish the next two at Northwestern. She was much pleased with Wheaton and entered, a bit reluctantly, her junior year at Northwestern. She joined Alpha Phi sorority, had adequate social life but was never too happy. The campus situation during war was not normal and University authorities were apologetic for it. She was so anxious to go back to Wheaton that I relented.

She returned there in her last year of college to graduate in 1945. Her father and mother were there and it was a pleasant occasion. She was married July 20th, 1946, in the Barrington Methodist Church to Lieutenant Robert H. Drucker, then still in the navy, after service in the Japanese area. They had been students together at New Trier. They lived, after marriage, in Boston while he finished a year of law and two years in business school at Harvard. Before entering the navy he had graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard College in 1944 and was also elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He was later elected a Baker Scholar, honorary fraternity of the business school. Their home is in Evanston. They have three children, Ann Reames, born February 13, 1948, Suzanne Mohr, born July 1, 1949, William Weese, born October 22, 1951.

Benjamin Horace, our youngest and number five, was born in

1929 and named after his grandfathers, Benjamin Franklin Mohr and Horace Greeley Weese. He entered the Barrington school in the fall of 1942. The change from the excellent schools of Kenilworth to the village school of Barrington raised the question as to whether his education might not suffer, due to the change from the highly rated North Shore school. We had discussed the thought that attendance at a school, not so highly rated, might stimulate harder work and closer attention to study than might be the case where pupils might be disposed to "coast" through a highly rated institution and be satisfied with graduation. Anyway, Ben took his school work seriously and passed, without difficulty, his examinations for entrance to Harvard, which he had chosen for his college work. He had previously been accepted for Northwestern, which I hoped one of my children might attend.

During high school he also returned to studying the piano of which he had a slight taste earlier. He had expressed renewed interest and proved his seriousness by practicing regularly and saying that he could learn by himself. Seeing that he meant business arrangements for study were made with a local teacher, Mrs. Lawrence T. York. Excellent progress was made, perhaps due more to diligent practice than to unusual talent.

The climax of his study with this teacher was a recital sponsored by her, of about one and one-half hours in a local church in which she proudly showed what her pupil of two years time could do. The program included numbers by Bach, Beethoven, and other classical composers, all of which selections were memorized.

While rather light (150 pounds and 5' 11" in height) he played center on the Barrington High School football team and in his senior year was named first place as center of the all star team of the Northwest Conference of which Barrington is a member.

During the war Ben gained much practical experience in care of goats, chickens, other livestock, and a garden. These activities were abandoned to provide more time for study of the piano and heavier high school work. His work at Harvard has been creditable. His principal outside activities, the Harvard Glee Club and settle-

ment house work. He spent the summer of 1950 with the American Friends Service Committee on a slum clearance project in Philadelphia. He graduated *cum laude* June 21, 1951, with a major in architecture.

As previously stated, for a number of years we had looked forward to the time when we might logically make our permanent home on the Barrington acres. The war changed many plans and upset our long dream of building a house on the preferred, hilltop, wooded site where the original summer cottage had stood. With four children married and soon to make homes of their own, the need for the type and size of house we had contemplated no longer existed. Moreover, the difficulties of arthritis, much more painful in cold temperatures, have made winters in the south very necessary. In fact, for a number of years, four to six of the colder months have been spent "under doctor's orders" in southern Florida, usually at Fort Lauderdale. Since this program had become a requirement, it was decided to quit renting small quarters, build a modest house which we could call "home" and enjoy seeing our friends and relatives. This was done during 1951 from plans drawn by son Harry then sent to John, in Japan at the time, for his comments and suggestions. Our new home, officially occupied on December 15, 1951, is at 3008 Center Avenue, Fort Lauderdale.

The dream of the Barrington house was abandoned but we were still reluctant to dispose of the property which we had owned and enjoyed for almost twenty-five years. Perhaps it may serve members of the family at some future time and become the "family seat" as originally intended. There is pleasure and satisfaction in living in a spot where energy and early planting developed at least botanical monuments, and where early and pleasant memories are kept alive through succeeding years.

For the author's part it must be confessed that while we have worked pretty hard at times to experience the values and principles as we saw them in living the simple life, the results in happiness and contentment in these strenuous days have been worth while. It can only be hoped that the other members of the family, who have been

the victims of the arbitrary policy of choosing the site and method of our rather itinerant living, can look back upon their youth and its experiences with a reasonable degree of satisfaction and happy memories. It is quite a long journey from Bull Creek to Barrington but, on reflection, it seems that retaining the ability to appreciate the values and to enjoy the simple things of life along the way can make that journey very pleasant.

THE END

